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# HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

B

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,  
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT  
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

T. 11209

THE  
LITTLE LOUVRE;  
OR,  
THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' GALLERY OF PICTURES.



NEW YORK: CENTRAL L  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE *great* Louvre is a picture gallery in Paris, or rather it is an ancient palace containing a picture gallery, which is renowned throughout the world. Besides a great many smaller apartments, it contains one hall about a quarter of a mile long, the walls of which, on both sides, are crowded with paintings all the way. There are no windows in the sides of this hall, for windows would occupy the space that is required for the paintings. Provision is accordingly made for lighting the apartment from above. This picture gallery is visited every year by hundreds of thousands of persons from all parts of the world. Groups and parties of these visitors are continually walking up and down the long hall, looking at the pictures, and at the artists, male and female, that are seated before them at their easels, making copies.

It is from this great and world-renowned gallery that the smaller and humbler collection of pictures herewith presented to the reader receives its name.





# C O N T E N T S.

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PICTURE	PAGE
I. CONTEMPLATION . . . . .	13
II. THE DILIGENCE . . . . .	15
III. THE NAVAL COMBAT . . . . .	19
IV. ON THE DECK . . . . .	22
V. THE BIRD-HAWK . . . . .	26
VI. THE FISH-HAWK . . . . .	27
VII. THE COMPASSIONATE WHITE MAN . . . . .	30
VIII. THE POLAR BEARS . . . . .	32
IX. THE OASIS . . . . .	36
X. THE FAITHFUL DOG . . . . .	39
XI. DANCING ROUND THE MAY-POLE . . . . .	44
XII. EATING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER . . . . .	45
XIII. THE CAMP . . . . .	46
XIV. THE RAINBOW . . . . .	48
XV. SNOW-BIRDS AFRAID . . . . .	53
XVI. THE HUNTSMAN . . . . .	57
XVII. THE SQUIRRELS ON THE TREE . . . . .	59
XVIII. FEEDING ON ACORNS . . . . .	66
XIX. THE LOAD OF HAY . . . . .	69
XX. THE EMPTY WAGON . . . . .	71
XXI. REAPING . . . . .	73
XXII. THE LOAD OF GRAIN . . . . .	75
XXIII. THE THRASHING . . . . .	77
XXIV. THE PLOWMAN AND THE HOUNDS . . . . .	80
XXV. THE MILKMAID AND THE HOUNDS . . . . .	82
XXVI. THE ROOKS . . . . .	84
XXVII. THE SOLDIER . . . . .	87

PICTURE	PAGE
XXVIII. THE PROTECTOR.....	90
XXIX. IRRIGATION.....	96
XXX. THE WARM SPRINGS.....	98
XXXI. OVERTAKEN IN A STORM.....	100
XXXII. THE LITTLE TYRANT.....	103
XXXIII. THE CAPTIVE.....	106
XXXIV. MORNING PRAYERS.....	109
XXXV. GOING TO CHURCH.....	112
XXXVI. THE RETURN OF THE HAYMAKERS.....	114
XXXVII. THE APPLE GATHERING.....	116
XXXVIII. THE SEA-SHORE.....	119
XXXIX. THE CAMELS.....	124
XL. LUCY.....	126
XLI. THE FUNERAL PILE.....	130
XLII. THE VIADUCT.....	136
XLIII. THE EMBANKMENT.....	137
XLIV. THE WATERING.....	138
XLV. ALEXANDER SELKIRK.....	143
XLVI. MOONLIGHT.....	144
XLVII. SOLITUDE.....	146
XLVIII. EVENING MUSIC.....	148
XLIX. THE SURF-BOAT.....	151
L. THE IRON-WORKS.....	154
LI. THE CONSCRIPT.....	156
LII. TRAINING FLOWERS.....	158

# ENGRAVINGS.

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	PAGE
CONTEMPLATION.....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
THE DILIGENCE.....	16
SHIP IN BATTLE.....	20
THE DECKS.....	23
THE BIRD-HAWK.....	26
THE FISH-HAWK.....	28
THE WOUNDED ANKLE.....	31
BEARS ON THE ICE.....	34
THE OASIS.....	37
GOING HOME AT NIGHT.....	40
THE MAY-POLE.....	44
THE PLUM PUDDING.....	45
A WATERFALL.....	47
CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.....	52
THE SNOW-BIRDS.....	55
THE LEAP.....	58
THE TWO SQUIRRELS.....	62
GATHERING ACORNS.....	67
RIDING ON THE HAY.....	70
RIDING IN THE WAGON.....	72
ANNETTE GLEANING.....	74
LOAD OF GRAIN.....	76
TOOLY.....	78
THE HOUNDS.....	81
THE MILKMAID.....	83
ROOKERY.....	85
SENTINEL ON GUARD.....	88

	PAGE
HERMAN AND AMY.....	91
WATERING THE FIELDS.....	97
HOT SPRING.....	99
HORSEMAN.....	101
THE LITTLE TYRANT.....	105
THE DUNGEON.....	107
A FIRESIDE.....	109
GOING TO CHURCH.....	113
THE HAYMAKERS.....	115
GATHERING APPLES.....	117
THE SEA-SHORE.....	121
THE CARAVAN.....	125
SMOOTH ICE.....	129
BURNING THE BODY.....	131
HIGH BRIDGE.....	136
EMBANKMENT.....	137
WATERING THE COWS.....	138
SITTING ON THE ROCKS.....	143
STANDING ON THE BALCONY.....	145
LONELY YARD.....	146
MUSIC PARTY.....	149
GOING TO THE WRECK.....	153
THE IRON WORKS.....	155
GOING TO THE WARS.....	157
THE OLD GENTLEMAN.....	159

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THE LITTLE LOUVRE.

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PICTURE I.

CONTEMPLATION.

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The four cats.	Their names.	The black one.	Some account of Oota.
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IN the frontispiece we see a picture of four favorite cats reposing in comfort before the fire in a winter's evening. Their mistress has gone to bed. The fire, declining, but still bright and warm, burns in the grate, and they have gathered around it. They have placed themselves in comfortable positions, and sit or lie, gazing into the glowing embers, and indulging in such recollections or reflections as cats are fitted to enjoy.

The one that is nearest to us, lying upon the carpet, with her tail drawn up cosily by her side, is named Lulie. The next one to her, the black one, is Thello. The one upon the chair—the most thoughtful and philosophic of all—is Oota. The name of the fourth I do not know.

Oota is her mistress's favorite. She knows more, she observes more, she seems to reflect more than the rest. The others frolic together, sometimes running round and round after their own tails, sometimes chasing balls about the floor, imagining them to be mice, and sometimes rolling over together, and catching at each other with their paws.

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Oota's character.

Her maneuvers in the morning.

She is the favorite.

---

Oota, however, does not play. She will not condescend to play. She takes her place upon a chair, or in some other elevated position, and looks down with an air of grave and philosophical indifference on all such sports. Her great enjoyment is the love and companionship of her mistress.

Early in the winter mornings, as soon as she thinks that her mistress is up, Oota goes to the window of her room, and, mounting up upon a snow-bank, which the winds and storms have gradually accumulated there, she looks in. If her mistress is not yet risen from her bed, she goes away.

Presently she returns again. She now finds that her mistress has risen. She sees her busy about her room, arranging her morning dress by the glass, or sitting before the fire. Oota mews to ask admission. As soon as she sees that she has attracted her mistress's attention, she jumps down from the drift and goes to the door. Her mistress goes to the door too, opens it, and lets Oota in.

All this time Thello and his companions are playing together under the chair in the parlor, or watching the domestics in the kitchen, hoping that some one of them will give them something to eat.

Although each one of the cats is an object of very friendly regard to their mistress, Oota is the favorite, and takes precedence over all the others.

The three-decker.

The port-holes.

Damage done by the shot.

Men overboard.

## PICTURE III.

## THE NAVAL COMBAT.

IN the following picture we have a representation of a combat between two ships of war at sea. We see *three tiers* of guns in the side of the nearest ship which is turned toward us, showing that she is very large. The muzzles of the guns are seen projecting from the port-holes. The guns on this side are silent, for the enemy is on the other side. The men are firing the guns on the side toward the enemy. We can see the light produced by the flashing of the gunpowder, and the dark volumes of smoke above.

The decks of the ship are crowded with armed men.

The masts, and sails, and rigging of both ships have been greatly injured by the balls. The rigging has been cut in many places, and the ends of the ropes are flying loosely in the wind. The sails, too, are rent and torn, and they are perforated in many places by balls. The masts have been cut off, and fragments of them are seen falling.

A part of one of the masts lies floating in the water, in the foreground of the picture. This mast was cut off, I suppose, by the cannon-balls, which struck it below, and then it fell, carrying the men who were upon it down with it into the water. The men are clinging to it desperately, hoping to save their lives.

There are three of these men. They cling to the floating mast, looking back earnestly all the time, hoping that a boat will be

Picture of the naval combat.

Boat coming to the rescue.



sent to rescue them from their danger, and carry them again to the ship.



Boat coming.

Place of the cabins.

Danger of a raking shot.

There is a boat coming to save them. We see it under the side of the ship. The men are just putting their oars into the water and setting off from the ship. In the mean time the current is drifting the mast rapidly away, and the men upon it fear lest they should be washed off and drowned before the boat reaches them.

The stern of the nearest ship is turned toward us, and the bow of the other. We see many windows in the stern. They are the windows that light the cabin of the captain and those of the other officers of the ship. The stern is the most convenient and the safest place for windows in a ship, for that is the part most sheltered from the shocks and concussions of the waves. The stern, too, is usually less exposed than any other part to the shots fired by an enemy; for when a ship is in battle, or is exposed in any way to a fire, she turns one *side* or the other, and not either *end*, to the enemy.

This is much the safest way; for if a shot strikes the ship in the side, it passes through *across* the ship, and does comparatively little damage. If, however, the shot enters the ship at the bows or at the stern, so as to traverse the decks lengthwise from end to end, the field and scope of its mischief are vastly extended. Such a shot is called a raking shot.

A good naval commander is very careful not to expose his ship to a raking shot.

Thus the stern of the ship is the part which is safest, both from the concussions of the waves and the shots of the enemy. It is here, therefore, that the cabins are placed, and the windows looking out upon the water.

In heavy storms, however, and especially when the ship is go-

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The dead-lights.

The ship is on fire.

Scene on board.

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ing before the wind, the seas sometimes strike against the stern in a manner so violent as to endanger the windows, and then heavy wooden shutters are let down over them to protect them. These shutters are called the *dead-lights*. When the dead-lights are in, the cabins are dark, and the officers who live there must see by the light of lamps until the storm is over.

The ship of the enemy in this battle is on fire. The flames illuminate the air. The mizzen-mast seems to be burned nearly off below, and the top-mast, with the flag flying from it, is leaning over, ready to fall.

Woe to the poor sailors and soldiers that form the companies of ships engaged in such a combat as this !

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## PICTURE IV.

### ON THE DECK.

THE scene on the decks of ships of war during the progress of the battle is inconceivably dreadful.

The uproar and the confusion are such as no pen can describe. The shouts of the combatants, and the awful screams of the wounded and dying, would of themselves produce a deafening din. But all such sounds are drowned in the incessant and thundering roar produced by the reports of the cannon. The immense sails, too, and the long lines of rigging, which have been broken from their fastenings by the shot, are continually flapping in the wind with a sound sometimes louder than thunder.

The steps that we see on the left lead up to the quarter-deck.

Picture of the quarter-deck.

Dreadful scene of confusion and carnage.



The quarter-deck is that part of the deck which is near the stern of the ship, and is directly over the cabins. The captain stands

The quarter-deck.

Place of the officers.

The wounded man.

usually upon the quarter-deck, to give his commands when the ship is in action. The other officers—some of them, at least—stand with him. We see two of these officers in the picture. One of them is brandishing his sword and shouting to his men. Another has a long silver speaking trumpet to his mouth. He is giving orders through it to the men aloft, directing them what to do in the management of the sails and rigging. It is very difficult for him to make these orders heard, even with his trumpet, for the loudest sound that he can make is almost entirely drowned in the thundering of the battle.

On the right we see a sailor attempting to go up the shrouds. The lower parts of some of them have been shot away, and the ends are flying in the wind. This makes it very difficult and dangerous for the sailor to go up, but he has received the order and he must obey. We see the end of one of the guns of the ship directly below the sailor.

Near the centre of the picture is a group of sailors bearing away a wounded man. They are going to carry him below. The place where the wounded men are conveyed on board a ship of war in battle is a dark and dismal apartment down in the ship, far below the surface of the water. Here the surgeons make ready, before the battle begins. They light their lamps; they set out their tables; they arrange their knives, and saws, and other instruments of amputation. They make ready their lint, their splints, their needles, and their bandages, and they receive and operate upon the wounded men as fast as they are brought down to them from the decks above, when the battle has begun. The men are brought, some faint from the loss of blood, others struggling in

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The gun-carriage.

Ways of being wounded.

Man trampled under foot.

---

dying convulsions, and others still shrieking in agony. The scene is dreadful beyond description.

Near us, on the left in the picture, we see a gun-carriage. The gun itself has been dismounted from it by the stroke, probably, of a cannon ball. The carriage itself remains void and useless, and the men whose business it was to work it stand idly by, struck with amazement, and not knowing what to do.

They appear to be looking toward the wounded man whom their comrades are carrying away below. Perhaps they hear his dreadful shrieks and outcries, and they look round to see who it is that has fallen.

Sometimes the men are wounded by bullets shot from the muskets on board the enemy's vessels, sometimes by cannon balls, and sometimes by great splinters of wood that are torn off from the sides of the ship when the cannon balls go through. There is a small pile of balls lying upon the deck in the foreground.

At the top of the ladder leading to the quarter-deck a wounded man has fallen. The people around him are trampling over him. By-and-by some men will come and take him up in their arms and carry him below.

A ship of war in time of peace, when sailing smoothly and prosperously over the placid sea, forms a very imposing and delightful spectacle; but when it is engaged in battle, the scene which it presents to view is the most awful that the imagination can conceive.

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Picture of the bird-hawk.

His sharp claws.

His hooked beak.

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## PICTURE V.

## THE BIRD-HAWK.

THE hawk stands perched upon a rock, high among the mountains. Observe his sharp claws and his hooked beak. See how intently he is gazing into the sky. He thinks he sees a bird there, and is watching it with the closest attention. Presently he will

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 His earnest look.

The fish-hawk.

His mode of fishing.

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spread his wings and fly, and if he can seize the bird in his talons, he will fly away with it to some lonely wood and devour it, tearing its flesh to pieces with his hooked bill.

Observe particularly the fixed, earnest, and intent expression which the artist has given to the eyes of the bird, as he gazes at his expected prey, in its lofty flight among the dazzling beams of the sun.

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## PICTURE VI.

### THE FISH-HAWK.

THE bird-hawk flies high into the air in pursuit of his prey, or he pounces down upon it on the ground. The fish-hawk dives for his victims into the waters of the sea.

In seeking his prey, he flies round and round in great circles over the surface of the water, looking down very intently all the time, as far as he can see, into the lowest depths of it. He has an eye enabling him to see far down into the water, while the eye of the bird-hawk is adapted to gazing into the air, among the dazzling beams of the sun.

When the fish-hawk sees a fish, he watches its motions, and follows it as it swims along under the water. The fish is wholly unconscious of his danger. He can not see out of the water at all, though the hawk can see so easily into it. He swims on, therefore, wholly unconcerned, and, as soon as he gets near enough to the surface, the hawk dives upon him, and seizes him in the terrible gripe of his relentless claws.

Picture of the fish-hawk.

He seizes a fish.

The struggle.

In the picture we see the fish-hawk just coming up from the water, holding his prize in his grasp, and spreading his wings to fly away with it into the air. The fish struggles hard to get free, but the sharp claws of the hawk penetrate into his flesh, and main-



tain their hold there with so much force and tenacity that there is no hope of escape from them. The fish, blinded by the light of the sun, and gasping for breath in the new and strange element that surrounds him, is borne swiftly away to some shelving rock or lofty cliff on the shore, and there he is devoured.



The mother hawk.

Her young.

The eagle.

Visit to an eagle's nest.

When the fish-hawk is a mother, and has a nest with young hawks in it, she carries the fish there and gives it to the young ones for food. She lays it down in the nest before them, and they tear it to pieces with their little talons. At first, and while the birds are very young, the mother helps them; but soon they grow strong enough to do the work alone, and they sometimes fight each other in their very nest to determine who shall have the largest share.

The eagle is a bird of prey as well as the hawk, and he, too, sometimes feeds upon fish. Travelers in the arctic regions say that he may be known there from afar, as he sits in an erect position, and motionless, on the top of a lofty fir overhanging some rapid stream or foaming cataract, where he expects to find fish. Here he watches long and patiently until the moment comes for making a dive.

Some voyagers once climbed up to the top of a tree to look into the nest of a pair of these eagles. The nest was built of sticks, some of them as thick as a man's wrist. There were two young eagles in it, well fledged, and plenty of fish. The young eagles, it seems, had had more fish than they wished to eat that day, and the rest lay in the nest.

While the men were climbing up into the tree, the two parent birds were very much disturbed, and they continued to fly about them and dive at them all the time, to drive them away. The mother bird was most courageous and fierce in these attacks; but her mate assisted her, though he was somewhat more wary, and kept farther away.

The heads and tails of those eagles were white. The male bird was smaller than the female.

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The wounded black man.

Generous act of the white man.

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## PICTURE VII.

### THE COMPASSIONATE WHITE MAN.

THE picture on the opposite page represents the white man affording succor to a wounded native that he has met with in the woods, in the outskirts of an English settlement upon some island of the Pacific Ocean. The native has wounded himself in the foot, and the white man is kindly bandaging the wound.

The white man's dog sits by his side watching the proceedings. In the background is the horse which the white man was riding.

The horse is browsing upon a tree, which extends its branches down toward the place where he is standing. On the same tree, a little higher up, we see a bird.

We ought all to feel a sentiment of kindness and good-will toward those who are of a different race from ourselves, and do all in our power to promote their comfort and welfare. It is ignoble and base to hate them, or even to be indifferent to their happiness, because they are of a different nation or of a different color from ourselves. It is generous and right to feel an interest in them, and to desire, whenever it is in our power, to relieve their sufferings and promote their happiness.

It is a generous and noble act in this white man to have mercy on the savage, black as he is, and to bind up his wounded foot.

Put him on your horse, white man, when you have finished binding up his wound, and carry him home to his hut, where his friends can take care of him until his foot gets well.

Picture of the wounded black man.



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The polar regions.

Ice and snow.

Daily course of the sun.

The bears.

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## PICTURE VIII.

## THE POLAR BEARS.

IF you look upon the map of North America, and turn your eye to the northern coasts of it, along the shores of Greenland and Baffin's Bay, you will see the precise region which the polar bears inhabit.

The whole face of nature is entirely different in polar regions from that of any other part of the earth. The sea is half covered with immense fields and packs of floating ice, which move slowly, but with prodigious force, wherever they are drifted by the winds. The land is covered with ice and snow except for a short period in the summer, when it affords a scanty vegetation. The sun does not rise in the morning, and, after passing over the sky from east to west, set at night, as it does with us, but it moves round and round the sky, just above the horizon in summer, and just below it in winter.

Of course, in the winter, the sun is not to be seen at all in the polar regions. It is then perpetual twilight there, and it is intensely cold.

Along these dismal shores, and upon the floating fields of ice, that move slowly over the sea, there live thousands and thousands of white bears. They are of monstrous size and great ferocity. They seize and devour all the animals that come in their way. They walk along a field or a pack of ice, and when they come to an opening in it, they plunge into the water, and swim till they

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The fur of the bears.

Their strength.

Ships in the polar regions.

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come to ice again, when they pull themselves out upon the edge of it and walk on.

Their fur is so thick and warm that they do not feel the cold either of the air or of the water, and when they climb out upon the ice, the water rolls off them, and leaves them warm and dry.

They feed on the flesh of seals, and whales, and other polar animals. If they see any men upon the ice, either Indians that live in these regions, or sailors from ships, they seize them if they can, and devour them. They delight in the taste of human blood.

They are monstrously large. Some of them are thirteen feet long. They are endued with prodigious strength. They require this strength to enable them to swim so far across the bays and openings, and to pull themselves up out of the water over the slippery edges of the ice. Though they look very mild and gentle, they are, in fact, as ferocious and terrible as any animal that lives.

Ships go into the regions inhabited by the polar bears in pursuit of whales. They go in the summer, when the sun is above the horizon, and when it is always day. But sometimes these ships get caught in the ice, and are frozen in. Sometimes the seamen wish to remain through the winter in these regions, and then they run their ship into some inlet or bay, and allow it to be frozen in. They then take down the upper masts and all the smaller rigging, and stow them away below. They make a roof, too, over the deck of the ship, to protect it from the snow. They build a hut among the rocks on the nearest shore, where they can live from time to time, when they choose to go there. Thus provided for, they spend the long night of the winter, the storms

Picture of the polar bears.



The polar bears.

Description of the picture.

The hut.

The ship frozen in.

howling perpetually about their imprisoned ship, and the great polar bears roaming over the ice and snow all around them thirsting for their blood.

The polar bears, though fierce and merciless toward every other living thing, are very fond and affectionate to their young. If the seamen from a ship come to shoot them, they will never forsake their young, but will hover over them if they are wounded, and die with them rather than abandon them and make their own escape alone.

On the opposite page is a picture of a seaman from a ship attacking a bear and her cubs. He has already shot one of the cubs. The other lies asleep upon the ground, unconscious of the danger. The seaman is now taking aim at the mother bear. She is roaring with grief and rage, but she will not leave her young in danger. She remains by them, and she will remain there unmoved until she falls herself, pierced by the balls of her enemy.

In the distance we see the hut, with the smoke curling from the chimney. Beyond is another seaman coming to the aid of the first. Farther still, we see the ship, frozen into the ice. She is half dismantled, and her deck is covered with a roof to protect the men on board from the snow and the cold.

This ship is not a whaler. It is an exploring ship, sent to discover a passage through these icy regions to Behring's Straits or the Arctic seas. She is waiting in this sheltered bay for the return of spring. These exploring ships sometimes remain several years in the polar regions. They are always frozen up in the ice during the fall, the winter, and the spring, and can prosecute their voyage only in the summer months.

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The palm-tree.

Uses of the branches.

Company of travelers.

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## PICTURE IX.

### THE OASIS.

THIS picture shows us a group of palm-trees growing on the margin of a fountain, in the East.

The palm-tree is entirely different in its nature from all the trees that grow in temperate climes. It has no bark, and no concentric layers of wood, and no lateral branches. It rises to a great height in a single stem, and from the top of the stem there grows a tuft of fern-like leaves or branches, which spread in all directions, and bend over gracefully, like so many plumes.

The people who live where the palm-trees grow take these branches and wave them in the air on occasions of public rejoicing, as we do flags and banners. They are the emblems of joy and victory.

Thus, when the Jews brought Jesus into Jerusalem in triumph, they broke off branches of the palm-trees, it is said, and strewed them in the way, in token of rejoicing, and to do him honor.

Beneath the palm-trees, in the picture, is a company of travelers, stopping by the fountain to rest. One of the travelers is standing by the side of his horse at the brink of the water. The horse is drinking. At a little distance two others are seen seated on the bank, under the palm-trees, resting themselves from the fatigues of their journey. Farther still, another traveler is seen bathing his feet in the water. Beyond are camels, horses, and the remainder of the company.



Picture of the oasis.

Influence of springs in the desert.



Whenever a fountain like this springs up in the desert, the grass is green around the margin of it, and palm-trees and other tropical plants grow luxuriantly near, and make a delightful shade. Such a green and fertile spot, formed by a fountain in the desert, is called an oasis. There are a great many of these oases in the deserts of Arabia. Some of them are very large, for the water which springs up from the fountain forms a little rill, which runs

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Anticipations of the travelers.

Cause of the beautiful appearance of the oases.

---

for some distance along the ground, and fertilizes quite an extended valley.

Travelers crossing the desert look forward to their arrival at one of these fertile spots all the day long with great anticipations of pleasure. It is to be their haven of rest, and their home. Their joy, too, when they come in sight of it, is unbounded. Their eyes are weary with seeing nothing but bare and barren sands, or naked rocks, and the verdure and fertility of the oasis, when it comes at length into view, are inexpressibly charming. The first thing is to get water to drink, both for themselves and their horses and camels. Then they bathe their weary limbs, or they recline upon the bank to rest. Then they pitch their tents, and build their fires, and prepare their supper. All this time their hearts are filled with joy and pleasure.

The reason why the oasis seems so delightful to the Eastern traveler is from the contrast which it presents to the dreary barrenness of the desert which surrounds it. It is true that sometimes these verdant retreats are beautiful of themselves, but then they are not more beautiful than a thousand green and pretty dells in our own country, which we pass every day without bestowing upon them any particular notice or regard. Any one of these spots, however, which we now look upon with comparative indifference, would be made to appear perfectly enchanting by our traveling for a day over a desert before coming to them.

We may learn a lesson from this. Just as traveling over a desert, dreary as the journey may be, through the day, prepares us to enjoy an exquisite feeling of pleasure in witnessing the verdure and fertility which we are to see when we reach the end of

A motive for patience.

The laborer and his dog.

The laborer's home.

our journey at night, so any long-continued toil or privation which we are called upon to endure, as we go on through life, is almost always repaid by the heightening of the pleasure which we experience in the rest and repose that we are to enjoy at the end of it. This thought will help us not to repine when we find ourselves enduring toil, privation, and care. We are traveling through a desert, we should say, and though the way is wearisome and dreary, we are preparing ourselves to enjoy great happiness when we come to the oasis at the end of it.

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## PICTURE X.

### THE FAITHFUL DOG.

As the sun goes down in the west, the laborer, who has been working all the day in his field, returns with a contented and happy heart to his home. His dog—the faithful friend and companion that has attended his master so constantly during the hours of his toil—runs gayly by his side, knowing that he is now to share with him the pleasure of refreshment and repose. Turn over the leaf, and you will see the picture of this scene.

In the distance we see the square tower of the church which stands in the village where the laborer lives. To the left of the man, and just over the dog, we see the chimneys of two cottages. The laborer lives in one of them. His wife has prepared his supper, and is waiting for her husband to come home. The supper table is set in a little portico by the door, over which honeysuckles and woodbines are twined. Here the laborer will sit and eat his

Picture of the scene.

A pleasant summer evening.



supper, amusing himself the while by seeing the peasants pass and repass before his door.

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Description of the picture.

The cottages.

Watchfulness of the dog.

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Over the roofs of these nearest cottages there are other houses more remote. The chimneys of them are seen rising above the foliage of the trees.

The laborer carries a bag over his shoulder, supporting it by his staff. The bag is empty, and it hangs across the staff. In the morning, when the man went forth to his work, it was full. It contained a dinner both for the man and for his dog. In the forenoon, while the man was at work in the field, he put the bag down under a tree on the margin of a cool fountain of water, and left it there. The dog undertook to watch it. His master did not order him to watch it; the dog undertook the duty himself, of his own accord.

He knew that the food provided for dinner was in the bag—his own dinner as well as his master's—and that it was his duty to take care of it while his master was at work. So he lay down at the foot of the tree near the bag, and kept guard all the time. He went to sleep, it is true, or nearly asleep, but he kept his attention all the time on the alert, so as to awake at the slightest noise.

He was awakened at one time by a rustling among the leaves. He opened his eyes in an instant. It was a bird hopping along near the foot of the tree. He knew, of course, that there was no danger from the bird, but still he thought it better that she should go away, so he barked gently. The bird was frightened, and flew off, and then the dog shut up his eyes and went to sleep again.

At noon the laborer came to the tree, and, sitting down at the foot of it, he took out his dinner and ate it. He gave the dog a liberal portion of it. They both ate together. They drank, too, both the man and the dog, from the cool water of the fountain.

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The dog released from duty.

Lesson to be learned.

The wolf.

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After eating the dinner, the man folded up the bag, which was now empty, and hung it across the limb of a tree. The dog understood, of course, that he was released from duty, and so, when his master returned to his work, he went to play. He enjoyed his play a great deal more now for having been faithful to his duty before.

Sometimes he would amuse himself by chasing grasshoppers or butterflies in the grass. Then he would creep down to the margin of a little brook which flowed near, and, crouching on the brink, he would watch the little skippers that he saw there, darting over the surface of the water. Every now and then he would leave this play and run up the bank to look for his master, and if he saw him working still in the place where he had left him, he would seem satisfied, and go back to his play as before.

Now night has come, and he is going home with his master. He is contented with himself, and happy, for he is conscious that he has been doing his duty during the day. He knows, too, that his master is pleased with him, and this increases his satisfaction.

You will find yourself, that if you act in this manner, if you are faithful in your duties, attentive to the wants of your father and mother, and if you aim throughout the day to make yourself as useful as you can, when night comes you will feel that your parents are satisfied with you, and you will be satisfied with yourself. This thought will fill your heart with peace and joy.

In respect to form and appearance, the wolf resembles the dog very much, but he is totally unlike him in disposition and character. The dog is the friend and companion of man, the wolf is his perpetual and implacable enemy. It might at first be supposed

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 Character of the wolf.

His intelligence.

His mischievousness.  


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that the disposition of the dog to attach himself to man, and to perform useful services for his master, must be owing to his superior sagacity; but this would seem, on more mature reflection, not to be the case, for the wolf exercises sometimes as much skill and ingenuity in doing mischief as the dog evinces in doing good.

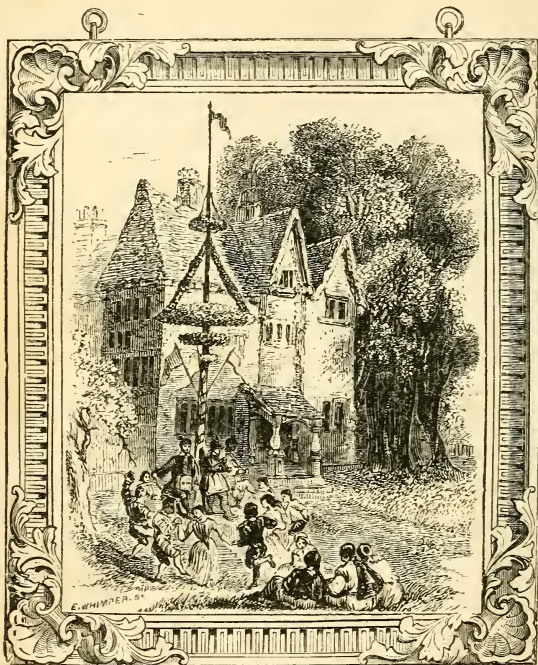
In the northern regions, for example, where dogs join themselves gladly to men, and are employed in hunting for their masters, and in drawing sledges for them over the ice and snow, the wolf is incorrigibly fierce and savage, and he exercises great ingenuity in perpetrating mischief. The Esquimaux lay up their stores of meat for the winter sometimes in little huts made of logs, which they build in various places, wherever they happened to kill the game from which the meat was procured. The wolves are very fond of robbing these houses. They will gnaw off one of the logs which form the walls, and so get in, and then they will carry off the meat piece by piece, and hide it in various places in the snow. They conceal the places where they hide it so effectually that it is usually very difficult for the owners of it to find it again, but they themselves can find it very easily.

The wolf is possessed of strength and intelligence enough to be useful, but he has no desire to be so. He is not capable of the sentiment of friendship, nor can he, like the dog, feel the obligation of duty.

Observe how distinctly, in the picture, the shadows of the man and the dog are cast upon the road by the rays of the sun.

Dancing round the May-pole.

Flags and wreaths.



## PICTURE XI.

DANCING ROUND THE MAY-POLE.

THIS is a picture of a merry party dancing round the May-pole, on the grounds of an ancient English country-seat. The May-pole is ornamented with flags and wreaths of flowers.



Picture of the Christmas dinner.

The big plum pudding.



## PICTURE XII.

EATING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THIS is a picture of a merry party eating a Christmas dinner. The servant is bringing in a great round plum pudding. The room is an ancient baronial hall.

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The party in the camp.

Mode of building the camp.

The frame of it.

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## PICTURE XIII.

### THE CAMP.

THE next picture represents a scene in the forests of America. The gentleman that you see fishing from the shore belongs to a party who have got a camp in the woods near by. The party consists of four gentlemen and a boy.

It is a party from New York. They formed a plan, when the summer came on, to make an excursion together into the woods in order to hunt and fish. They have, accordingly, come to this stream, and they have built their camp just at the foot of the nearest hill which you see in the picture on the right. This hill, being covered with firs and other evergreens, is a very cool and shady place. Besides, it furnished abundant materials for building their camp. You can see the smoke of their camp-fire coming up among the trees.

They made their camp in this way: First, they cut down a number of tall and very stout poles; with these they made a sort of frame, like the frame of a small shed. The top, which was meant for the roof, sloped backward.

The poles which formed the roof were supported by crotchets, which they left for the purpose in the ends of those which they had planted in the ground for posts. The roof thus framed they covered with branches and boughs cut from the evergreen trees growing around. In placing these branches on the roof, they turned the stems upward and the tops downward, so that the foliage might shed the rain.

Picture of the encampment.

Smoke.

Man reading.



Description of the camp.

Man reading.

How rainbows are caused.

For beds they laid down a great quantity of small and soft twigs of hemlock, covering them with buffalo skins which they brought with them from the open country.

They brought with them also a great abundance and variety of provisions. These they kept in a chest, in a corner of the camp. They also have some kettles, and other conveniences for cooking. Their fire is in the open air, just outside the camp.

The man that we see in the picture has come down from the camp to fish in the stream, just below the waterfall. The rest of the party are scattered up and down the stream at various distances from each other. One of them is seated on the rocks, across the stream, reading a book. He likes to sit in a shady place and read better than fishing. The man who is fishing has found a very pleasant place to fish from. There is a narrow beach close under the rock that forms the shore, where there is just room for him to stand. He is putting out his line into the whirlpools and eddies of the water, and is very confident of catching a trout.

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## PICTURE XIV.

### THE RAINBOW.

RAINBOWS are seen in the clouds, in waterfalls, in the falling drops of a shower, in artificial jets and fountains, and sometimes even in the spray which dashes up against the bows of a ship at sea. All that is necessary is that there should be drops of water in front of the observer, and the sun shining upon them from behind him.

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Philosophy of the rainbow.

Rainbows in the morning ; in the evening.

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It is always necessary that the sun should shine, and that it should be on the opposite side of the observer from the one where the rainbow is to be seen.

Thus, whenever a rainbow is formed at evening—that is, when the sun is going down in the west, the rainbow will be in the east.

The lower the sun is, too, the higher the rainbow will be ; for the centre of the rainbow will always be exactly opposite to the centre of the sun.

Of course, when the sun is just going down in the western horizon, the centre of the rainbow will be exactly in the eastern horizon, and then the rainbow will form just half a circle. We never can see a rainbow larger than this in the sky.

We never can see a rainbow overhead in the sky ; for, as the sun must always be opposite to the centre of the rainbow, it would be necessary, in order to make a rainbow appear overhead, that the sun should be beneath our feet, and when it is in that position it is night.

We may see a rainbow in the *west* in the *morning*, provided that there are drops of rain falling there, and that the sun is rising clear and unclouded in the east at the time. But this is a combination of circumstances which very seldom occurs, and so we seldom see a rainbow in the morning.

We may see a rainbow in the *east* at *evening*, provided that there are drops of rain falling there, and that the sun is going down clear and unclouded in the west. This is a combination of circumstances which often occurs, and thus we often see a rainbow in the evening.

Boys sometimes make a rainbow when they are bathing in a

Story of George and Antonio.

Approaching shower.

Dialogue.

river by dashing up the water with their hands in a direction opposite to the sun. They often fail, however, in attempting this experiment, by dashing up the water in a wrong direction.

The rainbow seen in the sky is often continued down over the landscape a little way, if there are drops of rain falling there. We see this represented in this picture.

There were two young men out one afternoon fishing. They followed the brook till they came to a place where it crossed the road, under the arch of a stone bridge. There were some ducks swimming in the water.

The names of the young men were George and Antonio.

While they were fishing near the bridge, suddenly they heard a clap of thunder.

"Antonio," said George, "there is a thunder shower coming up."

"Never mind," said Antonio. "I don't care."

Antonio was very much interested in fishing, and thought very little of the rain.

"There is a house back here, a little way from the road," said George; "let us go there for shelter till the shower is over."

"No," said Antonio, "I don't care for the shower."

So the young men remained, and continued their fishing. Presently, however, they saw a flash of lightning, and this was followed soon by a louder peal of thunder than the one they had heard before.

"Come, Antonio," said George, "we *must* go."

Antonio at last reluctantly consented to go. So the two friends, taking their basket of fishes with them, went up to the road. Looking along the road a little way, they saw a wagon coming.

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The young fishermen in the shower.

Bargain for shelter.

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“Ah, here comes a wagon,” said Antonio. “We will get the man to stop by the road-side, at the end of this bridge, and let us sit in his wagon till the shower is over.”

“He will not be willing to stop,” said George.

“Yes,” replied Antonio; “we will give him all the trout we have caught to pay him for his trouble.”

George consented to this plan, and when the wagoner came near, Antonio made the proposal to him. He looked into the basket, and when he saw that there were five good-sized trout there, he consented. He accordingly drew his wagon up to the side of the road, and the young men got in.

Very soon the shower came on. It rained for half an hour in torrents. The awning of the wagon, however, protected the wagoner himself, and his two guests, almost entirely. At length the cloud passed over; the sun came out in the west, and a rainbow began to be formed in the eastern sky.

“Come,” said Antonio; “the shower is over.”

“No,” replied George, “not yet. It rains quite fast still.”

“Oh, no,” said Antonio, “only a few drops. The sun is shining, and there is a rainbow in the sky. These are two signs that the shower is over.”

So Antonio, taking the empty basket in his hand, climbed down from the wagon, and prepared to go back to the brook. George, unwilling to be left behind, followed him. Then the wagoner, putting the trout in a box under his seat, started his horses along over the bridge, following behind himself, with his whip over his shoulder, as we see him in the picture on the next page.

The young men came down to the bank of the brook again, and

Picture of the bridge and the wagon.

Drops of rain.

The three ducks.



resumed their fishing, though a great many big drops of rain were still falling.

All this time the three ducks, notwithstanding the shower, continued to amuse themselves on the water, sometimes swimming to and fro, and sometimes dabbling with their bills in the mud upon the bottom, among the grass and sedges. The rain fell in



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Some account of snow-birds.

They follow the margin of the snow.

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torrents upon them and around them, but they paid no attention to it. The drops, as fast as they fell, rolled off from their glossy backs, and left the feathers as dry as if the sun had been shining upon them all the time.

Nor did the ducks pay any attention to the rainbow.

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## PICTURE XV.

### SNOW-BIRDS AFRAID.

WHEN children see snow-birds hopping about upon the snow, as they often do see them late in the fall or early in the spring, they sometimes wonder what it is that they can find to eat when it is so cold, and the ground is so covered. It would seem as if there could not be any thing for them to eat at such a time.

They eat seeds. There are many plants the sprigs of which come up through the snow, and the seeds, having ripened in the fall, remain in the capsules until after the snow comes, and some even remain all the winter. Then there are a great many insects and eggs of insects that the snow-birds find; and if there are houses at hand, they sometimes come near enough to them to pick up crumbs about the door.

Snow-birds love the snow, and they seem always to keep in the margin of it. In the winter the whole northern hemisphere is covered with snow, the border of it extending far to the southward—as far, in this country, as to the states of Tennessee and North Carolina. At the winter season of the year the snow-birds are therefore there. As the sun advances to the northward in

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The snow-birds on the roof.

The woman is kind to them.

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the spring, the snow is melted away, and the margin of it gradually retreats to the northward, until in midsummer it has receded into the arctic regions, almost to the poles. In that season of the year the snow-birds are *there*.

Then, in the fall, when the snow advances again from the north toward the south, the snow-birds advance with it, keeping all the time in the margin of it, and visiting the several countries in succession from the north to the south. Thus they live all the time in the margin of the snow.

On the corner of the roof in the picture we see two snow-birds looking toward each other, and wondering whether it will be safe for them to fly into the yard, and pick up some of the crumbs which the cottager's wife is throwing out to her poultry. They are somewhat afraid to go.

Two other birds—a part of the same flock—have a little more courage. They have flown down to the fence. This brings them a little nearer, but still they do not dare to go entirely down.

There were three birds upon the fence a moment ago, but one of them, the most courageous of all the flock, has hopped down almost to the ground. He stands upon a block of wood very near to the hens, and he is just ready to jump down among them. He sees that the woman does not wish to drive him away.

In fact, she wishes him to come. She invites him. "Come, Dickey," she says, "hop down and get some crumbs. There are plenty for the hens, and for you too."

As the woman says this, she stands motionless, waiting to see if little Dickey will come down. She holds her hand perfectly still—the hand with which she has been scattering the crumbs—

Picture of the woman and the snow-birds.



fearing that if she moves it in the least, it may frighten the snow-bird.

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Dickey.

The birds afraid to jump down.

Generosity of the rooster.

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“Dickey,” she says, “hop down!”

Dickey is about to accept this invitation. He leans forward, perched upon the edge of the block, and in a moment more he will be down among the crumbs upon the snow.

One of the birds upon the fence has concluded at length to venture too. He leans forward, and is just ready to fly down to the block of wood. From the block he will follow his brave companion to the ground.

The woman will allow these two, and all the other birds also, if they will only come down, to eat as many of her crumbs as they please. Is she not kind?

The rooster, pleased to see that his company of hens have got so plentiful a breakfast, is crowing aloud for joy. The hens are all occupied in running eagerly for the crumbs, or in picking them up, but the rooster, not so selfish, is waiting for them to take what they wish, expressing his satisfaction in the mean time at their good fortune by his crowing.

The rooster is always generous toward his hens, and often practices a real self-denial on their behalf, thus setting man an example in respect to the proper treatment of women. Boys, too, should particularly follow this example in their treatment of their sisters, or of any other girls who may happen to be associated with them in their plays.

The hen has her period of self-denial and generosity too, as well as the rooster. It is when she has a brood of chickens to feed. Her eager greediness then all disappears, and she seems to think only of her young. She scratches in the ground to find something for them to eat, and when she finds it she *clucks* to call them.

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The woodman.

The hunting horse.

Leaping the brook.

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She will not eat any thing herself, however hungry she may be, until they are fed.

In the distance, in the picture, we see a woodman going across the field, through the snow, with his axe under his arm. He is going to get some wood. We can see the vapor of his breath condensed in the frosty air.

Beyond, dark clouds are lowering in the sky.

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## PICTURE XVI.

### THE HUNTSMAN.

OVER the leaf you may see a huntsman following the hounds. He is leaping over the brook. We see the pack of hounds in the distance crossing the field. The fox is before them, out of view.

The huntsman rides fearlessly. Although his horse is in the act of leaping across a wide brook, he feels perfectly at his ease upon his back, and instead of looking to see where he is going, he turns round toward his fellow-huntsmen to show them the way.

The hunting horse is trained to make leaps like these. He is expressly taught to do it, in order that he may carry his rider over the brooks, and ditches, and fences, and bars, that come in his way. This power of leaping is of great value in a hunter, but in all other respects it is much better that a horse should not be able to perform such feats, since a horse that can leap fences and bars can not be confined to his pasture, and for all the useful purposes for which a horse is required, there is no necessity for leap-

Picture of the huntsman.

Fox hunting.

Pity the poor fox.



ing at all. Hunters, however, are very seldom employed for useful purposes.

The dogs, too, that are used in the chase, are expressly trained to pursue the fox, or the hare, or any other animal that they are intended to hunt. They track the animal by means of the scent. The huntsmen come on after the hounds, following them as fast as they can. Ten men, ten horses, and ten hounds, sometimes, after one poor frightened fox. It is impossible for us, in such a case, not to take part in our sympathies with the fox, and to hope that he may escape from his merciless pursuers.

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The happiness of being useful.

Two kinds of boys.

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And yet the excitement and pleasure of a fox-chase, for those who engage it, is very great—that is, the pleasure is very great while the chase endures. Such pleasures, however, leave no solid or substantial enjoyment behind them. To be really happy, we must spend our time in some useful employment—something that tends to promote instead of impeding the welfare and happiness of our fellow-creatures.

The huntsmen, besides wasting vast sums of money in training their horses and hounds, do great injury to the farmers' fields in galloping over them, by tearing up the ground smoothed for the sowing, or trampling down the growing grain. But they do not care for this. They think only of their own pleasure.

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## PICTURE XVII.

### THE SQUIRRELS ON THE TREE.

SOME persons take pleasure in tormenting and destroying the animals that they chance to meet with in their walks or rides; others, on the contrary, like to witness their gambols and their enjoyment, and instead of desiring to injure them in any way, would rather feed them and protect them.

One boy, coming out into his father's yard, and seeing a robin upon the fence quite near him, and apparently pretty tame, looks around for a stone to throw at him.

“Look!” says he to his brother. “Look and see how I'll pop off that bird.”

He throws the stone. It is so well aimed that it strikes the

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Stoning a robin.

Feeding a robin.

Thanny.

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fence just under the place where the robin is standing. The poor bird, dreadfully frightened by the noise and the shock, darts into the air and flies away.

“Hi-yi!” he says. “I came within one of hitting him.”

As soon as the bird has gone, there comes a slight feeling of dissatisfaction and discontent over the mind of the boy—a sort of guilty feeling, which rises spontaneously in the human soul at the thought of having unnecessarily and wantonly given pain to any sentient creature.

The pain which the boy feels would have been much more decided if his stone had hit the robin, and he had seen the poor bird go fluttering away into the shrubbery with a broken wing, to die there of starvation or pain. Fortunately for the bird, however, and still more fortunately, perhaps, for the boy, the stone missed the intended aim.

Another boy, coming out into his father’s yard, and seeing a robin on the fence there, falls into a very different mood of mind from the preceding.

“Thanny!” he says, “Thanny! here is a robin. Run in and get a piece of bread.”

Thanny, we will suppose, is his little brother.

Thanny runs in for a piece of bread, and when he returns with it, both boys begin to break it up into crumbs, and to throw it down before the bird. The robin is surprised and bewildered. He looks first at the boys, and then, turning his head round, so as to present his other eye, he looks at the bread. He finally hops down to the ground, and, after picking up enough to satisfy his own hunger, he takes a piece in his bill and carries it off to his mate.



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Satisfaction felt by Thanny and his brother.

The birds' nest near the door.

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“There, Thanny!” says the older boy, “do you see what a good time he had?”

These boys now will carry in their hearts, for an hour or more after this transaction, a feeling of satisfaction and gladness—like a sort of sunshine beaming there. It is the satisfaction and gladness which always rise spontaneously in the human soul at the thought of having promoted the enjoyment of any sentient creature.

If boys treat the birds that come about the house kindly, and feed them now and then with crumbs, the birds grow very tame, and will sometimes build their nests quite near.

I knew a boy who one day saw some birds playing about a small tree near the kitchen door. He imagined that perhaps they were going to build a nest, and so he immediately went into the house again, in order not to disturb them. They *were* building a nest, and as the boy took great care, for several days, not to go out at that door when they were at work there, and not to frighten them in any way at any time, they finished their nest in peace, and in due time they reared a brood of young birds there. The boy used to go to the nest every day and look at these young birds when the old ones were away.

Some boys would have acted in a very different manner in such a case.

There is the same difference in men. One man goes into the woods to look for squirrels for the purpose of shooting them. Another goes to amuse himself with watching their playful and innocent gambols as they run along the branches of the trees, or chase each other in their play while clinging to the bark on the stem.

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Picture of the two squirrels on the tree.

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“Pretty little nut-crackers,” says he to them, “I would not hurt you for the world.”

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The squirrel a curious animal.

He is to live on nuts.

He is made to climb.

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On the branch of another tree, a little beyond the one where the squirrels are playing, we see, in the picture, two birds hopping and playing together. Who would wish to disturb their enjoyment?

It is winter. In the distance we see the roof of a cottage covered with snow.

The squirrel is a very curious animal, and all the peculiarities which we observe in him, whether relating to his instincts or to his structure, tend to fit him admirably for the life which he is designed to lead. Every animal is intended by nature to subsist on some particular kind of food, and to lead some particular mode of life, and each one is so formed, both in respect to the structure of his body, and to the characteristics, so to speak, of his mind, as to fit him to live in the places and to obtain the food for which he is designed.

The squirrel, for example, is an animal intended to feed on nuts. Of course he must be able to climb trees, for nuts grow on trees. He is, accordingly, provided with very sharp claws to hold on to the bark by, and with very strong shoulders and thighs, so as to make it easy for him to pull himself up upon a perpendicular stem. The apparatus contrived for him for this purpose is so complete, and it works so admirably, that he can run by means of it up and down the stem of a tree as easily as a lamb can run along the ground. The lamb, on the other hand, could not climb a tree at all. He has no limbs or members to enable him to do so. The reason why he is not provided with them is because he has no occasion to go up upon a tree. He is not intended to eat

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The squirrel can leap.

He goes from tree to tree.

The nut shells.

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nuts. He is intended to eat grass, and the grass grows upon the ground.

The squirrel must not only be able to climb a tree, but it is also very desirable for him that he should be able to leap from one tree to another, through the air; for if, when he has climbed up into one tree, he finds no nuts there, but sees nuts on the branches of another one, not very far off, it will be much more convenient for him to leap across through the air to some projecting branch of the second tree, than to go away down to the ground again in order to go up by the stem. Accordingly, he is provided with very strong muscles in his hinder limbs, by means of which he can throw himself through the air a great many feet, and grasp the end of the branch that he springs to, and so run along upon it into the tree. He is never afraid to do this, no matter how high he may be from the ground. The branch that he springs to is sometimes so slender that it bends down very far with his weight, and to see him you would think that he certainly must fall. But he does not fall. He does not appear to have the least fear of falling. He climbs up the slender twig that he caught, and runs from it down a branch into the tree, and then, if he does not find any nuts there, he runs out to the end of another branch on the opposite side and leaps into the next tree. Thus he can roam all over the forest in search of nuts without ever coming to the ground.

Nuts have generally hard shells, and the squirrel must accordingly have some means of getting through these shells, in order to reach the kernel inside; for the kernel is the only part which is good for a squirrel to eat. We get at the kernels of nuts by

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How the squirrel gets the shells open.

Another curious thing.

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cracking them, but a nut-cracking apparatus would be very clumsy and inconvenient for a squirrel, and so he is provided with very sharp teeth to *cut* the shells. His fore paws are so made also that he can use them as hands, to hold the nut while he is cutting into its hard covering with his teeth. This is necessary; for, unless he were provided with some means for holding his nut still while cutting it open, it would roll about so that he could not do any thing with it.

But now comes another difficulty; for while he is using his fore paws to hold his nut with, how is he to stand? He is a four-legged animal, and if two of his legs are employed as hands, he would have but two left to stand upon, and it is extremely difficult for four-legged animals to stand on two legs. To remedy this, the hind legs of the squirrel are fashioned in a peculiar and very ingenious way, so that he can sit upon them, and sit very firmly. Thus he can take his place on the very branch of the tree where he gathered his nut, and, sitting on his hind legs, hold the nut with his fore paws, and gnaw it open with his sharp teeth, watching all the time very cunningly to see that no enemy is coming.

A *cow* could not do this. Even a *cat* could not do it. Cows and cats have no occasion to do any thing of the kind, and so they are not provided with the proper means.

There is one thing more that is curious about the squirrel. It is this. Nuts grow generally in cold countries, where, for several months in the year, the ground is frozen and covered with snow, and no nuts are to be found. Now how shall this difficulty be obviated? It is obviated by an instinct which is given to the

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He lays up a store for the winter.

The pigs in the forest.

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squirrel, which leads him to gather nuts in the fall, and to lay a store of them up in his hole, sufficient to supply him all winter. He works very diligently in laying up his store during all the autumn. He begins as soon as the nuts are ripe, and he does not stop until the ground is covered with snow. He puts all his nuts away safely in his hole, and the store which he thus lays up supplies him abundantly until the following spring.

There are animals that live partly on nuts that are not provided with the means of climbing up into the trees to get them. This will appear in the next picture.

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## PICTURE XIX.

### FEEDING ON ACORNS.

Pigs feed partly on nuts and acorns, but then they are intended to feed also on roots, and so they are provided with the means, not of climbing up into the trees, but of rooting into the ground. As for the nuts, of course, as they can not go up into the trees after them, they have to wait below until they ripen and fall. In the mean time, they dig in the ground for roots.

Their digging instrument consists of a hard and horny rim or edge at the end of their snout. This is so hard that they can dig with it among roots, gravel stones, or any thing else that they find in the ground, without hurting it or wearing it away.

In the picture we see some pigs feeding in this manner in a dark and solitary wood. They are feeding on the acorns which fall from the trees. The trees in the woods are oaks, and in the prop-

Picture of the pigs feeding on acorns in a wood.



er season the acorns fall to the ground, and the pigs, pushing about among the grass with their snouts, find them there.

When they can not find any acorns they have to dig in the ground for roots, but they like the acorns best.

When they get any nuts or acorns, they do not, like the squirrels, gnaw off the shell with sharp teeth. They have no teeth suitable for such a purpose. Instead of a cutting apparatus they

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Nut-cracking apparatus.

The swineherd.

The trees are very old.

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have a *cracking* apparatus. Pigs being animals of large size, they can have a nut-cracking apparatus very easily, without being incommoded by it.

Their nut-cracking apparatus consists of their jaws and of the great flat-faced teeth which are set into them. They take the acorns between these teeth and craunch them up, shells and all, very easily; and then, as they chew them to eat the meat of the acorn, the pieces of the shell drop out upon the ground again.

Some of the acorns which grow upon the oak are meant for seed, in order that when the old oak dies there may be young ones to grow up in its place. But as the old oak lives many hundred years, it is only very rarely, and after the lapse of a very long time, that acorns are required for seed. In the mean time, the millions upon millions that grow each year in every great forest are intended for the squirrels, and the pigs, and the other animals that are made to feed upon them.

In the picture we see, under a tree to the right, the figure of a man sitting there alone. I suppose he is watching the pigs while they feed, to see that they do not go astray.

There are three white pigs and three black ones. They show no disposition to go away, being very busily engaged in searching for acorns in the tufts of grass. One of them is looking up wistfully into the trees, hoping, perhaps, that more acorns will fall.

The trees are very old, as plainly appears by their massive roots, and gnarled and twisted branches. They are, however, still vigorous and healthy, and it will be a long time yet before acorns will be wanted for seed to replace them.



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Hay must be *stowed* well on a cart.

Reason for this.

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## PICTURE XIX.

### THE LOAD OF HAY.

WHEN the haymakers are getting in hay from a field, one man takes his position upon the cart to arrange the hay and trample it down as fast as the other men pitch it up to him with their hay-forks.

If the hay were to be thrown irregularly into the cart, it would lie loosely there—piled up high in the middle of the cart—and very soon the whole mass would tumble down again.

So the hay must be *stowed* in order to make up a load properly, and the way to stow it is for the man on the cart to take it in his arms, or on a fork, as fast as the men on the ground pitch it up to him, and *build* with it, all around the edges of the load, laying it evenly and carefully, and in such a way as to keep the outside a little higher all around than the middle. From time to time he fills up the middle too, so as to carry up the whole load nearly together. As fast as he lays the hay where it is to go, he tramples it down, and thus he forms a compact, square, and regular load. When the load is finished, he is himself on the top of it, high up from the ground.

How is he to get down?

He does not wish to get down. He wishes to ride home upon the top of the hay.

If you wish to know how he looks riding home on the top of the load, turn over the leaf and see.

Picture of the load of hay.

Reason why the man remains on the top of it.



The reason why the man rides home thus on the top of the load is in order that he may be ready, when he gets to the barn, to unload the wagon. It would be difficult for him to get down from the load while he is in the field, and still more difficult for him to get up again when the team gets to the barn, in order to pitch the hay off.

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The wagon on its return.

New arrangements.

The little dog.

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## PICTURE XX.

### THE EMPTY WAGON.

WHEN the load of hay has been pitched off into the barn, or upon the great hay-stack, the empty wagon goes back into the field again for more.

We might take our stand near the field and see it come.

The man who was upon the top of the load going home, now rides at his ease in the wagon. The teamster, who walked by the side of his horses when they had a load to draw, now thinks that he may ride; so he takes his seat upon the forward horse, and, with his whip over his shoulder, rides along, resting himself from his fatigues, and gathering fresh strength for the toils that await him when he again reaches the hay-field.

It will then become the horses' turn to rest. They will stand quiet and at their ease while the men are loading up the wagon again, except that they may have occasion to move a little from place to place, along the winrow of hay, as the load advances.

As the empty wagon comes thus along, with one man riding in it and the other sitting upon one of the horses, perhaps it meets another wagon going from the field with a load.

A little dog, that joined the teamster of the empty wagon at the barn, and has determined to accompany him to the field, runs on before the horses, barking with joy.

If you wish to know how the teams appear when passing each other in this way, turn over the leaf and see.

Picture of the empty wagon returning.

Man got down.



The man from the loaded wagon has got down for some reason or other. I don't know why he should have got down.

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Annette and her grandmother.

Annette's breakfast.

The reapers.

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## PICTURE XXI.

## REAPING.

IN a small stone cottage near a farmer's fields lived an old woman and her little grand-daughter Annette.

Annette's breakfast every morning was of bread and milk. She was accustomed to eat her bread and milk from an earthen bowl by means of an iron spoon. If the weather was pleasant, she would sit, while eating it, upon the step of the door, where she could amuse herself by seeing the people go by in the road.

One morning, while she was eating her breakfast, she saw a great many reapers go by.

"Grandmother," said she, "there is going to be a great reaping to-day."

"Ah?" said her grandmother.

"Yes," said Annette; "and may I go and glean?"

Annette was very fond of going into the fields to glean after the reapers—that is, to pick up the little heads of wheat which the reapers left on the ground after making up their sheaves. Sometimes the reapers were cross to her, and said that they would not have her in their way. Then Annette would go on until she came to another field, or at least to another company of reapers, and when at length she found some reapers who were willing to let her glean, she would remain by them all the morning, picking up the heads of wheat which they left upon the ground. If you wish to know how a picture of the scene would look, turn over the leaf and see.

Picture of Annette gleanings in the field.

The sheaves.



We see Annette seated on the ground and holding her gleanings in her lap. She is arranging the heads of wheat in order. She is going to make a little sheaf of them. She will place it, when she has bound it up, by the side of the large ones, and then proceed to make another. At noon, when the reapers stop to eat their dinners, she will carry her gleanings home to her grandmother.

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The farmer.

The load of grain passing through the gateway.

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## PICTURE XXII.

### THE LOAD OF GRAIN.

THE farmer, who had been out in the field, and was now returning to his home, heard the voices of men and boys driving oxen. It was a team coming home with a load of sheaves of wheat from the field where the reapers had been reaping it. He stopped to listen. He could not see the team, for a hedge was in the way. So he walked on and stood at a gateway where the load must pass in entering the yard.

“I will wait here,” said he, “until they come.”

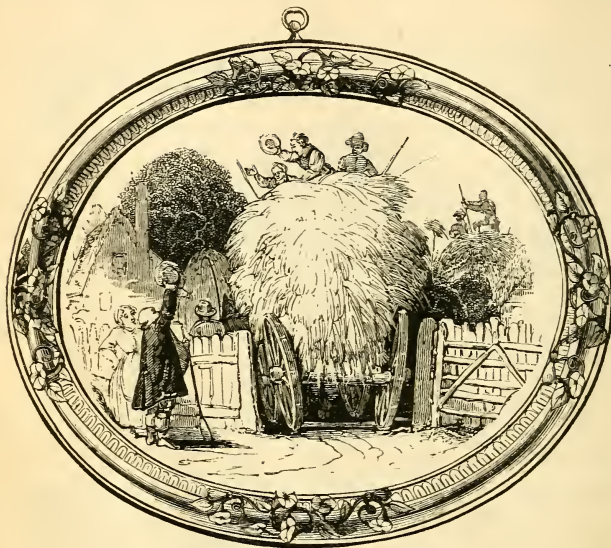
A farmer likes to stand by the way-side and see the rich sheaves of his harvest coming in.

Presently the cart came into view. One of his workmen was walking by the side of the horses to drive them. Two of his children, together with another of the workmen, were riding on the top of the load. As the load came on, the children were shouting with joy and glee. When they reached the gateway, they were for a moment afraid, as the opening was narrow, and they knew that if the wheel should strike on either side they would be jostled.

The wagoner, however, drove safely through. The children then took off their hats, and waved them in the air with loud cheers. The farmer, standing by the side of the gate below, waved his hat and responded.

If you wish to know how a picture of this scene would look, turn over the leaf and see.

Picture of the wagon going through the gate.



The fence is a common paling. The gate is opened wide. It was opened by the woman who stands beyond the farmer. In the distance, to the left, we see the roofs of two cottages pertaining to the farm.

The getting in of the harvest in England, when the weather is fine, and the work goes on prosperously, is a very joyful occasion.



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Thumping sound.

Tooly.

Walk to the barn.

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## PICTURE XXIII.

### THE THRASHING.

WHEN the grain has all been gathered from the fields, the sheaves are allowed to remain until they are perfectly dry, and then they are taken to the barn to be thrashed. They can not be thrashed until the grain is dry.

One morning, while Annette was eating her breakfast on the step of the door, she heard a thumping sound.

“Grandmother,” said she, “I hear a thumping.”

“Yes,” replied her grandmother, “they are thrashing grain in the farmer’s barn.”

“Grandmother,” said Annette, “after I have eaten my breakfast, may I go and see?”

“Yes,” said her grandmother.

“And may I take Tooly with me?” said Annette.

“Yes,” said her grandmother.

Tooly was Annette’s little sister.

Accordingly, Annette, taking Tooly by the hand, led her into the farmer’s yard. In finding the way to the place she was guided by the sound of the flail.

At length she stood before two great open doors. There was a thrashing floor within. A man was thrashing there. Annette could see the flail as the thrasher swung it in the air.

If you wish to know how Annette and Tooly stood looking at the thrasher as he swung his flail, turn over the leaf and see.

Picture of the thrashing.

Danger of going near a flail



“Let me go in,” said Tooty.

“No,” said Annette, “you must not go in.”

“Why not?” said Tooty.

“Because,” said Annette, “the flail will hit you.”

Annette was very right in this. It is dangerous to go near the flail while a thrasher is thrashing.

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The hens.

The chickens playing near the coop.

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"We will stand here," said Annette. "I wish to see how he does it, so that I may know how to thrash out my grain."

So Annette, standing back at a little distance from the door, watched the thrasher as he thrashed the grain.

After a time she led Tooty along through the grass to a place where some hens and chickens were feeding. They were scratching among the grass to find kernels of wheat that had been dropped there when the teams came along.

There was a large coop under a great tree not far from the barn. Annette led Tooty to see what was in this coop. She found that there was a mother hen shut up there. Her chickens were playing all about the coop in the grass.

The reason why it is necessary to shut up a mother hen when her chickens are small, is, that if she is left at large, she is very apt to stray away into places which would be dangerous for her chickens. She would go, perhaps, where there were crevices that the chickens would fall into, or would walk along fast over rough or steep places where the chickens could not keep up with her.

The hen feels a great deal of maternal regard for her brood, but she evinces very little discretion. So they shut her up in a coop, and then her chickens, not daring to go far away from her, are safe.

After a time Annette and Tooty went home.

"Grandmother," said Annette, "I must beat out the wheat from my little sheaf with a stick."

"No," said her grandmother, "it will be easier to rub it out with your hands."

"But I would rather beat it out with a stick," said Annette; "that would be more like thrashing."

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The plowman in the fields.

He hears the hounds.

Leaping the fence.

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## PICTURE XXIV.

### THE PLOWMAN AND THE HOUNDS

It is morning. The plowman has come out with his team of horses into the field, and is just ready to begin his work. His team stand waiting for him to give them the command to go on, while he, holding the plow by its handles, stands ready to insert the point of it into the ground as soon as the horses begin to move.

A moment ago, while standing thus, he heard, in the still morning air, a distant sound of the baying of dogs.

“Hark !” said he to himself; “I hear the hounds. Another poor fox is to be hunted to death.”

So he paused to listen.

At the end of the field where the plowman is at work there is a church, which stands on the margin of a grove. A close fence separates the church-yard and the grove from the field. While the plowman was listening to the sound of the barking, which seemed all the time to come nearer and nearer, he suddenly saw the fox coming into view, bounding through the grass under the fence at the end of the field. In a moment more the fox leaped over the fence and disappeared.

Almost instantly afterward the hounds, followed by the huntsmen on their horses, came rushing on. The dogs leaped over the fence, one after the other, following the scent of the game. The huntsmen, on their horses, came suddenly to a stand, as we see in the engraving.

Picture of the plowman looking at the hounds.



The plowman stands looking to see what the huntsmen will do. One of the horses of the team is white, and the other is black. It is so, too, with the horses of the huntsmen. One of them is white, and the other is black. The white hunter seems to be brought to a very sudden stand.

Soon, however, they will probably follow the dogs over the

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A useless life is never a happy one.

The milkmaid coming home.

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paling, and go on with their sport, while the farmer will proceed with his plowing.

He who spends his days in useful industry, lives to much better purpose, and will have a much more satisfactory account to render at last, than they who waste their time in idle sports and pastimes, which lead to no good either to themselves or their fellow-creatures.

And he will, moreover, not only have a better account of himself to render at last, but he will enjoy a far higher measure of satisfaction and happiness, day by day, while he continues to live. Doing good to others is the surest means of dispelling the feelings of gloom and sadness from our own hearts, and a selfish and useless life will always be a miserable one.

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## PICTURE XXV.

### THE MILKMAID AND THE HOUNDS.

IN this picture we have another hunting scene. The hounds are in the distance, running across the field. They have almost disappeared from view. The huntsmen are following them. They are brandishing their whips, and urging their horses to their utmost speed.

In the foreground is a milkmaid going home with her milk. It is early in the morning. She has been out to milk the cows, and she is carrying home the milk in a pail, which she has poised upon her head. She has heard the baying of the dogs and the horns of the huntsmen, and she has stopped to look round and see.

Picture of the milkmaid.

The bridge and the railing.

Flowers and shrubbery



The place where she stands is at the beginning of a little bridge or causeway, which leads across a brook. We can see the water of this brook in the foreground. There is a railing on one side of this bridge. A railing on one side is enough, for the bridge is not very high. Pretty bouquets of flowers and shrubbery grow by the side of the bridge and along the margin of the water. A flock of rooks are flying in the air.

The huntsmen and the hounds will soon be out of sight, and then the milkmaid will go on over the bridge toward her home.

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Rooks and rookeries.Rooks celebrated for their thieving habits.

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## PICTURE XXVI.

## THE ROOKS.

Rooks are a species of birds very similar to crows. They are large and black, like the crow, and they make a cawing sound. They live together in great flocks or families, which sometimes contain hundreds or even thousands of pairs. These immense communities have their habitations in ancient groves, building their nests together on the tops of the tall trees, and continuing to occupy the same place from generation to generation for hundreds of years.

Such a community of rooks is called a rookery. The appearance which the grove that they inhabit exhibits is seen in the opposite picture. The grove is seen in the background on the left. The nests are all built near the tops of the tall trees which you see growing there. We see the rooks in great numbers flying about over them. While flying about thus over their nests, they keep up an incessant cawing.

Below we see the stacks of the hay and grain in the farmer's yard, with two or three cows standing in the shade of one of them. In the foreground is a man plowing in a field. He has, however, stopped his work to let his horses rest, and to talk a little with a girl who is passing near him on her way across the field.

Rooks, like crows and ravens, are celebrated for their dishonesty. They steal any thing that they can find, apparently without the least remorse or compunction. When a young pair are



Picture of the rookery.

How the rooks build their nests.



building their nests, instead of going away to a proper place, and finding sticks and straws of their own to build it with, they watch slyly for an opportunity, and pull out the sticks from the other nests near them when the owners of them are away. They use a great many sticks in building their nests, cementing them together with mud, and weaving in straw to form the inside lining ;

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Punishment inflicted on detected thieves.

Robbing corn-fields.

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but instead of going to get sticks and straws of their own, they are very apt to plunder their neighbors whenever they get a chance.

To prevent this danger, one of the rooks of the pair that own a nest usually remains by it to guard it while the other is away, and then, if any strange rook comes to steal the sticks or straws, he flies at him and drives him off. Sometimes, however, the thieving rook, by constantly watching, finds some nest unguarded, and succeeds in robbing it. But he does not always escape punishment for his crime, for when the owners of the nest come home and find what the thief has been doing, they go and get several other rooks to join them, and the whole company fly at the thief in his nest, drive him away, and pull his nest to pieces. Whether these avengers of crime are regular officers of justice, appointed as a sort of police to execute an established code, or whether they are volunteers, applying a sort of Lynch law to the offenders, I believe is not fully ascertained.

The rooks do some mischief to the farmers by pulling up the wheat and other grain which is sown in the fields. As soon as the grain is sprouted and begins to appear above the ground, they pull it up, and eat the seed at the bottom. They seem to know very well that this is stealing, for they set one of their number to watch while they are doing it, and if he sees any man or boy coming, he alarms the plunderers by a loud caw. The farmer sometimes attempts to prevent them from plundering his field by setting up various things to frighten them away. But they soon find out the deception, and then come down into the field and pull up the grain as much as ever. The only effectual way is to set

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The best way to protect a corn-field.

The sentinel at his post.

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some one to watch. A boy will answer for such a watch, if he is faithful and vigilant, and if he is old enough to act promptly and energetically when he sees them coming, and drive them away by shouting at them and throwing stones.

It is only for a few days in the year that the rooks can do any mischief by pulling up the corn. At other times they do a great deal of good, by destroying millions of worms and noxious insects, that would greatly damage the farmer's crops if they were allowed to live.

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## PICTURE XXVII.

### THE SOLDIER.

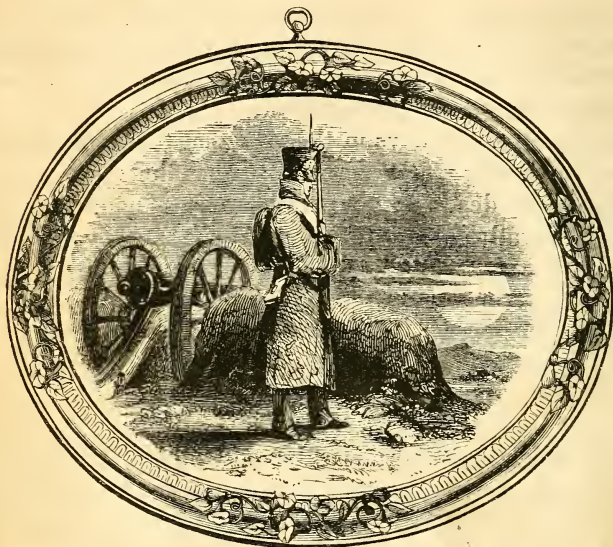
THE soldier stands sentinel at his post on the field of battle, in the night, silent and solitary. The moon, broad and full, shines through the clouds in the western sky, just before going down below the horizon. The soldier rejoices in her going down, for her withdrawal from the sky is the harbinger of the rising of the sun, and when the sun is risen, his cold and weary watching will be ended.

The post of the sentinel is at a gun which stands in the embrasure of a redoubt. A redoubt is an embankment of earth thrown up to protect soldiers from an enemy. An embrasure is an opening in the embankment, made for the purpose of pointing the mouth of the cannon through. We can see the redoubt and the embrasure very plainly in the engraving on the following page.

Picture of the sentinel.

His vigilance.

His mode of challenging.



The soldier is muffled in his coat as he walks to and fro by his gun, for the night is chilly and cold. He carries his knapsack on his back, and he has his musket—bayonet set—in his hands. It is his duty to watch on every side against the approach of an enemy. He looks about him eagerly in all directions, and listens anxiously to the slightest sound. If he hears or sees any persons approaching, either openly or by stealth, he challenges them by calling out, “Who goes there?”

If he receives no answer, or none that is satisfactory, or if, from any cause, he thinks it is the enemy that is coming, he fires his

Alarm in a camp.

Modes of procuring soldiers.

Bounties.

The conscription.

musket in the direction of the sound, and thus, at the same time, kills or intimidates the spy or the enemy that is coming, and gives the camp the alarm.

On hearing the alarm, the soldiers that are sleeping in their tents, or that lie bivouacked upon the ground, spring suddenly to their feet and rush to their arms. A night alarm of this kind, in an encampment of an army, often leads to a scene of dreadful excitement and confusion.

The life of a soldier is full of privation, hardships, and sufferings, and it affords very few innocent means of enjoyment. Most men are, accordingly, unwilling to become soldiers, and governments and kings are consequently obliged to resort to extraordinary means and measures to induce men to enter their armies.

In some countries, the contrivance which is adopted is to pay the men who enlist a *bounty*, as it is called—that is, a certain sum in ready money when they enlist. Now there are always, in every country, numbers of reckless and miserable wretches who are willing, for the sake of this bounty, and the few days of carousal that it will procure for them, to sign their names to the fatal papers, and so barter away their liberty and happiness for years.

In other countries, where the powers of the government are more despotic, the system adopted is that of force. A catalogue is made of all the young men in every town and village in the kingdom, and then lots are drawn to decide who must become soldiers. If the sons of rich men are drawn, they hire substitutes, but poor men's sons are compelled to go. This is called the *conscription*. The conscription system is adopted in France, and the bounty system in England and America.

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Man should be the defender and protector of woman.

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## PICTURE XXVIII.

## THE PROTECTOR.

MAN is designed by nature to be the defender and the protector of woman. In fulfillment of this duty, a boy ought always to defend and protect his sister, and to aid, encourage, and sustain her on any and every occasion when she needs his support. If he does not do this, and especially if, on the contrary, he ever allows himself to oppress, to tease, or to vex her, he violates one of the fundamental laws of his being, and disgraces his sex.

The name of the boy that we see in the opposite picture, walking along with his sister in a wood, is Herman. He has been at work with his father in a field near the wood, making hay. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, his sister Amy came down from the house to bring some cool ginger water to her father for him and the haymakers to drink. She brought it in a tin pail. There was a cover upon the pail, to prevent the water from spilling.

Amy found that the pail, filled as it was with water, was pretty heavy to carry. But she stopped frequently to rest, and by this means she at length arrived in the field. Here she put the pail down safely upon a smooth flat stone under a shady tree near where the haymakers were working. Then she lifted off the cover of the pail and took a good drink.

"There!" said she, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now I will go home again."

So she walked to the part of the field where her brother Her-

Picture of Herman and Amy in the wood.



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Amy is alarmed by a snake.

The snake is alarmed too.

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man was at work, and, after talking with him a few minutes, she set out on her return home. She went into the wood, and soon disappeared from view.

Very soon, however, Herman heard her voice calling to him in a tone of terror. He looked up, and saw that she had come back, and was now standing at the margin of the wood, calling out to him, and beckoning to him very eagerly.

“HER—MAN! HER—man!” said she. “Come here!”

Herman at once threw down his rake, and ran to the place where Amy was standing.

When he reached the place, he ascertained that the cause of Amy’s fear was a small spotted snake which she had suddenly come upon in going through the wood.

The snake, when Amy first saw him, was lying directly across the path. He began to move slowly away when he saw Amy approaching, being made somewhat afraid by seeing a human being walking in his wood.

“I don’t know who she is or what she is,” said he to himself, “and perhaps she does not intend me any harm. But I think I had better be moving.”

So he began to glide slowly along the path by a very graceful and smooth, and yet almost imperceptible motion, watching Amy all the time with one of his eyes.

But, though the snake was thus somewhat alarmed at seeing Amy, Amy herself was a good deal more alarmed at seeing him. As soon as her eyes fell upon him, she uttered a loud outcry, and ran back as fast as possible to the margin of the wood, and there she began to call to Herman, as has already been related.



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Herman arms himself.

Killing of animals.

The right principle.

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As soon as Herman learned what was the matter, he seized a large stick which lay upon the ground for a cudgel, and then walked briskly on into the wood, leading Amy along with him to show him the place where the snake was lying. They turned a little out of the path, and walked through the brakes and sedges, in order to come upon the enemy unawares.

In the engraving we see them walking rapidly along in this way, looking earnestly forward toward the place which Amy indicated.

“Don’t be afraid,” says Herman; “let me just get sight of him—even if it is only the tip of his tail—and you shall see how I’ll demolish him.”

It is wrong to kill, or to injure in any way, the innocent and harmless animals that we see enjoying life around us, such as birds, butterflies, and squirrels, but it is perfectly right to destroy all venomous beasts and reptiles, and vermin of every kind, whenever they come into places occupied by man. In places, however, which man does not wish to inhabit, even these noxious animals should be allowed to live. I would not kill even a viper or a scorpion, if he was living in peace with his fellows in a jungle in India, uninhabited by man, nor would I molest the mosquitoes that swarm in millions in lonely swamps, where they lead gay and happy lives, and do no harm.

Herman and Amy pressed eagerly forward, watching for the snake with countenances expressive of very determined hostility against him. Herman carried his cudgel on his shoulder with his right hand, while with his left he encircled his sister, to keep her near him, and under his immediate protection. You see them in these attitudes in the engraving.

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It is wrong for boys to attempt to frighten their sisters.

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This is the spirit which every noble-minded boy will manifest toward his sister whenever she is in any danger or feels any fear. How much more generous and noble was this conduct on the part of Herman, than if he had refused to assist his sister, and had made light of, or had ridiculed her fears.

“Go straight along, you silly child,” he might have said; “the snake will not hurt you.”

That is the spirit that boys sometimes manifest in dealing with the fears of their sisters. Sometimes they even attempt to increase and aggravate these fears. I have known a boy to take up a little snake by the tail, and run after his sister with it, to amuse himself in witnessing the terror he excited. But this is very ungentlemanly conduct. It is the duty of man to soothe and allay the fears of woman, even when they are unreasonable fears, and never to ridicule them or attempt to increase them. To be timid, even in cases where there is little cause for fear, is not discreditable in woman, however much it may be in man; for she is made, not to brave difficulty and danger, but to be protected and defended from them by man.

Let all boys, then, respect the fears, even though they are unreasonable, of their mothers or their sisters. They should never do any thing to awaken them, or to ridicule them when awakened, but soothe and allay them by every means in their power, and always be prompt and courageous in affording protection.

We must therefore commend the action of Herman in going forward so readily to repel the danger which had excited Amy's fears, though, after all, he did not succeed in killing the snake. When he reached the spot which Amy pointed out to him, the

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The snake can not be found.

Amy is relieved of her fears.

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snake had gone. Herman looked for him every where, but he was not to be found. He pushed aside the grass and bushes, and moved several stones, but no snake was to be seen.

“Perhaps he went under *that* stone,” said Amy.

So saying, Amy pointed to a flat stone that lay by the side of a big log near where they were standing.

Herman took hold of the stone by one of its edges, and threw it over. There was nothing under it but two lizards and three black bugs. The lizards looked up very much astonished, and then began to creep slowly away. As for the bugs, they scampered off at once, as fast as they could, without any ceremony.

“Perhaps he is under the log,” said Herman. So saying, he attempted to turn the log over, but it could not be moved.

“After all,” said he, at last, to Amy, “I don’t think it is of much consequence. Such snakes as these never bite people, and if you ever meet one again, all you have to do is to take up a little stick, and he will run away as fast as he can go.”

So saying, Herman went back to his work, and Amy, with a light heart, pursued her way along the path toward her home, singing, as she went, in a very cheerful and happy manner. The ready alacrity with which Herman had come to her aid, and the resolution and energy which he had displayed, had inspired her with some portion of his courage, and had reassured her. Thus he had relieved her of her fears in a far more effectual way than by destroying the object of them. He had made her superior to them by the reaction on her heart of his own courage and friendly sympathy.

Irrigation.

The Chinamen.

An experiment proposed for boys.

## PICTURE XXIX.

## IRRIGATION.

THIS is the way in which the Chinese water their grounds. The watering of grounds, for the purpose of promoting the growth of plants, is called irrigation.

On the left we see two Chinamen holding a shallow bowl by means of four cords. One of the men takes hold of two of the cords, and the other of the other two. Behind them is a bank, and beyond the bank is the field which they intend to water. They dip up the water in the bowl, and then, by giving the bowl a peculiar swing—the art of doing which with dexterity they have acquired by long practice—they throw the water over the bank to a place where it is received in a little depression, made for it in the ground, and is thence conveyed away, in channels previously made for it, all over the field.

Boys who should try the experiment of throwing water in this way would find it very difficult at first, but after some practice they would gradually learn the art. The experiment might be made with any shallow bowl or basin, either one of wood or of tin. The four cords might be attached to it by first tying a cord around the bowl or basin in the form of a band, just under the rim, and then attaching the ends of the four cords to the band, at proper distances from each other, on the opposite sides.

On the right, in the picture, we see another apparatus for raising water. It consists of a series of buckets attached to a chain

The two Chinamen throwing up water

The tread-mill.



which passes over a wheel at the top. The three men work the wheel, and so draw up the buckets through an inclined channel made of plank, which you see in the picture ascending from the water below to the bank above. The buckets, in coming up this channel, bring the water up with them, and deliver it in a small reservoir on the margin of the bank, whence it is conveyed in little streamlets all over the land.

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 Warm springs.

 Interior temperature of the earth.
 

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The Chinese have several other mechanical contrivances besides these, which they employ in raising water for the irrigation of their lands.

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### PICTURE XXX.

#### THE WARM SPRINGS.

SPRINGS of water are found in many parts of the earth, boiling up out of the ground. In most cases the water is cold, but it is often warm, and sometimes it is very hot. When the water is hot, a cloud of vapor rises from it where it issues from the ground.

In the picture opposite we see a representation of such a cloud arising from a hot spring in the western country in America.

The reason why some of the springs of water which come out of the ground are cold and others hot, is supposed to be this.

As we descend into the ground, we find that the *strata*—that is, the successive layers of earth and rocks—are colder than the air above, for a certain distance below the surface, but after that they begin to grow warm, and it is found that the warmth continues to increase as far as men have ever gone down. The deepest places where men have gone down are in the mines which they dig for the purpose of getting coal, and salt, and ores of metal. In the deepest mines the rocks are the warmest.

It is supposed that deeper still the heat becomes still greater, until finally the rocks are melted. This, however, is supposed to be very far down indeed.

Now this being the condition of the strata of the earth in re-

Picture of the hot spring.

Vapor rising.

Cause of it.



spect to temperature, it is plain that the water which comes up out of the ground, in springs, will be cold, or warm, or hot, according as it comes from a greater or less depth below the surface. If the water comes from among the rocks, or strata of any kind, that are near the surface, it will be cold, for all these strata are cold. If it comes from a great depth below, it will be warm; and if from a very great depth indeed, it will be hot, and a continual cloud of steam will rise from it where it issues from the ground, as seen in the picture.

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The benighted horseman.

Signs of a storm.

Wind rising.

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## PICTURE XXXI.

## OVERTAKEN IN A STORM.

THE horseman, riding across a lonely moor in the night, is overtaken by a storm.

He had some warning of the storm, for a black cloud appeared in the west just as he arrived at the margin of the moor.

“Will there be time,” said he to himself, “for me to ride five miles across this lonely moor before it begins to rain?”

He looked at the cloud; he listened to hear the distant thunder; he thought of his home.

“Yes,” said he. “At least I think, Jupiter, if you please, we will try.”

Jupiter was the name of his horse.

So he entered upon the road which led over the moor, and, urging Jupiter forward, sometimes by cheering words, and sometimes by gentle touches with his riding whip, he trotted swiftly on.

In the mean time the dark cloud rose higher and higher. The thunder was more frequent, and it seemed nearer. Night came on, and faint flashes of lightning were soon to be seen. The horseman urged his horse faster and faster.

At length, the cloud having gradually extended over the whole western sky, and spread upward to the zenith, a universal gloom was cast over the face of nature. This gloom was rendered the more solemn and impressive by the death-like calm and silence that reigned in the air. At length a sudden gust of wind burst



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The horseman overtaken by the storm.

The lightning.

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upon the trees, and big drops of rain began to fall. The horse drove on faster and faster.

“The storm is coming,” said the rider to himself. “What shall I do?”



It grew darker and darker, and soon he could no longer see the path. The horse, however, galloped on. At length the horseman could see, when the flashes of lightning gave him from time to time a momentary gleam of light, that he had lost his way. He was out upon the open moor, galloping among tufts of grass and sedges, and through pools of water.

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The horseman becomes discouraged.

The flashes of lightning.

The lamp.

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As soon as he found that he had lost his way, he reined in his horse and began to go slowly.

“It is useless for me to go fast any longer,” said he, “for it is as likely that I am going farther and farther away from home, as that I am getting nearer to it.”

So he reined in his horse and went slowly, watching for the flashes of the lightning in order that he might gaze about him at the instant of the gleam, to see if he could not perceive some signs of the road. In the mean time the rain fell in torrents, and he was soon wet through and through.

At last, in the midst of an interval between two of the flashes of lightning, he saw suddenly a distant light. He thought it was a light burning in the window of some woodman’s cottage on the moor.

“I will make for that light,” said he. “If it is a house, I shall find shelter there.”

Then came a sudden flash of lightning, and in the vivid and glittering gleam of it the light of the woodman’s lamp disappeared. The lamp was burning on, however, all the time steadily the same, and in a few minutes the horseman saw its gentle radiance again, piercing the darkness with a feeble but constant beam. He turned his horse in that direction, and went on, watching, as he went, for flashes of lightning to show him how to guide his horse over the uneven and encumbered ground. Each flash, as it burst suddenly over the landscape, brought out very vividly to view the whole surface of the moor around and near, showing very plainly every object on the ground for some distance before him, and enabling him to choose his way for a little space. It was true

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The horseman is guided partly by the lamp and partly by the lightning.

Bonder.

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the light was only a single instantaneous gleam, and it was followed by a darkness which seemed the more intense by contrast with the dazzling brilliancy that preceded it; but by the time that the horseman had gone to the end of the way which one flash had revealed to him, another and another would come to enlighten the ground beyond and still beyond. In the intervals between these near illuminations, the horseman would watch for the distant beaming of the woodman's lamp, which was his sole reliance for the general direction of his course. Thus the lamp was the beacon which guided him in respect to the end of his journey, while the lightning illumined his way.

After riding on in this manner for some time, the horseman perceived that he was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the light, and at length, to his great relief, he reached the woodman's door. The woodman welcomed the stranger to his hut in a very kind and hospitable manner, and gave him a seat by a great blazing fire.

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## PICTURE XXXII.

### THE LITTLE TYRANT.

THIS picture represents a rude and hateful boy, tyrannizing over his playmates at school. You see him standing near the centre of the group, with his fists doubled and his arms a kimbo. His name is Bonder. He is domineering over and hectoring the other boys. The case is this :

Henry—the boy who stands before Bonder, and is pointing

The little tyrant.

Origin of the difficulty.

Henry and James.

down to the ground—was playing marbles in that part of the ground, with his cousin James, when Bonder came by with his top, and immediately began to whip his top so near the spot, that very soon it ran in among the marbles, and knocked them about out of their places. In fact, he whipped the top, on purpose, in such a manner as to make it go in among the marbles. Henry then began to expostulate with him, asking him not to come and disturb their game.

“We are playing marbles here,” said Henry, “and your top spoils the game. There are plenty of other places where you can spin it, without coming here to trouble us.”

But Bonder will not go. He tells Henry and James that he will spin his top wherever he pleases, and orders them to go off themselves, out of his way. He doubles his fists, and puts himself in a fighting attitude, and threatens to strike Henry in order to drive him away. He is larger and stronger than Henry, and so he thinks that he can tyrannize over him without danger.

His younger brother George, who is of a mild and gentle disposition, hearing the noise of the dispute, has come up behind Bonder, and is attempting to draw him away. Bonder, however, pays no attention to what his brother says.

In the picture you see Bonder standing near the centre of the group. He is looking toward Henry with a very fierce and ugly expression upon his countenance, and is threatening him with his fists. Henry is calmly expostulating with him, pointing down to the marbles at the same time, and showing Bonder how he has knocked them about. James is seen in the foreground, kneeling near the marbles, and listening to hear what Bonder will say.

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George interposes, but Bonder will not listen.

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George stands behind Bonder, and is taking hold of his arm and endeavoring to draw him away, but Bonder will not pay any attention to him.

A generous-minded boy, who is larger and stronger than his playmates, will employ his superior strength in defending them from danger, protecting them in the possession of their rights, and

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Tyranny among men.

The poor captive.

His heavy chain.

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assisting and benefiting them by every means in his power. It is only the ignoble and the base that tease and tyrannize over those weaker than themselves.

In the history of the world there have been a great many cases in which bad men, having become great and powerful by means of the armies which they have had under their command, have tyrannized over their fellow-men, and oppressed them in the most outrageous manner, plundering them of their property, and shutting up those for whom they chanced to entertain a feeling of dislike, in dismal dungeons, or putting them to death with the most cruel tortures. In the next picture we have a representation of such a captive pining in his prison.

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### PICTURE XXXIII.

#### THE CAPTIVE.

WE behold here the wretched captive pining in misery in the dark and dismal dungeon to which his tyrant has confined him. He has grown old and infirm in the long and weary years of his bondage. His beard is long, his hair is disheveled, his face is haggard and wan, and is marked with an expression of anguish and despair.

He is confined by means of a heavy iron chain, which holds him, at one end, by manacles upon his wrists, and at the other end is secured to a massive ring built into the wall. On the cold stone floor before him stands the basin from which he is accustomed to take his miserable food.

Picture of the dungeon.

The torch.

The benevolent visitor.



At the present time he has a visitor. The visitor is a friend who has come to solace and comfort the poor captive as much as

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The jailer.

Reason why he is so watchful.

Questions for the reader.

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he can, and to bring him a warm and refreshing drink. The visitor kneels before the prisoner and holds the cup to his lips. His countenance is expressive of sympathy and compassion.

Behind the captive and his friend we see the jailer. He has admitted the visitor to the dungeon, and has come in with him, bearing a torch to light the way. He holds the torch high above his head, and watches with a vigilant and fierce look, to see that the visitor is not plotting for the escape of the prisoner. He answers for the safety of those committed to his keeping with his life, for if any one of them should escape, the tyrant would order the jailer himself to be killed.

A jailer is always very watchful whenever he admits visitors to see any of the prisoners under his charge, for they often come to concert some plan for the escape of the captive, or to carry some plan previously concerted into execution. On this account, he thinks it necessary, in all such cases, to be on his guard against this danger, and to watch their movements very closely.

Presently, when the kind visitor shall have remained as long as the jailer will allow, he will go away again. Then the doors of the dungeon will be locked and barred as before, and the poor captive will be left alone in darkness and solitude.

Which would you prefer to be, the tyrant who inflicts this misery, or the kind and friendly visitor who comes to relieve it?

And so, which would you prefer to be, the rude and hectoring boy who takes pleasure in oppressing his playmates and companions, or the just, and kind, and considerate one who always strives to protect and defend the weak and the helpless, and to rescue and comfort the distressed?



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The farmer's cottage at morning prayers.

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## PICTURE XXXIV

## MORNING PRAYERS.

THIS scene represents a farmer's cottage in England in the morning, at a time when the family are assembled for prayers. The head of the family, a young man in the prime of life, sits at



a table with the Bible before him, opened at a place near the middle of it. He seems to be reading one of the Psalms. His wife

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The comfort which the old man takes in the Bible.

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is sitting on the opposite side of the table, with her youngest child in her lap. Before the table, another child is seated on a little stool. Her cat is on the floor by her side. The cat sits directly upon the floor. She does not need a stool.

Behind the table stands an older child, who seems to be listening to the reading. They all appear to be listening, in fact, in a very attentive manner.

In the corner, by the fire, sits an old man in his easy-chair. He is the great-grandfather of the children. He is very old. He leans forward upon his crutch and listens to the reading. It is a great comfort to him, now that he is so old, and that his life on earth is so nearly spent, to hear the word of God read to him, which gives him such assurances of immortality and happiness in a life to come.

Always respect and venerate the Bible. Read it yourself with care, and listen to it attentively when it is read to you by others, and receive its precepts and injunctions with a docile and obedient spirit. It is the word of God, and if you hearken to it and obey it while you are young and in health, it will be a great comfort and solace to you when you are sick or when you are old.

We can see one of the andirons which stand upon the hearth, and also the tongs leaning against the side of the chimney, with the bright light of the fire shining upon them, and casting the shadow of them upon the jamb. Above, against the wall, we see suspended a long-handled fork and another utensil. Such a fork as that is used for toasting bread.

There is a window in the back side of the room. This window is of a peculiar construction—one that is quite common in En-

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A lattice.

Two modes of arranging windows.

The necklace.

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gland, though seldom or never used in this country. The window sashes consist of two leaves, which open on hinges like a double door. The panes of glass are very small, and are diamond shaped, the lines of the sashes being made to cross each other in a diagonal manner. Such a window as this is called a *lattice*.

In respect to the manner of opening and shutting windows, different customs prevail in different countries. In England and America the sashes are divided horizontally, and the two halves are made to slide up and down in grooves prepared for them in the frames. In France, on the other hand, the sashes are divided vertically, the halves opening each way on hinges like a double door.

Each of these plans has its advantages. When the window opens each way, on hinges, like a double door, the opening is more complete than it is when the lower half slides in front of the upper half. The window can be opened more easily, too, in this way; for any thing can be moved more easily when it is made to turn on hinges than when it slides in a groove. But then it is not so safe; for if, in this case, the sashes are left open accidentally, the glass will sometimes get broken by the windows being blown to suddenly and violently by the wind.

There is no danger in having doors open on hinges, for there is usually no glass in them to be broken, even if they are shut to violently by the wind.

The lattice in the picture is not divided at all, but opens like a single door.

The child that is sitting in her mother's lap has a band of beads about her neck for a necklace.

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Going to church.

The children and grandchildren.

The church-yard.

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## PICTURE XXXV.

### GOING TO CHURCH.

THE aged man whom we beheld in the last picture seated at the fireside, is here seen going to church. He walks along with a slow and feeble step. One hand rests upon his crutch; the other is supported by the arm of his granddaughter, who walks by his side. The children that we saw sitting with the family in the last picture appear here accompanying them to church, with their prayer-books or hymn-books in their hands.

His children and grandchildren are attentive and kind to him, and this gives him a great deal of pleasure. See the little child, who walks along by his side, taking hold of his coat. She can not take hold of his hand, for her grandfather needs his hand to lean with upon his crutch.

A little behind we see the tomb-stones of the church-yard, with several persons walking among them, and reading the inscriptions. Among the other monuments in the church-yard there rises one more imposing than the rest. It is ornamented with sculpture, and is surmounted with an urn.

The aged man, who has spent his life in endeavoring to do the will of God, and to prepare himself, by penitence for his sins and faith in Jesus, for another world, finds great comfort and happiness in going to worship God in public, in the church, as well as in listening to his word by the fireside at home. He knows very well that his days on earth must now be few, but he looks for-

Picture of the family going to church.



ward to immortal life and joy in a world of light and glory to come

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The haymakers coming home.

The field.

The scene European.

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## PICTURE XXXVI.

### THE RETURN OF THE HAYMAKERS.

THE sun is going down, and the haymakers, having finished the labors of the day, are returning in company to their homes, bringing with them the rakes, and hay-forks, and other implements which they have been using at their work. They are advancing along the road which leads to their village—men, women, and children together. Some of the men have in their hands the canteens which in the morning were filled with milk, or water, or beer, but which now are empty. Among the rest of the company, one young child is to be seen very plainly, walking by the side of her mother. She has a basket in her hand, and she looks very tired.

All the company, in fact, are tired. They have been at work diligently all the day. In the background we see the field where they have been at work, with the rows of hay-cocks they have made, extending down the slope of the hill. Hay, while it remains in the field, is always raked up in this manner at night, to prevent its being wet by the dew.

It is very obvious that this is a European and not an American scene. In America we do not see companies of hired laborers—men and women together—going to, or coming from the fields. Here, in general, every man owns his own land, and tills it himself, assisted, perhaps, by his sons, and sometimes by a little hired help; and the house to which he returns at night, instead of being crowded into a village, stands, with the sheds and barns that per-

Picture of the haymakers.

The tired child.



tain to it, by itself, on the farmer's own land. In Europe, however, the ground is usually tilled by hired laborers, who own no

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European custom of women working in the field.

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land of their own, but who live in compact villages of huts or cabins, which they go forth from in the morning, and return to at night, in companies—men, women, and children together.

The women work in the field in Europe almost as much as the men. In some countries and provinces they work even more than the men. They dig, they hoe, they rake, they reap, they drive teams, and perform, in short, every species of agricultural labor. Sometimes, when the traveler, in passing through Switzerland, sees, for example, a young girl toiling laboriously in a wet field with a heavy hoe, which she uses instead of a spade to dig up the ground, he pities her, and wishes that she could be transferred to America, where the labor of the father and the sons would be sufficient to do all that is required in the fields, and the wife and the daughters could consequently remain at home, engaged in occupations more fitted to the constitution and character of woman.

And yet sometimes, when the weather is pleasant, and the kind of work that is to be done is not disagreeable, agricultural occupations in the open air may furnish a very pleasant employment even for girls, as will plainly be seen by the next picture.

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### PICTURE XXXVII.

THE APPLE GATHERING.

A PARTY of four boys and two girls are gathering apples from a venerable old tree, which stands, with another like it, in the midst of a field. Two of the party—one boy and one girl—are going on quite industriously with their work. The other two are idle.



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One of the boys is industrious, the other is idle.

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The industrious boy stands not far from the foot of the tree, with a basket full of apples on his head, which he is about to carry away. The girl is employed in filling another basket, in order that it may be ready for him when he shall return from carrying away the first one. She is filling the basket with apples which she gathers up from the ground. We can see four apples lying upon the ground, which perhaps she will soon pick

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The girl on the ladder.

Her duty.

Playing at school in study hours.

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up. There are not a great many apples more remaining on the tree.

The other boy has climbed up into the tree, and he remains there, motionless and idle, reclining on a branch, where he has taken his position. The girl who is with him stands upon one of the rounds of a ladder, which leans against the tree. She has ascended the ladder a short distance in order to be nearer the boy, and now she stands there talking to him and neglecting the work. Her basket lies on the ground, overturned and empty.

The boy ought to climb up into the tree and shake off the apples which we can see still hanging there, and then the girl who is standing on the ladder should gather them up and put them in the basket.

There is very little satisfaction to be enjoyed in talking with our companions, or in playing with them, on occasions when we feel all the time that we are neglecting duties which we ought to perform, and are consequently doing wrong. It is far better to go on energetically and industriously in the discharge of duty during the hours of duty, and then we can enjoy the pleasures of rest and recreation without any alloy. A boy, for example, who attempts to play by stealth, in study hours, at school, can not really enjoy his play, on account of the feelings of guilt and self-condemnation, and the fear of being detected and punished, which all the time disturb the repose of his mind. Thus he loses the benefit of study, and does not gain the pleasure of play. But let him attend to his duties while in school, faithfully and like a man, and then, when the proper time for play comes, he can enter into the pleasures of it with all his heart, and be really happy.

The sea-shore.

Undulations on the shore.

The boat.

The fishermen.

## PICTURE XXXVIII.

## THE SEA-SHORE.

NOTHING can be more delightful than a walk upon the sea-shore in a calm summer morning or evening, when the surface of the water is smooth and glassy, and the sands of the beach are hard and dry.

However smooth the surface of the water may be, there is always a gentle undulation rolling in upon the shore. This we see very distinctly represented in the coming picture. The surface of the water in the bay is very smooth, as we perceive by the reflection of the sails in it from the vessels in the distance, on the right, and yet we see in the foreground a series of little rippling waves rolling in upon the shore. These waves are the last remaining undulations of distant storms.

The boats in the foreground of the picture seem to be fishing-boats returning from a cruise. There are three men to be seen in the nearest one. There is a small row-boat going to the fishing-boats from the shore. There is a man seated near the bows of the small boat. I suppose he is rowing, though we can not see the oar.

On the shore opposite the small boat are three men drawing up a net. Nearer to us on the shore, and just coming into the field of view, are a gentleman and lady walking on the sand. The lady has a parasol in her hand, for the sun is shining. We can not see the sun, it is true, but we can see the lines of its rays in the distant sky.

An invitation.

The lady not ingenuous.

Conversation.

The gentleman is pointing to a small pier which is to be seen by himself and the lady at a little distance before them, though it does not come within the picture. He is pointing to the pier because he is speaking of it in the conversation which he is holding with the lady.

This conversation began by the gentleman's asking the lady whether she would not like to go out on the water in the boat, and take a little sail.

"The air is calm and the water is smooth," said he, "and it will be very pleasant to go out a little way on the bay."

Now the lady is afraid of the water, and she does not like to go out upon it. She prefers to walk on the shore; but, being not perfectly frank and ingenuous,\* and being unwilling to say that she is afraid, she attempted, as people often do in such cases, to decline the invitation under false pretenses.

"There is not any boat," said she.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "here is a very pretty boat, with a nice awning over the seats in the stern, to protect us from the sun. See!"

At the time the gentleman said this the boat was very near the shore, and the boatman was looking toward the gentleman, as if he would like to take him and the lady out upon the water.

"See," said the gentleman, "he wishes us to employ him. If I beckon to him, he will come immediately."

"But I don't think we could get on board the boat," said the

\* There are two words, very similar to each other, that are often confounded—*ingenious* and *ingenuous*. *Ingenious* means skillful. *Ingenuous* means frank, open, honest.

The walk on the beach.    The pier.    Conversation between the gentleman and the lady.

lady ; “ the beach is so very sloping that the man could not bring it up near enough for me to get on board without wetting my feet.”

“ But look there !” said the gentleman ; “ there is a little pier a short distance before us along the shore. See !”

So saying, he pointed toward the pier, as seen in the picture.



The pier was built on the shore expressly for a boat-landing, and was very convenient for this purpose. The lady and gentleman could see it very distinctly from the place where they were standing.

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The lady's false excuses.

It is better to be honest and ingenuous.

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“I can send the boat directly to the pier,” continued the gentleman, “and then we could get on board very easily.”

The lady, finding that all her alleged excuses were thus shown to be groundless, had no more to say; but, as she was still unwilling to get into the boat, and was also unwilling to tell the true reason why she would not do so, she was obliged to be silent. So she said simply that she thought, on the whole, she would rather not go, and the gentleman, seeing now that there was some secret reason influencing her mind, and that she had been giving him false ones all the time, was somewhat disconcerted, and did not know what to say or do.

An ingenuous person would have said at once, in such a case, when she first received the invitation,

“I thank you, but I had rather not go. I am a little afraid on the water.”

“Oh, there is no danger,” perhaps the gentleman would have said.

“I know there is no real danger,” she would have replied, “but then I am not much accustomed to the water, and I never feel perfectly safe on it. I feel just enough uneasiness to destroy the pleasure; so that, if you like it as well, I should enjoy better walking about here on the shore.”

This would have been perfectly satisfactory to the gentleman, and all would have ended well.

It is always best to be open and ingenuous, and never make false pretenses or false excuses, or offer ostensible reasons for our conduct or for our wishes, while we keep the true ones concealed.

We should offer the true reasons, or none at all.

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We should offer the true reasons, or none at all.

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It is true we may, if we please, decline offering any reasons at all for our conduct when we are asked by persons who have no rightful authority to question us, and this, when there is any thing in the circumstances of the case which makes us unwilling to offer the true reasons, is always the best course to pursue. There is nothing wrong in withholding from those around us the motives of our conduct. The wrong is in pretending that the motives are different from what they truly are. The former is innocent concealment, the latter is guilty duplicity and deception.

It is well for us to understand distinctly, and always to remember, that we are usually not under any obligation to explain to others the reasons of our conduct or our wishes, for we are often led to say what is false in such cases, from an idea which prevails in our minds that it is necessary to say something or other, and we do not like to tell the honest truth.

The lady, for example, in this instance, need not have explained at all why she did not wish to go in the boat. She might have said simply, "No, I thank you; I do not care about going out on the water. I like better to walk upon the shore."

This would doubtless have been satisfactory to her companion. At any rate, it would have been better than to have fabricated false excuses.

Remember, then, always to give the true reasons for your conduct or your wishes, or else to give none at all.

We see, in the picture, a number of vessels in the offing, toward the left, and beyond them we can just discern the dim outline of distant land, like a faint cloud lying near the horizon.

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The deserts.

Camels can go long without water.

Caravans.

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## PICTURE XXXIX.

### THE CAMELS.

IN the interior of Africa, and on the confines between Africa and Asia, there are vast deserts, consisting of extensive tracts of country covered with barren rocks, and dry and drifting sands. These dreary wastes are almost entirely destitute of vegetation.

Camels are used instead of horses for traveling in these countries, on account of the want of water. The deserts are very extended, and sometimes for many, many miles, no water is to be found. Now the camel can live longer without drinking than any other beast of burden. He is made so expressly, in order to enable him to live in the deserts.

Travelers, in journeying in these deserts, often encamp during the heat of the day, and travel in the evening or night by the light of the moon. Here we see a party of travelers journeying in this manner. Each camel has a driver. The driver walks by the side of the camel, or at his head, and leads him by means of a sort of halter. He has a long staff in his hand, which serves instead of a whip. The travelers are mounted upon the backs of the camels. All, both the camel-drivers and the travelers, wear turbans on their heads.

Behind the foremost camels we see two palm-trees growing. Beyond the palm-trees, far in the distance, is another camel with a traveler on his back, and a driver and another servant walking by the side of him. The camels march always in a train, which



Picture of the camels in the desert.

The palm-trees.



is called a *caravan*. This man in the distance seems to be the last in the present train.

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Lucy in the parlor.

The boys going a skating.

The ice.

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## PICTURE XL.

LUCY.

ONE winter morning, Lucy was sitting at the parlor window of her father's house, looking out at some snow-birds which were hopping about before the door, when she saw two farmers' boys go by with skates in their hands.

"Ah!" said she, "these boys, I suppose, are going down to the river a skating."

The house where Lucy lived was near the margin of a small river in England. There was a lawn behind the house, and a walk across the lawn leading down to the river.

The lawn had been covered with snow, but there had been a rain and a thaw which had partly melted the snow, and then there had come a frost which had frozen it again, so that now the surface of it was hard, and it was good walking upon it every where.

The ice in the river had been covered with snow too, but the rain had thawed it, and overflowed it with water, and then, when the frost came, it made it excellent skating. The boys that Lucy saw were farmers' boys that lived near, and they were going down to skate, as Lucy had supposed.

"I should like to go and see them," said Lucy. "I will ask my mother to let me go."

So Lucy went and asked her mother.

"Do you wish to go out upon the ice," said her mother, "or only stand on the bank and see?"

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Lucy wishes to go and slide.

Conversation with her father.

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“I should like to go on the ice a little way,” said Lucy, “and have a slide—that is, if you think it is safe.”

“I do not know myself whether it is safe or not,” said her mother; “you must go and ask your father.”

So Lucy went into her father’s study, where she knew her father was, in order to ask him if it would be safe for her to go upon the ice.

Her father was a minister, and he was, at that time, engaged in writing a sermon. His study was a very pleasant room, with a large double window in it, looking out upon the lawn. You can see this window in the picture. It is the lower one of the two that are in the middle of the house.

Lucy went into the study, and stood by the table near her father, waiting for him to finish the sentence that he was writing, so as to be at liberty to speak to her.

This is the proper way for all children to do, if they wish to speak to their father or mother when they are engaged either in writing, or reading, or in conversation. Never interrupt them, but wait patiently until they are ready to speak to you.

Presently her father looked up and said,  
“Well, Lucy.”

So Lucy asked her father if he thought it would be safe for her to go out upon the ice on the river to slide.

“I don’t know but that it would,” said her father, in reply, speaking doubtfully. “Perhaps so. Is there any body there to pull you out if you fall in?”

“Yes, sir,” said she, “James and Jonas are there. At least I suppose they are there; I saw them go by just now with their skates, and I suppose they are going down to the river.”

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The two boys going a skating.

Lucy wishes to go out on the ice.

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“Go to the window,” said her father, “and tell me if you can see them.”

So Lucy went to the window, and there she saw the two boys putting on their skates.

“Yes, father,” said she, “I see them. They are there.”

“I think, on the whole,” said her father, “that it will be best for you not to go out upon the ice; but you may go down to the bank of the river, and look on and see the boys skate.”

So Lucy went back to her mother, and reported what her father had said. Then she put on her bonnet and coat, and, bidding her mother good morning, went down to the river. As she went out at the door, she saw two other boys, named Thomas and John, going across the lawn with skates in their hands.

Lucy’s mother felt perfectly safe in allowing her to go to the river alone, for she knew that there was no danger that she would take a single step upon the ice when her father had only given her permission to go and stand upon the bank and see.

Lucy’s father had, in reality, thought it would be safe enough for her to go upon the ice, but he did not give her permission to do so because he was secretly intending to go down himself in a few minutes with her mother and sister, and *then* he was going to allow her to go out upon the ice.

Accordingly, in a few minutes after Lucy had left his study, he put his writing away, and went into the parlor, and there invited Lucy’s mother, and her sister Anne, to go out and take a little walk. So they all wrapped themselves up warmly and went together down to the bank of the river—Lucy herself, her father and mother, and her sister Anne.

Picture of the boys going out on the ice.

James and Jonas.



In the picture we see the whole party standing together near the margin of the ice. The air is cold, but the sun is shining, and this makes the morning very pleasant for them.

James and Jonas have put their skates on, and they are standing upon the ice, just ready to skate away. Thomas and John are just putting on their skates, and Lucy is standing near them, watching the operation. She is looking at the rigging of the

Lucy's father forms a plan.

Shelley's sail-boat.

Leghorn.

skates, and wondering how the boys are going to manage all the straps and buckles.

A little back of the place where Lucy is we see her father, and mother, and her sister Anne standing together. Her father and mother are talking to each other. They are talking about getting one of the boys to go up to the house, and bring down a sled, in order that they may put Lucy upon it, and then let the boys draw her over the ice. Lucy's father says that as all the boys have got their skates on, or nearly on, he will go up himself and draw down the sled.

Lucy does not hear this conversation, for her father is speaking in a low tone. He does not wish Lucy to know any thing about it until the sled actually comes.

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## PICTURE XLI.

### THE FUNERAL PILE.

THE opposite picture represents the burning of the body of the poet Shelley, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, not far from Leghorn, at a spot near to which he was drowned, by the upsetting of a boat, in 1822.

The circumstances of the case were these. Shelley was residing, at that time, in a small town in the Bay of Spezia, which is at a short distance north of Leghorn. He had a sail-boat, and he was accustomed to make excursions in it in the bay, and up and down the coast. His boat was schooner rigged, and was of very good size, being twenty-four feet long and eight feet wide. It

Picture of the funeral pile.

Shelley's boat.

His visit to Leghorn.



drew, when loaded, four feet of water. It had no deck; but, as Shelley never ventured very far from the land in her, she was considered perfectly safe.

In the course of the year 1822 Shelley wished to make a visit to some friends who resided near Leghorn, and he concluded to

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He sets out on his return.

Loading of his boat.

Squall coming on.

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go there in his boat. Among these friends were the poet Byron, and a gentleman, a friend of Byron's, named Trelawney. Shelley took with him a friend of his, named Williams, and one sailor to assist in the management of the boat.

The party made the passage to Leghorn very prosperously. Shelley accomplished his visit to his friends, and, in due time, he set out on his return. Williams and the sailor were with him. Besides the men in the boat, there were several articles on board which Shelley had bought at Leghorn, and which he was going to take home. There was a small canoe, some household articles, some money in coin, and a number of books.

Trelawney had determined to accompany Shelley a little way from Leghorn, in a small schooner belonging to Byron, called the Bolivar, and he went on board the schooner for the purpose; but, being prevented by some trivial circumstance from doing this, he bid his friend farewell in the harbor, and then Shelley sailed away, while Trelawney cast anchor in the harbor, intending to remain there for a time, until Shelley's boat should be out of sight.

This was about noon. Trelawney, when Shelley's boat had gone, remained on the deck of his schooner watching it until it became a mere speck in the horizon, and then he went below into his cabin. In a short time, a man came down and told him that a violent squall was coming on. Trelawney went up upon the deck, and looked around. The air was full of murkiness and gloom. Masses of great black clouds were rising in the sky. Now and then flashes of lightning were seen, followed by loud and alarming peals of thunder. The wind was blowing in sudden gusts, and the sea was getting white with foam. Boats and ves-



Violent tempest.

Trelawney's anxiety.

Search.

sels were scudding in from the offing, and hurrying to the shore. Every thing indicated the approach of a sudden and violent storm.

Trelawney was satisfied that Shelley would not be able to continue his voyage, for the wind was directly against him, and was blowing, too, with such fury as to make it altogether unsafe for any open boat to be upon the sea. So he ordered another anchor to be put down, and waited on board, keeping all the time a good look-out, hoping to see Shelley's boat return. But it did not come.

In the mean time, the commotion of the elements increased until it became an awful tempest. The thunder and lightning, the peals and flashes of which continued at intervals all night, were fearfully appalling. The bolts seemed to drop, as Trelawney said, in all directions around him, like melted brass, or liquid pillars of fire. The lightning struck the mast of a vessel which was anchored near Trelawney's boat, shivering it to pieces, and killing two men instantaneously.

Trelawney waited all that night in great anxiety for his friend, but he did not return. The next day the storm cleared up, and then Trelawney sent a messenger to the Bay of Spezia, where Shelley had been going, to inquire at his house whether he had got home. The messenger came back, saying that he had not arrived at home, and that he had not been heard of. Trelawney and the other friends of Shelley were now very much alarmed. They sent messengers all along the coast for a hundred miles, to inquire if the missing voyagers had been seen or heard from, but no tidings of them could be any where obtained.

Trelawney himself, soon afterward, set out to go along the coast in the direction which Shelley's boat had taken, and before

Articles from the boat drifted ashore.

Bodies found.

The volume of poetry.

a great while he heard that a canoe and two barrels had been washed ashore at a certain part of the coast in that vicinity. On going to look at these things, he recognized them as the same that Shelley had had in his boat when he sailed from Leghorn. The barrels were for holding water.

Of course the discovery greatly increased his anxiety and fear. Still he did not absolutely despair. These things, he thought, might possibly have been thrown overboard in the gale to lighten or disencumber the boat, and the vessel itself yet have been saved.

Nothing further was heard for more than a week. At the end of that time Trelawney learned that two bodies had been washed ashore at a certain part of the coast, and he immediately proceeded to the spot. Here his worst fears were realized, for the bodies, on examination, proved to be those of Shelley and of his friend Williams. The places where they were found were about four miles apart.

Three weeks after this, the body of the sailor—the third and last remaining person on board the boat—was discovered lying in the sand on another part of the shore.

The bodies of Shelley and Williams, when found, having been more than a week at sea, were so changed by the action of the water and by the progress of decomposition, that the countenances could no longer be recognized, but they were known by the dress, and by some other marks which made their identity certain. In respect to Shelley himself, one of the proofs was quite remarkable. He had been known to have with him a volume of poetry when he left the land, and this volume was found in the pocket of his sea-jacket, open at the place where he had been reading. It

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The bodies are buried.

Permission asked to remove them.

They are burned.

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would seem that, the squall coming up very suddenly, he had slipped the book into his pocket—leaving it open, in order to keep the place—intending, it may be, to resume his reading again when the danger should be over.

The bodies, when found, were taken possession of by the coast-guard authorities, and were buried in the sand on the shore.

Now Trelawney, and the other friends of Shelley, were very unwilling that his body should remain carelessly interred in a lonely place on the sands of the shore, and they accordingly made application to the government to allow them to remove it, and also that of his friend Williams, to Rome. There was, however, great difficulty in the way of granting this request, arising from the laws of the country in respect to health and quarantine. The friends therefore determined that, as the body itself could not be taken as it was to Rome, they would disinter it, and burn it on the beach, and then convey the bones and ashes there. To this the government made no objection.

They accordingly gathered together a quantity of the drift-wood and pieces of wreck which they found scattered along the shore, and with these they built two funeral piles, one for Shelley himself, and the other for his friend and companion. In the picture we see them just lighting the pile on which the body of Shelley was laid. The poet Byron, who was one of the friends that Shelley had been to visit at Leghorn, was present at this scene, and assisted at the mournful ceremony.

When the body was burned, the incombustible portions that remained were carefully gathered up and conveyed to Rome, and there decently interred in the Protestant burying-ground.

View of the viaduct.

The trains.

Vessel in the river.

## PICTURE XLII.

## THE VIADUCT

VIEW of a railway bridge or viaduct crossing a river, at a great elevation above the water. Trains are passing over it above. We



see a vessel lying in the bend of the river, and in the foreground, to the left, two men drawing up some hand-cars from the bank.

Picture of the great embankment.

Men loading trucks.

## PICTURE XLIII.

## THE EMBANKMENT.

VIEW of a railway embankment winding through a valley. In the centre it is supported on arches, with strong buttresses on either



side. The left-hand track, in the foreground, is unfinished. On the right-hand track the men are loading some trucks with timber.

Boys bringing the cattle to water.

Number of cattle in the herd.

## PICTURE XLIV.

## THE WATERING.

IN this view, the boys from a large farm are bringing the cattle down to the water. There are nine oxen and cows, and two



horses. We can see the bodies of six of the cows and oxen very distinctly, and the heads of two more—that makes eight. The

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 The two horses.

Thomas's horse.

 No saddle or bridle.
 

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ninth, which is a small heifer, we can scarcely see at all, for she stands behind the rest. We have just a glimpse of one of her horns behind the second cow, reckoning from the left.

There are two horses in the herd. Thomas, the farmer's oldest son, is riding one, and his younger brother is leading the other. Thomas is riding without either saddle or bridle. The other boy is leading his horse by means of a halter made of rope.

What a docile and well-trained horse it must be, you may perhaps say, to allow himself to be managed thus without saddle or bridle. But no, he is not docile at all. The explanation of the case is very different. The reason why Thomas ventures to ride him without saddle or bridle is because he only wishes him to go where the horse himself desires to go. The horse is thirsty, and he knows the way to the water very well. Accordingly, all that is necessary is to open the barn door and let him out, and he would go directly to the water himself, whether Thomas were on his back or not. Then, after he has finished drinking, he would wish to return to the barn again, and resume eating his oats or his hay, and, of course, he would go back of his own accord.

Thus, if Thomas were merely to open the door of the barn, and set the horse at liberty, he would, of his own accord, go down to the water and get his drink, and when he had finished drinking, come back to the barn and go into his stall again. Thomas being on his back makes no difference.

There is very little merit in obeying a command or submitting to a guidance unless the command or the guidance are taking us in a direction counter to our own wishes or desires. This horse,

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Reason why he seems so docile.

Story of a boy named Alonzo.

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now, docile and gentle as he seems when he is going where he wishes to go, is sometimes very obstinate and self-willed when any thing is required of him which he does not like. When the farmer and his wife go out to take a ride, and the horse comes to two roads, one of which leads toward home, it is very difficult to make him take the other. When, too, Thomas is riding him home from the village, and wishes to stop by the way a moment to do an errand, the horse is not willing to stop, and if he is compelled to do so, he prances restlessly about, and makes a great deal of trouble. It would not be safe at all to be without a bridle for him then. Thus he is only obedient and docile in cases where he is having his own way.

Indeed, you can never really judge of the docility and good training either of horses or children from seeing them obey a command, unless you know whether it is a command that accords with or goes counter to their own wishes or desires. A boy, for example, was once playing with his ball in the yard behind his father's house, and finally, getting a little tired of his ball, he said to his sister that he wished his father would let him go into the village, for there was a menagerie coming into town that afternoon, and he thought it probable that, if he were there, he might see the animals go by.

"Why don't you go and ask him?" said his sister.

"Because," said the boy, "I am sure he would not let me go."

Just then, the boy saw his father coming out into the yard with a letter in his hand.

"Alonzo," said he—for the boy's name was Alonzo—"here is a letter that I wish you to take into the village to put into the



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Alonzo's seeming obedience.

How he managed his disobedience.

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post-office. You must leave your play, and go directly, for I am afraid the mail will be closed."

Alonzo threw down his ball at once upon the platform with great seeming alacrity, and ran to take the letter. His father was very much pleased to see with what readiness he obeyed. He thought that Alonzo was a very obedient boy. But Alonzo's sister, who understood what his motives were, knew better.

"But you must not stay in the village," continued his father. "As soon as you have put the letter into the box, you must come directly home."

"Yes, sir," said Alonzo, "I will."

So Alonzo went to the village. He, however, did not put the letter into the post-office box immediately, but stood with it more than half an hour at the corner of the street near the office, waiting in hopes that the menagerie would come by.

"My father said I must come home as soon as I had put the letter in," thought he to himself, "and I promised that I would; and so I won't put it in till I am ready to go home."

Thus he kept the letter so long that the mail was closed and went away without it. At length, when he had got tired of waiting for the menagerie, he put the letter in the box, and then went home. When he reached the house, his father reproved him for having been gone so long.

"I told you," said he, "that you must come directly home as soon as you had put the letter into the office."

"Yes, sir," said Alonzo, "and so I did. I came home immediately."

There is a great deal of such duplicity and false dealing as this

True and false obedience.

The stacks of hay and grain.

Great elm.

in the world, but it is very dishonorable, and every one who is known to practice it is despised.

Thomas's horse, however, is not justly chargeable with this fault. All that can be alleged against him is, that his obedience is what may be called fair-weather obedience—that is, he obeys readily only when what is required of him accords with his own desires.

If, therefore, you wish to know whether your own obedience to your parents or your teachers is really a *principle* in you of any real strength or value, you must watch yourself, and see in what manner you act when you are called upon to do something or to abstain from doing something in a case which seriously interferes with or crosses your own natural desires.

In the distance, in the picture, we see four great stacks of hay and grain. The hay is for the food of the cattle during the winter. The grain is to be thrashed out and ground for flour. The manner in which the stacks are constructed is very ingeniously contrived to protect the contents of them from the snow and rain. The sides of them are drawn in toward the bottom, so that the snow and rain can not lodge upon them, and the tops are covered over above with conical roofs made of straw.\*

There is an immense elm in the farm-yard. We see the top of it rising above the building and the stacks, and spreading its branches on every side.

\* *Conical* means shaped like a cone ; that is, round at the bottom and coming to a point at the top.

Picture of Alexander Selkirk on the uninhabited island.

Some account of him.



### PICTURE XLV.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

THIS picture represents Alexander Selkirk—the original of the far-famed Robinson Crusoe—sitting solitary and forlorn upon a rock on the island of Juan Fernandez. He was a real person—a sailor—who was wrecked on an island in the Pacific Ocean.

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The balcony.

The ivy vine.

Account of the tendrils.

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## PICTURE XLVI.

### MOONLIGHT.

ON the opposite page we have the picture of a girl standing out upon a balcony, in the moonlight.

The balcony is built out opposite to a window of the house.

The window opens on hinges like a door, so as to make it easy to go in and out. It is a warm and pleasant summer evening, and so the girl has come out for a moment, before going to bed, to enjoy the cool and refreshing influence of the air.

The balcony is built of stone. The girl leans upon the balustrade, and is looking out over the gardens which can be seen on that side of the house. The moon is full, and it shines smilingly upon the walks, the trees, and the flowers.

There is a beautiful vine of ivy climbing over the sides of the balcony, and up the wall of the house beyond. The ivy holds itself up by means of tendrils which it puts forth and attaches to the stone. Each tendril is furnished at the end with a little hand, as it were, which lies flat against the stone, and grows there. By this means, the ivy can climb to a great height upon a smooth stone wall.

The two globes which are seen on the left of the picture below are ornaments surmounting two stone posts, which stand on each side of a handsome gateway, leading to one of the gardens. We can not see the posts themselves, nor the gateway between them, because we are so high.

Picture of the girl standing on the balcony.

Moonlight evening.



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The lonely yard.

Round stones on the tops of the gate-posts.

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## PICTURE XLVII.

SOLITUDE.

THIS is the picture of a lonely yard at sunset.



The house, which is seen on the left, is deserted. The doors and windows are shut. The gates of the yard are closed, and the paths have all grown up to grass and weeds.

Reason why the house is solitary.

Leaving the manse.

On the left, between the large yard and the house, is a wall. The top of it is covered with vines of ivy. There is a gateway leading through this wall. The posts on each side of this gateway are surmounted with balls. The posts, too, on each side of the great gate, in the centre of the view, are ornamented in the same way.

Beyond this great gate we see the tomb-stones of a burying-ground.

The reason why this house looks so deserted and desolate is this. It is the *manse*, and the minister who lived in it having died, his family were obliged to remove. A manse is a house belonging to the Church, and is appropriated to the use of the minister of the parish for the time being. Of course, when he dies his family must leave the place to make room for the new minister when he shall be appointed. In the mean time, the manse remains sometimes, for many months, silent and solitary.

It is a mournful thing for the wife and children of a minister, while in the midst of their grief at the death of the husband and father, to be obliged to bid farewell to the home where they have lived so happily for many years, and go forth into the wide world, to be, perhaps, for the rest of their days, dependent upon the kindness or the charity of their friends. They go usually, in such cases, with much grief and many tears. The children lament the change, perhaps, more than their mother. They, having been born in the house, have never known any other home. Besides, their mother's mind is so overwhelmed with the loss of her best and dearest earthly friend, that she is in a great measure insensible to every other emotion.

Evening party.

Music.

The party all listening.

## PICTURE XLVIII.

## EVENING MUSIC.

THE group in this picture is formed of a party of ladies and gentlemen who have come out upon a pleasant summer evening to enjoy some music in the open air. The place which they have chosen is a grassy slope at the bottom of the garden. Behind them is a pretty little grove of trees and shrubbery. It is moonlight, though the moon, being on the same side with the observer, is not seen in the picture. We can see the light of it, however, shining mildly upon the group, and upon the foliage of the shrubbery above them. We can also see the stars shining in the sky.

The lady who sits in the centre of the group is singing a song. She is accompanying herself upon an instrument. She holds the instrument in her lap, and as she sings her song she strikes the strings with her fingers, in harmony.

There are three gentlemen and five ladies in the party. They are all seated upon the ground except one of the gentlemen, and he stands behind the lady that is playing. They are all listening attentively to the music. Look at them closely, and you will see that, though they are seated very near together, none of them are engaged in conversation, but all seem interested in the performance, and are intently listening to it.

This is right. Whenever a gentleman or a lady is singing or playing, all the company should be silent. They need not listen to the music themselves unless they choose to do so; but it is very



Picture of the party.

Starlight night.

The grove.



uncivil to the rest of the company who may be present to talk to them, and so prevent *their* listening; and it is still more uncivil

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Rules to be observed when hearing music in company.

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to the lady or gentleman who is playing, to show, by continuing your conversation with those around you, that you consider the performance not even worthy of notice.

The following are the rules observed by well-bred people when music is introduced in their presence, especially if the performer is a lady.

As soon as the music begins, if you are not engaged in conversation at the time, look immediately toward the performer, and regard him with respectful attention during the whole of the performance.

If it happens that you are engaged in conversation when the music begins, then, if you are speaking yourself, stop immediately, and turn toward the performer, as directed above.

If, on the other hand, instead of being in the act of speaking yourself, your companion is speaking to you, when the music commences, listen till he finishes what he was saying, and then turn toward the performer as above.

If he persists in continuing to talk with you, then, if he is your inferior in age and station, touch your lips, or make some other signal for silence, and turn to the performer as before. You must, however, take care to make the signal in a polite and affable, and not in an authoritative or dictatorial manner.

If your companion is your *superior* in age and station, and still persists in talking to you, there is no remedy. You must listen to him respectfully, but let your replies be as few and as brief as possible, and utter them in an under tone, or, if you are very near the performer, in a whisper.

These rules apply only where you are within the actual circle

Cases in which the rules apply.

Violence of the waves in a storm.

Surf.

for which the music is intended. Sometimes this circle includes all who are in the room, and sometimes only a part of them. Whether you do or do not really belong to the circle included is a question which you must determine from the circumstances of the case. If you are included, then the above rules apply. If you are not to be considered as within the circle, then you can go on with your conversation, though you should speak in an under tone, so as not to disturb the party who are listening to the music.

Read these rules to your father, or mother, or aunt, or to some other person or persons older than yourself, on whose judgment you can rely, and if they say they are good rules, adopt them, and practice them faithfully.

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## PICTURE XLIX.

### THE SURF-BOAT.

ON the next page but one we have the picture of a surf-boat going out to a wreck.

The violence of the waves, in a storm, is always much greater near the shore than it is out upon the open ocean ; for, when a rolling billow meets with any obstruction, as, for example, the rocks on a coast, or a shelving line of shore, it throws itself up to a great height in its attempts to surmount it, and lashes itself furiously into foam and spray. This foam and spray, and the tossing and tumbling water that accompanies it, is called *surf*. When a ship is cast away near the land, the crew and passengers have great difficulty in getting through this surf to the shore.

Surf-boats.

Mode of constructing them.

Sometimes made of metal.

In the same manner, if the people on the shore attempt to save them, they usually find great difficulty in going through the surf to the ship.

There is a class of boats made expressly to go through the surf. No common boat would live a moment amid such tumultuous and breaking waves. So they make boats expressly for this service. The qualities that are required in a good surf-boat are steadiness, buoyancy, and strength.

They give the surf-boats steadiness by making them heavy below, along the keel and bottom, and light above. This tends to keep them right side up; for the lower parts, being heavy, will always settle downward.

They give the surf-boats buoyancy sometimes by making the sides double, with air inclosed between, sometimes by making air-chambers at the two ends, and sometimes by placing long canvas air-bags under the gunwales. These air-bags are made water-tight by being sewed very closely, and then payed over with pitch.

Surf-boats are sometimes made so buoyant in these ways that if the seas break over them and fill them with water, you can pull out plugs in the bottom, and the boat will then rise by her buoyancy, and the water will pass out.

They give the surf-boats strength sometimes by constructing them of sheets of metal. The metal used is either copper or zinc-coated iron. The sheets of metal are first stamped of the proper shape, and then riveted firmly together.

On the opposite page we see the surf-boat going out to a wrecked ship. It is very large and strong. It is rowed by eight oars-

Picture of a surf-boat going out to a wreck.

Ship on the rocks.



men. The man in command sits in the stern to steer. The boat is dashing on through the surf, and will soon reach the ship, though, in the mean time, the oarsmen and the man who is steering will all be thoroughly drenched by the spray.

We see the ship in the offing. She is grounded on the rocks or on the sand, and can go no farther. She lies there fixed and helpless, beaten by the wind and sea, and exposed to the full fury

---

 The ship is a wreck.

Coal and iron in England.

Bituminous coal.

of the storm. Her sails have been blown away, and her stern seems to have settled down into the water, so that the waves break over her decks and carry every thing before them.

There may possibly be some few of the passengers remaining alive on board, or they may all have been washed overboard and drowned. The men on board the surf-boat, when they reach the ship, will see, and if they find any body on board alive, they will bring them to the shore.

## PICTURE L.

### THE IRON WORKS.

OPPOSITE we have a view of an establishment for the manufacture of iron from the ore. It is situated in England, at a place called Colebrook Dale.

In England, especially in the northern and central parts of the country, coal and iron are found very near together in the ground, so that the workmen can dig one mine for the iron ore, and another, quite near to it, for the coal. Thus they have the coal at hand to smelt the ore with and form it into metallic iron, which is very convenient,

You see the light of the fires which are burning in the furnaces of these iron works in the background of the picture. There is one tall chimney a little nearer, from the mouth of which there are issuing volumes of black smoke.

The coal which is found in England is of the kind called *bituminous* coal—that is, it is impregnated with a certain pitchy sub-

Dense black smoke.

Tall chimney.

Cylindrical.



stance called bitumen ; and this causes it to emit vivid flames and volumes of dense black smoke when it is burning.

A chimney which is carried up so high as this, and which is intended to be exposed to the influence of so great a heat, must be made very strong. This one, you observe, is cylindrical in its form, and its strength is re-enforced by bands of iron.\*

\* Cylindrical, means round, like a stove-pipe or a log, or like a grindstone, which

The castings.

Replenishing armies by conscription.

The large masses which we see lying by the road side in the foreground are *castings* which have been made at the foundry. They are lying here by the shore of the river, ready to be taken away by a boat or vessel. A man who has just brought something down is now going back to the foundry with his empty drag. His dog runs along the road by his side.

## PICTURE LI.

### THE CONSCRIPT.

THE opposite picture represents the sad and sorrowful leave-taking of a soldier parting from his family to go to the wars.

The king of the country in which he lives has made an edict that all the people of the realm shall draw lots to determine who shall be enrolled as soldiers to make up his armies. He is engaged in war with some neighboring potentate, and as fast as his soldiers are killed in battle, or die of sickness or fatigue in the campaigns, he needs new recruits to fill up their ranks. He obtains them by compelling the people to draw lots to determine who shall go. This is called the conscription.

The soldier in the picture who is bidding his wife and his children farewell is destined to join a squadron of horse. We see the troop in the distance going down the hill. They hold their

is of the same form with a log, only very short. When any thing is round like a ball, it is said to be *spherical*; when it is round like a plate, it is said to be *circular*; when like a ring, it is said to be *annular*. Thus there are various senses in which a thing may be said to be round, for each of which there is a peculiar and appropriate term.



The conscript bidding his family farewell.



lances upright as they ride. The new recruit must hasten away and join them, or he will be left behind. The officer who has

His wife.

His children.

The dog.

Work in the garden.

him in charge—the man who sits upon the other horse—is impatient to be away. He feels no sympathy with the poor soldier, and is only eager to have him mount his horse and ride on.

The wife of the soldier can not bear to have her husband go. She clings to him, almost broken-hearted. There are two children. Both of them are very young. They have come out to see their father go away. They cry bitterly, and endeavor to hold him, that they may prevent his going; but it will do no good. He must go; and it is probable that neither his wife or children will ever see him again. Few of those who go away from their country to join an army in time of war ever return.

Scenes of sorrow and suffering like this are not witnessed in this country, for here the people make their laws, and they have ordained that no man shall be compelled to leave the country to go to war against his will. When armies are required for foreign service, the number must be made up by those who enlist of their own accord.

The dog sits crouching down behind his mistress, and looks up toward her piteously. He feels troubled because he sees that the rest are troubled, though he does not know why.

---

## PICTURE LII.

### TRAINING FLOWERS.

THE last picture in the gallery represents an elderly gentleman at work in his garden training up his flowers. He is dressed in the costume of an English clergyman of the olden time. He has

Picture of the old gentleman training his flowers.



been engaged for some hours reading and writing in his study, and has now come out into his garden for rest and recreation.

---

Stone roller.

Uses of it.

The conservatory in the distance.

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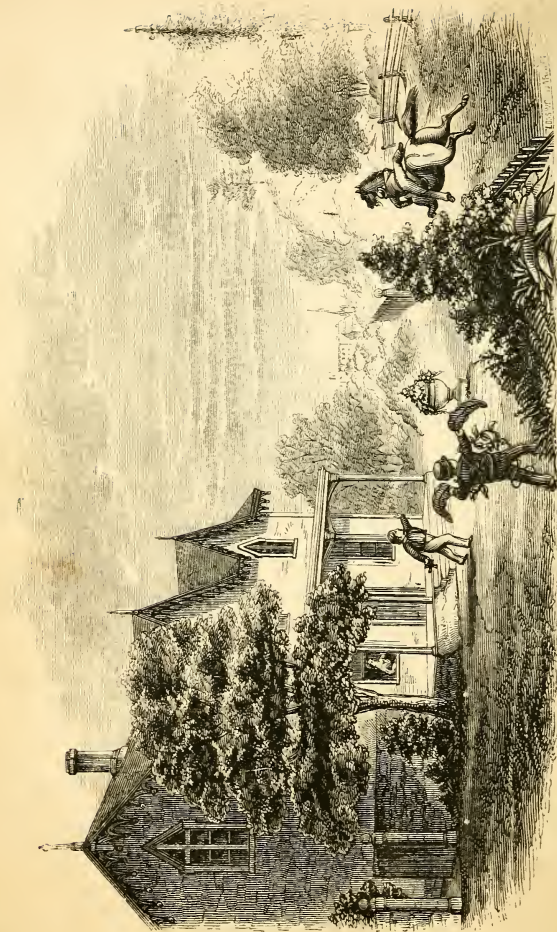
In the foreground is a stone roller, such as is used by gardeners for rolling gravel walks. There is a tongue which extends forward from the roller, with a cross handle at the end for the gardener to take hold of. By means of this handle the gardener draws the roller about over the walks, and rolls them hard and smooth.

In the distance we see the sloping windows of a green-house, or conservatory. It is filled with grape vines. Grapes in England are cultivated under glass, because they will not ripen in the open air. In the middle of the summer, however, when the days are warm and pleasant, the sashes of the conservatory may be sometimes let down, to allow the vines to breathe a little fresh air. One of the sashes is let down now.

This is the last picture in the Little Louvre.

THE END.





Prank frightening Mr. Edward's horse

# HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,  
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT  
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

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NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.





P R A N K ;

OR,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRICKS AND MISCHIEF.

*Carroll, Jacob*



NEW YORK :

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

*1855*



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## P R E F A C E.

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THERE are some boys who seem to love wickedness for its own sake. To point out to such boys, therefore, that any thing which they are doing is wrong, and to show them why it is so, does no good. The fact that it is wrong seems to be the reason why they like to do it, and the more plainly you show them that it is so, the more they seem to delight in it.

There is very little to encourage us in attempting to improve boys like these. Fortunately, however, such characters are rare. Most boys, according to my observation, act wrong more frequently from thoughtlessness or ignorance than from deliberate design; and when the nature of their wrong doing is pointed out to them, and kindly explained, they feel a disposition, more or less decided, to reform. This book is intended solely for such boys as these, and I am sure that all those who have any desire to learn and do what is right, will be less inclined to practice thoughtless or malicious mischief after reading it than before. What effect the perusal of it may have upon such depraved and hateful natures as love wickedness for its own sake, I can not tell. I sincerely hope that it may have a beneficial influence even upon them.



# C O N T E N T S.

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CHAPTER	PAGE
I. SOME ACCOUNT OF PRANK.....	13
II. PICKEREL-FISHING .....	28
III. MINNOW-FISHING .....	40
IV. APPEAL TO MR. EDWARD.....	55
V. A DISCUSSION.....	63
VI. THE STORY OF THE BELFRY TRAP-DOOR.....	79
VII. THE INTERRUPTION .....	96
VIII. REASONINGS AND CALCULATIONS .....	102
IX. THE END OF THE TRAP-DOOR STORY.....	112
X. THORNTON AND OAKES .....	118
XI. WHALING.....	135
XII. APRIL-FOOLS' DAY .....	141
XIII. PRANK CUTS HIS LAST CAPER .....	155



# ENGRAVINGS.

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	PAGE
FRANK FRIGHTENING THE HORSE.....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
BOY TRIPPED UP.....	19
REPAIRING MISCHIEF.....	23
PICKEREL HOLES.....	29
THE PYRAMIDS.....	38
SECTION OF A PYRAMID.....	39
SETTING OUT.....	43
THE WOODMEN AND THE OAKS.....	48
THE POND LILIES.....	52
THE BROKEN BOAT.....	54
THREE CHEERS.....	57
SAILING ALONG PROSPEROUSLY.....	60
TOMMY'S TRICK.....	68
GOING A GUNNING.....	84
THE STEEPLE.....	93
THE TWO DUCKS.....	96
BALANCING.....	105
GOING UP THE LADDER.....	117
PARTY IN A BOAT.....	119
THE ROBBERY.....	123
FRANKLIN'S PIER.....	126
THE RETURN.....	131
THE WHALE SHIP.....	140
THE MONKEYS.....	156
MRS. DAYER'S HOUSE.....	158





# P R A N K.

## CHAPTER I.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF PRANK.

---

Boy building a wind-mill.

A remonstrance from Minnie.

---

ONE very pleasant morning in October, a boy named Charles was sitting alone on the front step in his father's door-yard, making a wind-mill. The house was in a charming situation, and the morning was delightful. The dew-drops sparkled among the leaves of the rose and lilac bushes in the yard like so many gems. There was a fine view down the road from the door of the house. Charles lifted up his eyes every now and then to look down the road, as if expecting somebody to come.

Presently Charles's sister Minnie appeared at one of the chamber windows.

"Charles," said Minnie, "what a pleasant morning! What are you doing?"

"I am building a wind-mill," said Charles.

"But you must not build wind-mills on the front step," said Minnie; "you will make a litter."

"No," replied Charles, "I did the cutting in the shop. All I have to do here is to put the pieces together."

---

Mr. Edward comes back from his ride.

The black horse.

---

“ Ah !” said Minnie, in a tone of satisfaction.

“ Minnie,” said Charles, after a moment’s pause, “ is breakfast almost ready ?”

“ I don’t know,” said Minnie ; “ I’ll go down and see.”

So Minnie disappeared from the window. Presently she came out at the front door, and told Charles that breakfast was all ready.

“ They are only waiting,” said she, “ for Uncle Edward to come. And there he comes now,” she added, looking down the road.

Charles looked up from his work, and gazed a moment very intently down the road. As soon as he perceived that it was really his uncle Edward that Minnie had seen, he shut up his knife, and gathered the parts of his wind-mill together, and seemed to turn his attention wholly to the horse and the horseman that were coming. In fact, Charles had seldom any thoughts for any thing else when a horse was near.

The horse came galloping up the road, and presently arrived at the door. Mr. Edward, the gentleman who was mounted upon him, was a very fine-looking young man, of about twenty-two years of age. The horse was a very beautiful and spirited animal, black as jet, and as sleek and glossy as it is possible for a horse to be.

Mr. Edward reined the horse up at the gate, then came in through the gate into the large yard in front of the house, where Charles was. He walked his horse up near to the steps, and then, throwing the reins off his neck, he sprang from the saddle and came lightly to the ground.

“ Uncle Edward,” said Charles, “ have you had a good ride ?”

“ Most excellent,” said Mr. Edward ; “ and now I suppose that breakfast is ready.”

---

Plan formed for a pickerel fishing-party.

Change of name.

---

“Yes,” said Minnie, “it is all ready, waiting for you, or at least it will be in five minutes.”

“Uncle Edward, I’ve got a plan,” said Charles.

“Well,” said Mr. Edward, “what is it?”

“I want you to go a pickerel fishing to-day. It is a capital day. We will take the double wagon, and go to the pond.”

“Oh no!” said Mr. Edward.

“Ah yes!” said Charles. “It is capital fun fishing for pickerel, they are so voracious.”

“Why do you wish for the double wagon?” asked Mr. Edward.

“The single one would be large enough for you and me.”

“Ah! but I wish to make up a little party,” replied Charles.

“We will ask Mr. Vernon to go, and also Prank. Vernon is the company for you, and Prank for me.”

“Prank!” repeated Mr. Edward. “It seems to me that that is a curious name.”

“Yes,” rejoined Charles; “that is not his real name. His real name is Frank.”

“Why don’t they call him Frank, then?” asked Mr. Edward.

“Why, I believe they call him Prank,” replied Charles, “because he is always so full of tricks and roguery.”

Mr. Edward laughed. In fact, he seemed greatly amused at this idea.

“What sort of tricks and roguery does he practice?” he asked.

“Oh! all sorts,” replied Charles.

“Well, tell me some of them,” said Mr. Edward.

“Why, I can’t remember any of them in particular,” replied Charles; “but he does thousands of ’em.”

Prank's effigy of his father.

Bobby deceived.

The discovery.

"It seems very strange," replied Mr. Edward, "that, though he has done thousands of them, you can not remember any one."

"Tell him," said Minnie, "about his making Bobby think his father was asleep."

Minnie had been all this time standing at the window, listening to the conversation.

"Yes," said Charles, "I can tell you about that. You see, Prank's father used to go out sometimes on the piazza, and get to sleep in his arm-chair reading a newspaper, and then Bobby always had to play very still about the yard, so as not to wake him up. So one day Prank put a chair there, and got a bolster out of the cradle, and put one of his father's old coats on it; and he put a hat on the top, and an old pair of pantaloons and boots below, so as to make an image of a man asleep. He put the image in the chair. He bent the top of the bolster over, so as to make it look as if his father's head was hanging down; and, besides that, he turned the chair round, so that Bobby could not see the place where his face ought to be very well. He also put a large newspaper over him, and that helped to hide him. He made it look very much like a real man asleep, with a newspaper. He did all this just before Bobby was coming out to play in the yard. So when Bobby came, Prank pointed to the image, and said, in a whisper, 'Bobby, you remember you must not make a noise while father is asleep.' Then he went away, and Bobby played about there an hour, and never suspected that it was not really his father."

"And how did he find out at last?" asked Mr. Edward.

"Why, his real father came," said Charles. "He came walk-

Bobby displeased.

The trick with Tamerlane.

Thomas.

ing along the piazza with another newspaper in his hand, and the first thing Bobby knew was, he heard his real father calling him.”

“What did Bobby say,” asked Mr. Edward, “when he found out the trick?”

“Oh! he was very much put out,” replied Charles. “He said that Prank had spoiled all his play. He said there was no pleasure at all in playing when you could not make the least noise in the world, and he had had to keep still for an hour just for nothing at all.”

“And what did his father say?” asked Mr. Edward.

“Why, he only laughed,” said Charles.

Mr. Edward here laughed too.

“And now about the horse,” said Minnie.

“What about the horse?” asked Charles.

“Why, when he made Thomas think that the horse had got away.”

“Ah, yes!” said Charles, suddenly recollecting the case that Minnie referred to. “Why, Prank’s father has got a large and beautiful white horse. His name is Tamerlane. Well, one morning, Prank went into the barn, and took Tamerlane by his halter, and led him out, and hid him in a corner of the shed, round on the back side of the barn. Then he went to Thomas, the man, and asked him where Tamerlane was. Thomas said he supposed he was in the barn, but Prank said he was not. So Thomas went out in great trepidation to see. Prank went with him, keeping a very sober face all the time. Thomas was very much frightened when he saw that the horse was gone. Prank asked him if he thought it possible that Tamerlane could have been stolen.

---

Charles relates more of Prank's mischievous tricks.

---

Thomas said he did not know—he could not imagine. He said he would go directly in and tell Mr. Wilson.”

“Is that the name of Prank's father?” asked Mr. Edward.

“Yes,” said Charles. “So he went in, and, while he was gone, Prank ran round to the shed and brought the horse back again, and fastened him in the stall of the barn, where he was before. Then he ran up stairs, and took his place at a window where the blinds were shut, so that he could see by peeping through, and not be seen himself. Presently Mr. Wilson and Thomas came out of the house, hurrying along very rapidly, and looking very anxious, and went into the barn. A moment afterward they came out again, talking together, with the air of being vexed and perplexed, and looking about in every direction for Prank. They could not see him any where. They called him, but he would not answer. He remained hid from their view, peeping through the blinds at them all the time, and laughing at them.

“And here is another of his tricks,” continued Charles. “One day the boys were out in the field playing, at a place where there was a low fence. On the other side of the fence there was an old stump lying on the ground, with some of the roots on it. Prank climbed over the fence slyly, and took a piece of twine out of his pocket, and tied it across from one of these roots to a post of the fence in such a way that it could not be seen on the side of the fence where the boys were, and yet, if any body were to attempt to jump over the fence, his feet would trip against the twine. Then he proposed that they should all try to jump over the fence. Three of the boys said that they could jump over, and they ran, one after the other, and jumped. The first boy that went over

Picture of the boy tripped up by the twine.

tripped his feet against the twine, and fell down at full length on the ground.

Here you see an engraving representing this transaction. The



stump lies in the foreground, on the margin of a little pond of water. The fence is beyond. You can see the root, and the post, and the broken twine, and the poor boy, the victim of this trick, who has fallen upon the ground. Another boy is just going over the fence, and is in great danger of jumping upon the one who is

---

Mischief in the school-room.

The trick of the false nails.

---

fallen. A third boy is following behind, but he will stop in season. The rest of the boys are standing together in the foreground on the right. Prank is among them, pointing with his finger.

In the middle distance is a house under the trees, and in the background we see the spire of the village church rising from among the houses.

“What a boy!” said Mr. Edward, when Charles had finished this story.

“Yes,” said Charles, “he is a very funny boy, indeed. But he makes the most fun at school. The teacher has a regular place in the school-room to hang his coat and hat. He hangs them on two nails driven into the wall near his seat. Well, one day Prank broke off these two nails, and then stuck them into their places just so that they would stay, but would not bear any weight.”

“I don’t see how he did it,” said Minnie.

“Why, I’ll tell you,” said Charles. “He first drove the part of the nail which was left in the wood *in* a little way, I believe, so as to make room to enter the end of the other part of the nail far enough to make it stick. Prank is very ingenious.”

“Well, go on,” said Minnie.

“The next morning,” continued Charles, “when the teacher came, he took off his hat, and went to hang it on the nail as usual. But the nail, of course, gave way, and came down, hat and all, to the floor. Then all the boys in the school laughed—all except Prank; he kept perfectly sober.”

“Well,” said Minnie, “what did the teacher do?”

“Why, he thought,” continued Charles, “that the nail had broken down from some accidental cause; but he supposed that



---

The teacher is very good-natured.

His conversation.

---

the other was safe. So he picked up his hat and put it on a chair, and then he took off his coat, and went to hang that on the other nail. But this nail gave way too, just like the other, and the nail and the coat came down to the floor together. Then the boys all laughed more than they did before."

"And what did the teacher do then?" asked Minnie.

"Why, he knew that it was a trick, then. And, in fact, I suppose he knew that Prank did it."

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Edward.

"Why, he turned round to the boys—"

"Did he look cross?" asked Minnie.

"Oh no!" replied Charles, "he looked very good-natured.

"'Boys,' says he, 'my nails have broken down. I don't wonder you laugh to see my coat and hat tumbling down on the floor, and I don't blame you for laughing. But now,' says he, 'would one of you be good enough to drive up some new nails for me—some good strong ones?'"

"The boys, you know," continued Charles, "were frightened at first, when they found that they had laughed to see the coat and hat tumble down, for they expected that the teacher would be angry with them, and punish them, perhaps, for laughing at him."

"He could not punish them all," said Minnie. "There were too many."

"Oh yes!" rejoined Charles, "he might have kept them all in at recess."

"Yes," said Minnie, "he might have punished them that way. I did not think of that."

"As the boys found," continued Charles, "that the master did

---

The boys are all willing to drive up more nails.

Prank is requested to do it.

---

not blame them for laughing, they were very glad; and so, when he asked them if they would be willing to drive up some more nails for him, they all began to say, 'Yes, sir—Yes, sir,' and some of them said, 'I will—I will.' Presently the teacher said that he saw they were all willing to drive him up some more nails, but that he would only ask one of them to do it, and so he began to look about a little, as if he were looking to see whom he should ask; and at last he looked at Prank, and says he,

“ ‘Frank!’—because, you know, the teacher always called him by his right name—‘Frank,’ says he, ‘would you be kind enough to drive me up some more nails?’

“So all the boys turned and looked at Prank, and laughed, and Prank turned red all over his face. But he said he would. And then the teacher told him to let them be good strong ones, so that they would not break down again. Then all the boys laughed again more than ever.”

“How do you suppose the teacher knew that Prank did it?” asked Minnie.

“Why, you see, he often did such things,” replied Charles; “and then, perhaps, the teacher observed that he looked soberer than the rest when the nails came down. He tried not to appear to pay any attention.”

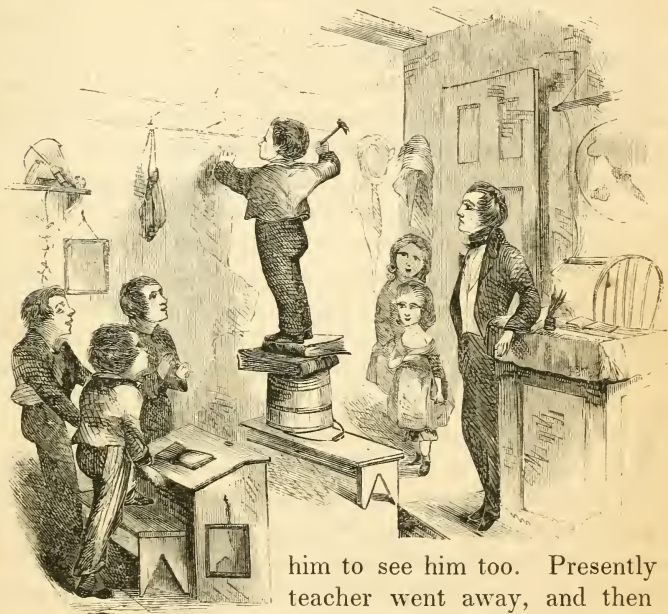
“Yes,” said Mr. Edward; “whereas, if he had been innocent in the case, he would have looked surprised, and would have been amused when he saw the hat and coat come down, just like the rest of the boys.”

“I think so too,” said Minnie.

“And did Prank drive up the new nails?” asked Mr. Edward.

Picture of Prank putting up the new nails.

“Yes,” replied Charles, “he did it the next morning, just before school began. The teacher was there, and the boys came around



him to see him too. Presently the teacher went away, and then the boys began to laugh at Prank. They kept telling him to put the nails up strong, so that they should not break again; and asking him how he liked repairing mischief, and whether it was as good fun as making it, and all such things.”

“I think he deserved a good whipping,” said Minnie.

“Oh no !” said Mr. Edward.

---

Discussion of the affair.

Mr. Edward's opinion.

The torpedo trick.

---

"I think the master served him just about right," said Charles. "He managed it very well; don't you think so, uncle Edward?"

"He managed it very adroitly," replied Mr. Edward, "but I don't think he managed it right."

"Why not?" asked Charles.

"Because I think," replied Mr. Edward, "that the mode of management was calculated to mortify and shame Prank, and to turn the laugh against him, but not to cure him of his fault. In fact, I should have thought that he would have been more desirous of playing tricks upon the master after that than before, only that he would try to be more sly about it, so as not to be found out."

"Well, he was," replied Charles; "and not long after this he did play another trick. He took a torpedo, and fixed it slyly, one day, in the master's desk, so that when the desk was shut it would explode."

"How did he do that?" asked Mr. Edward.

"Why, he lifted up the lid," replied Charles, "and stuck the torpedo, with a little gum or wax, or something like that, on the back edge of the lid underneath, at a place where, when the lid should be shut down hard, the torpedo would be jammed into a crack, and that would make it explode. When he had put it in, he shut the lid down very gently, so as not to jam it.

"The next morning," continued Charles, "when the teacher came to school, he did not observe that the lid of his desk was not quite down. It was so nearly down that no one would have noticed it. So he opened the desk, and took out something, and then, when he shut it down, he shut it hard, as usual, and leaned

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A farther consultation on the question of the pickerel party.

---

his arm upon it. This jammed the torpedo, and made it explode. It went off almost like a pistol."

"Oh, Charles!" exclaimed Minnie, "a torpedo is not as loud as a pistol."

"Well, it was very loud," said Charles, "and it frightened all the boys very much at first, for they were not expecting it. Prank had not told them what he was going to do."

"Did the master find out who did that?" asked Minnie.

"I don't know," said Charles.

"But now," he continued, after a moment's pause, "now about going a fishing. We will get every thing ready ourselves, and not trouble you about it at all, if you will only go. Prank is digging the worms now, out in the garden."

"Oh! then you have invited Prank already?" said Mr. Edward.

"Conditionally," said Charles. "I only invited him conditionally—that is, in case you would go, and in case you were willing that he should go with us."

Mr. Edward smiled.

"Was not that fair?" asked Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward, "perfectly."

"Then I don't see what you are laughing at," said Charles.

Charles did not, however, push this inquiry, for by this time Mr. Edward had become serious again, and, besides, Mr. Edward here turned the conversation to another point by saying,

"What is he digging worms for? You don't fish for pickerel with worms."

"No," said Charles; "we fish for pickerel with little fishes, and we want the worms to catch the little fishes."

---

Prank comes out suddenly from the garden in disguise.

---

“Well,” said Mr. Edward at last, turning toward the yard to lead his horse away, “I don’t know about going a fishing; and if we go, I don’t know about letting Prank be of the party. Would he not make us trouble by his tricks and capers?”

“Oh no!” said Charles; “I don’t think he would make us any trouble. He makes more fun than trouble.”

“Well,” said Mr. Edward, “I have no objection to *fun*. In fact, I like fun.”

Just at this instant, the gate, at the corner of the yard where Mr. Edward was going in, suddenly opened, and a most surprising apparition came rushing out. It was Prank, rigged up in garden leaves in a most extraordinary manner. He had contrived to make a sort of bonnet for his head out of one great rhubarb leaf, and monstrous ears out of two others. These he had fastened to his head, and then he had farther disguised himself by winding a long pumpkin-vine all about him, around and around, so that, finally, he was almost completely enveloped in leaves. He rushed out at the gate, uttering a loud and piercing cry. His design was to frighten Charles and Minnie by coming suddenly upon them in this unheard-of disguise. He did not know that Mr. Edward was there.

The horse immediately reared, wheeled, and sprang off into the road, dragging Mr. Edward, who clung tenaciously to the bridle, with him. Mr. Edward, clasping the horse’s mane with one hand, and holding the bridle-reins in the other, clung to him as he galloped away, running himself along the ground by his side with the speed of an antelope. The gate-way was narrow, but the fence was not very high, and so Mr. Edward, fearing lest he might be

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Mr. Edward in great danger.

He mounts the horse.

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crushed against the post if he attempted to go through, leaped into the air just as he came to it, sustaining himself, in part, with his hands, which rested on the horse's neck and on the saddle. The horse attempted to turn down the road after he had passed through the gate, but Mr. Edward pulled the rein, and brought him round with his head toward the village, though he could not stop him. The children expected every moment that Mr. Edward would fall down, and be trampled under the horse's feet, or be dragged along upon the ground, when suddenly they saw him rise into the air by a spring and a bound, and then come down gracefully into the saddle. The horse, being thus mounted by his rider, flew on up the road with the speed of the wind.\*

There was a little turn in the road near the place, and the horse and his rider were for a moment concealed from view. But, before the children could recover from the astonishment that this incident occasioned them, they saw the horse reappear again, with Mr. Edward on his back. Mr. Edward came cantering up the road as if nothing had happened.

Prank, however, who had often got himself into serious difficulty by the mischief which his roguery made, was afraid to wait till Mr. Edward came back ; so he threw down his bonnet and his ears, disentangled himself as fast as he could from his pumpkin-vine wreaths, and, without waiting to say a word, he ran off as fast almost as the horse had run. The only difference seemed to be, that he ran in the contrary direction, and also that he looked back continually over his shoulder, with a face expressive of the utmost terror, in order to see whether or not Mr. Edward was after him.

\* See Frontispiece.

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The pickerel.

The hawk.

The tiger.

The shark.

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## CHAPTER II.

### PICKEREL-FISHING.

THE word pickerel means, etymologically, a small pike. The pike is an English fish. The pickerel is a fish of much the same character with the pike.

The pickerel is a fish of prey, so to speak. He lives by devouring the small fishes that inhabit the same pond with him. If he can not get small fishes, frogs will do, or any other small animals that live in ponds of water.

The hawk is a *bird* of prey. He lives by lying in wait for, and so seizing and devouring such other animals as he can pounce upon from the air. Some kinds of hawks live upon fishes. In searching for fishes, they fly in wide circles over the waters of lakes and rivers, and when they see a fish swimming near the surface, they dart down upon him, and seize him in their talons. Other kinds of hawks live on small birds.

The tiger is a *beast* of prey. He lies in wait in the tangled thickets of the forest, and springs upon the smaller animals that he sees passing by.

The shark is a *fish* of prey. He lives by seizing and devouring other fishes.

Thus, what the hawk is among the birds of the air, and the tiger among the beasts of the field, and the shark among the fishes of the sea, the pike and the pickerel are to the frogs and minnows of the fresh-water ponds.



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Ponds that the pickerel like.

Picture of one.

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The pickerel lies in wait for his prey with as much patience and cunning, seemingly, as a cat watching at the hole of a mouse. When he is thus waiting, he chooses a place among the sedges or lily-pads, or under a log near some deep hole, where he expects that some small fish might naturally come swimming along. Pickerel like such ponds and little lakes as are represented in this engraving, where trees hang over the banks, and plants grow in the



margin of the water, and rocks, lining the shores, form dark and secluded places of retreat below for them to lurk in while waiting for their prey. In these secluded retreats, the fish remains

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Account of an expedition with some boys.

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perfectly motionless until his prey gets near enough to him, and then he darts at it with a suddenness and a swiftness that is perfectly astonishing, and seizes and swallows it in a moment.

I know that this is so, not only by what has been written and said about the pickerel by others, but also by my own observation. Often, when sailing over shallow places, in retired and solitary ponds, I have seen the pickerel down among the sedges, or among the stems and roots of the pond-lilies, or in the interstices between the rocks and logs in deeper water, waiting there patiently for his prey. At one time I was walking along the bank of a river with some boys, when suddenly one of them, a boy named Walter, looking down into the water, called out,

“Ah! here’s a pickerel!”

We all went to the place, and there we saw, at a little distance from the shore, down near the side of a stone that was lying there on the bottom of the river, a fish about a foot long, and of a dark, but beautiful mottled color. He was of a slender form; his nose was long and pointed, and his sides sloped away to his tail in the most elegant and graceful manner. In fact, he was clipper-built altogether.

The boys all hastened to the bank at Walter’s call, and began to look down eagerly into the river. Some said, “Where is he?” Some said, “Oh! I see him!” Some said, “Hush! don’t speak a word.” In fact, the boys all talked together, uttering these and many similar exclamations, and pointing with their fingers down into the water.

The pickerel took no notice of these things, but remained unmoved—as motionless as if he had been a pickerel of stone. In

Discovery of a pickerel in the water.

Plans for taking him.

fact, if he had looked up, I do not suppose that he could have seen the boys on the bank at all. At least, he could not have seen them if he had been a boy. It is a singular fact, that though, when a boy is up on the land, he can see quite plainly what is down in the water, yet when he is down in the water, he can not see at all what is up on the land. If, the next time you go into a pond or a river to bathe, you dive to the bottom, and then turn your head so as to look up, you will see nothing but a round bright spot where the light shines down into the water, but you can not see any thing above it distinctly.

It must be admitted, however, that the case may be different with the eyes of a pickerel.

The boys who stood on the bank looking at the pickerel that I am now describing, immediately began to lay plans for catching him. They found, on inquiring, and feeling in all their pockets, that no one of the party had a fishing-line, and as they all thought there would be no time to go and get one, they attempted to make one out of a piece of twine and a pin. They bent the pin into the form of a hook, and fastened it on to the end of the twine. They found a small stone, shaped like a long and slender bean, which they tied on for a sinker ; and for bait they took a strip of white rag. They thought that this would look more like a fish than any thing else they could obtain. They also cut an elder-bush that grew near by, and, trimming off the branches, they made a fishing-pole of it.

All these preparations were made very quickly, for while one boy was doing one thing, the others were doing others, and so the work was soon accomplished.

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Progress of the preparations.

The fish begins to move.

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When all was ready, Walter took the pole, and began to let the hook down into the water. He claimed it as his privilege to try to catch the fish, as he had discovered him. Another boy also claimed it, in virtue of his having furnished the twine that the line was made of, and also the pin. But it was finally concluded to let Walter try first.

So Walter lowered the line, with the sinker and rag at the end of it, slowly down into the water, not far from the place where the pickerel was lying.

The pickerel took no notice, apparently, of this, but remained motionless.

The boys all stood together on the bank, silent, or speaking only in whispers, and watching every movement with breathless interest.

Walter, by moving the pole, gradually brought the rag nearer to the fish. Presently the boys saw that the fish began to move.

"There! there!" they exclaimed, in eager whispers. "Hold still, Walter! He is moving. Hold perfectly still!"

Walter said nothing, but held the pole perfectly still.

The fish was soon seen to be moving in an extremely slow and imperceptible manner, turning himself gradually round, so as to get a better view of his supposed prey. The movement was extremely slow—you can scarcely conceive how slow. You see the rag was a little on one side of him, and he, supposing that it was a small fish, was turning round very slowly, so as to get a better chance to dart at it without frightening it away. You can see exactly how it was, if you hold your left hand up edgewise to represent the fish, and then hold out the end of the forefinger of your

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He darts at his supposed prey.

Way to illustrate it.

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right hand, at the distance of about a foot from it on one side, for the rag. You must then imagine that your left hand was a real pickerel, and that there were eyes and a mouth in the ends of the fingers of it, and you must begin to move it slowly—very slowly indeed—as slowly as you possibly can—so as to bring the eyes round where they can see the bait, and the whole fish in such a position as that he can dart at it.

The pickerel in the water moved slowly round in this way, until he was aimed directly toward the bait.

“Pull it along a little through the water, Wally,” said one of the boys, in a whisper; “just the least mite, to make him think it is a live fish swimming away.”

“Yes,” said another boy.

So Walter began to move the top of the pole a little, and the movement which he thus made was communicated through the line to the rag. The instant, however, that the rag began to stir, whisk! like a flash the pickerel darted at the prey, just touched it with his nose, and then, turning a sharp angle, he shot off through the water as swift as an arrow, out into the middle of the river, and disappeared.

To represent this, after you have brought your left hand round, moving it as slowly as you possibly can, till it is aimed at the end of the finger of your right hand, which represents the bait, you must suddenly make it dart *at* it and *by* it, with all the swiftness and force you can command.

If you have a little brother or sister too young to read or understand such books as this, you can amuse them by telling them how the pickerel first turned slowly round to take aim at the bait, and

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The disappearance of the pickerel was very sudden.

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then darted suddenly at it, and showing them with your hands how it was done.

The movement of the pickerel when he came to take the spring was so instantaneous that the smaller boys on the bank could not follow it. It seemed to them that the fish did not go away any where, but that he suddenly vanished where he was. Those that had followed his motions looked off into the dark obscurities of the water toward the middle of the river with an expression of great disappointment in their faces.

“He’s gone,” said Walter.

“Like a flash,” said another boy.

“He knew it was nothing but a rag,” said a third, “just as quick as he touched it.”

During all this time I had been seated quietly on the bank, looking on. I watched all the proceedings with considerable interest, though I took no active part in them. When it was ascertained that the pickerel was really gone, I rose, and we all then went on together, continuing our walk on the bank of the stream. I went on as usual, walking quietly along the path which formed the margin of the meadow toward the river. The boys, however, all walked sideways, keeping their eyes fixed upon the water, and exploring the depths of it very carefully as they advanced, in hopes to see another fish; but they did not see any more.

I have related this incident here for the purpose of showing you exactly what sort of a fish a pickerel is.

It is not always, however, that the pickerel, in attempting to seize his prey, moves toward it at first with a very slow motion. If

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Two modes of fishing for pickerel.

Charles's reflections.

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the little fish or the frog is going rapidly by, he darts out upon him at once, so as to seize him before he gets too far away. In consequence of this it is that there are two ways of managing the bait in fishing for this kind of fish. You may let the bait down quietly into deep water, and let it remain there, still; and then, by-and-by, a pickerel, coming along, will creep up, as it were, very slowly to it, until he gets near enough to spring, and then he will dart forward and seize it. In this case he thinks, I suppose, that the fish is lying quietly in the water to rest. Or, you may drag your bait rapidly through the water, by a succession of jerks and twitches, in order to imitate the movement of a fish swimming along. The pickerel will then dart at it, seize it with great fury, and attempt to swim away with it as fast as he can go. Then all you have to do is to pull the line in, and you find, perhaps, a pickerel eight inches or a foot long on the end of it.

Such being the state of the case, it is not surprising that the boys like to fish for pickerel better than for almost any other kind of fish.

After Prank had frightened Mr. Edward's horse in the manner described in the last chapter, Charles at once concluded that the fishing plan must be given up, for he supposed now that Mr. Edward would not like to have such a boy as Prank go; and if Prank were not to go, he had some doubt whether he cared about going himself. So he said nothing more on the subject until about half an hour after breakfast, and then he finally concluded that he would like to go at any rate, whether Prank went or not. So he thought he would go up into his uncle's room, and see what could be done to get the enterprise on foot.

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Mr. Edward's opinion of Prank's caper.

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He found his uncle seated in an arm-chair at a window, reading a book of travels. Besides the book that he was reading, there were several others on the table—books of maps, and volumes of encyclopædias. Charles went up to the table, and asked his uncle what he thought of the plan of going a fishing.

“On the whole,” replied his uncle, speaking very slowly and deliberately, as if he had not, after all, quite made up his mind, “on the whole, I think I should like to go—that is, provided Vernon and Prank will go too.”

“Prank!” repeated Charles. He was surprised to hear his uncle express a wish to have Prank of the party.

“I thought,” he continued, “that you would not like to have Prank go very well.”

“Why not?” said Mr. Edward.

“Because he played such a trick, and frightened your horse,” said Charles.

“Oh! that was nothing,” said Mr. Edward. “That was a very innocent sort of caper—very innocent indeed.”

“Yes,” said Charles; “it did not do any harm, because you held on by the horse so well.”

“I don't mean that,” replied Mr. Edward. “It makes no difference, so far as Prank is concerned, whether the horse got away or not. What I mean is, that he was very innocent in what he did, for, in such a caper as that, a boy does not intend to give any pain. Prank meant to *amuse* you and Minnie, not to trouble you, by dressing himself so. When a boy gets up a contrivance which is to amuse himself, while it gives other people pain and trouble, that is one thing. When, however, he takes the trouble himself,



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Boys not responsible for accidents.

Example illustrating this.

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and, in regard to other people, only means to amuse them, that is a different thing altogether. That is a very innocent sort of roguery. As to the horse, my being there with him when Prank happened to come out was only an accident. Prank is not responsible for that at all. He is responsible only for his own plans and designs."

Mr. Edward was perfectly right in this. A child is not to blame for an accident, not even in a case where an accident happens in consequence of his fault. He is, in such a case, to blame for his fault, but not for the accident which comes from it.

For example, two boys were forbidden by their father to go upon a certain piece of ice in November. Their father thought that the ice was not frozen hard enough to be safe. The boys went on, notwithstanding the prohibition. One of them broke through the ice. The other contrived to escape. Now the one who met with the accident was no more guilty than the other. They were both equally guilty; for the guilt consisted in the disobedience itself, and not in the consequences of it. Their guilt would have been no greater if both of them had fallen in; nor, if neither of them had fallen in, would it have been any less. In other words, the guilt depends upon the deed done, and not on the accidental consequences of it.

"Well," said Charles, feeling quite relieved on hearing Mr. Edward's reply, "I should like very much to ask Prank to go. But what is this book about that you are reading?"

"It is about Egypt," replied Mr. Edward.

"May I look at the pictures?" asked Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward. "Here's a picture of the pyramids. You may look at that while I am putting on my jacket."

Picture of the pyramids.

The caravans and the camels.

So Charles began to look at the picture. It represented a party of travelers on a visit to the pyramids. There were four pyramids to be seen at a distance. In the foreground was a company of travelers, with their camels, stopping to rest near a group of palm-trees.

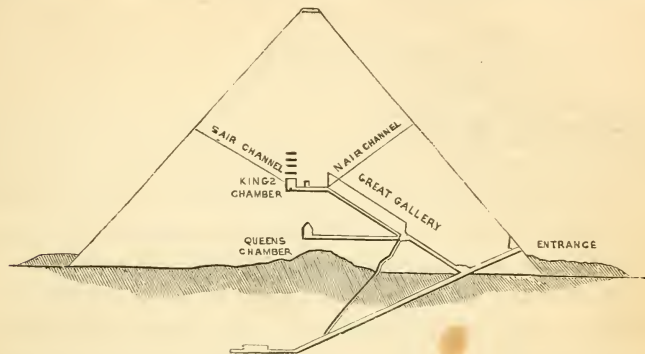


There was another picture—a sort of diagram—in the same book, representing the interior of one of the pyramids that had been opened. There was an entrance near the ground on one side, with a great gallery leading in toward the centre of the pyramid. This gallery was descending a part of the way, and ascending the other part. A branch of it extended down far un-

Section of the pyramid.

Charles's opinion of climbing.

der ground. Charles thought that he should like very much to



go down this passage-way to the bottom, and see what there was there.

“Do you suppose it is dark down there, Uncle Edward?” said he.

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward; “it must be as dark as Egypt down there.”

“I should like to go and see the pyramids,” said Charles, after a little pause.

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward, “so would I.”

“The principal part of the fun,” added Charles, “would be in climbing up to the top of them.”

“Travelers like to get to the top,” replied Mr. Edward, “but I believe they do not like the climbing very well.”

“I should like the climbing, I am sure,” said Charles.

Very soon Mr. Edward was ready, and so Charles shut the book, and they went away together.

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The party set out on their excursion.

The great wagon.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### MINNOW-FISHING.

So large a part of the morning was consumed in the various preliminaries pertaining to the excursion, that it was finally concluded to postpone setting off till after dinner. Charles was at first much against this plan, but he finally acceded to it, inasmuch as, by the time they were beginning to be ready to set out, he was beginning to be quite hungry. So they waited till after dinner.

As soon as they had finished their dinner, they were all ready, for Patrick had been harnessing the wagon while they were at table. The wagon, was a large double wagon, with three seats. There were two good strong horses. It had been decided that Minnie was to go with the party. So, when they were ready to start, Mr. Edward lifted her up, and put her into the wagon. She took her place on the second seat. Mr. Edward then got in, and took his seat by the side of her. Charles climbed up in front, and, after he had taken his place on the front seat, Patrick handed him the reins.

Charles waited a minute or two for his uncle to give him the order to drive on, and at length, when Mr. Edward had got himself and Minnie established to his mind on the seat, and every thing arranged, he said, "All right," and Charles drove on.

They called first for Vernon. Vernon was a young man about eighteen years of age. When they arrived at the house where he lived, they found him on the top of a barn, helping some carpen-

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Arrangements for the excursion.

A good way to make sinkers.

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ters shingle the roof. As soon as he saw the wagon, he descended the long ladder and came out to the gate.

“Wait a moment till I go and get my line,” said he.

“No,” said Charles, “I’ve got lines enough for all. See!”

So saying, Charles exhibited a small parcel tied up in a newspaper. “I’ve got six good pickerel lines here,” said he; “enough for all, and two to spare for accidents.”

Charles was a very provident boy, and always had a good supply of fishing-tackle on hand. He used to rig up new fishing-lines, and put his old ones in repair, on rainy days, when there was nothing else to do. I advise the boys who read this story to do so too. When there comes a rainy day, instead of lounging about idly, or fretting because it rains, and uttering useless wishes that it would clear up, go and get your fishing-lines, and put them all in perfect order, and get some good strong twine and make new ones.

Sheet lead, cut in strips, to be wound round and round the line in the proper place, is the best for sinkers; or, at least, such sinkers are very good, and they are very easy to make. One advantage is, you can regulate the weight of such a sinker very easily; for, if it proves too heavy for your cork, you can then unwind a little of the lead, and cut it off. If it proves too light, you can roll on an additional piece.

So Vernon got into the wagon, and Charles then drove away.

“Uncle Edward,” said Charles, looking round, so that he could see his uncle, “there is plenty of room, and may I ask Bobby to go as well as Prank?”

“Look toward your horses,” said Mr. Edward.

Charles then turned toward his horses again, and said, “May I?”

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A good rule for parents.

An example illustrating it.

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“I never answer any questions,” said Mr. Edward, “that are asked me by a boy who is driving, unless he is attending to his horses while he is asking them.”

Charles knew by this that he must ask the question over again. So he did ask it again, keeping his eyes now in the right direction.

It is a very good plan, when children do any thing in the wrong way, in a case where they know very well what the right way is, to require them to do it again, and to do it right. It is not enough merely to remind them that they did wrong. If this rule is carried into effect in a good-natured and pleasant manner, the children will not be irritated by it, but will soon cure themselves of the fault, whatever it is.

Thus, if a boy enters a room in a noisy and boisterous manner, it is not enough to say to him, “John, you make too much noise.” It is better to say, “John, you came in wrong. Go and try again, please.” Such a course as this, if faithfully pursued, will be very effectual in curing children of such faults.

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward, in reply to Charles’s question, “you may ask as many as you can get into the wagon, provided you leave Vernon, Minnie, and me this middle seat.”

In consequence of this permission, Charles invited not only Prank and Bobby, but one or two more boys, and thus he made up quite a large party. When the wagon was full, he turned the horses’ heads into the road that led out of the village. He was much pleased at having so large a load of passengers in the wagon while he was driving.

The road which the party took led along the bank of a large

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The road along the bank of the river.

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river for some distance, and then turned away toward the interior



of the country. After going on for two or three miles, it led into a wood, and after going through the wood it came to a small pond, and near the pond it crossed a stream which formed the outlet of the pond. There was a wooden bridge across this stream, with a substantial railing on each side of it. After crossing the stream, the road turned, and continued along the bank of it for about a mile and a half, until it came to a place among woods and rocks where the water of the stream was smooth and still. Here, Charles said, was the place to catch their small fishes for bait.

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The place for the minnow-fishing.

Prank good-natured.

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“Very well,” said Mr. Edward ; “then we will stop here.”

So Charles drove the wagon out to one side of the road, and then got out and fastened the horses to a post. All the rest of the party got out of the wagon too, and began to walk along the bank of the stream. After a short time they came to a place where there were high, towering rocks overhanging a smooth green area near the water. There were trees growing upon the rocks and upon the green, so that the place was very cool and shady. There were blocks of stone lying upon the ground near the rocks, with flat surfaces on the top of them, which made good seats.

“Now,” said Charles, “if you, uncle Edward, and Mr. Vernon, will sit down here, we will catch the bait very soon. I suppose that you will not wish to fish till we come to the pickerel.”

“No,” said Mr. Edward, “I suppose not.”

So Mr. Edward and his friend Vernon established themselves on good seats under the overhanging rock, while Charles, taking the small fishing-lines out of his pocket, for he had kept the small lines separate from the large ones, went with the other small boys to the water, and, distributing themselves along the shore, began to fish for minnows.

It proved, however, that there were not small lines enough for all, and so Prank, being a good-natured boy, said that Bobby might have his. He then amused himself in rambling about and playing—sometimes climbing up among the rocks, and sometimes skipping stones over the water at a place so far away from the other boys that there was no danger of frightening the fish.

In the mean time, Minnie remained near the young gentlemen, occupied sometimes in listening to their conversation, and at others,



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Prank calls to Minnie.

Opinion of the other boys in the case.

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in gathering blue bells that grew in the interstices of the rocks near by. Presently, however, she heard Prank's voice calling to her.

"Minnie! Minnie! here!"

Minnie looked up the stream, and there, at a little distance, she saw Prank standing on the point of a rock, and beckoning to her.

"Come here," said he; "here is something very curious indeed!"

"I would not go, Minnie," said one of the boys named Derry; "he is only making a fool of you."

"What is it?" calling to Prank.

"It is something running very fast, and yet it has not got any legs," said Prank.

"I would not go!" said Derry again.

Minnie looked first at Derry and then at Prank, and seemed uncertain which to obey.

"Come!" said Prank.

"Is there, really and truly?" said Minnie.

"Yes," replied Prank, "there is, really and truly."

Minnie, having received this assurance that what Prank had said was uttered in good faith, began to move slowly along toward where Prank was standing.

"It is a snake, I suppose," said Derry. "A snake runs, and it has not any legs."

"Is it a snake?" said Minnie, calling out again to Prank.

"No," said Prank, "it is nothing like a snake."

So saying, he turned back, and began to look down very eagerly toward the ground, as if he were looking at some strange animal.

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Prank's debate with Minnie.

He attempts to justify himself.

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Minnie wondered what sort of an animal it could be that could run without legs, and finally she concluded to go and see.

So she walked along to where Prank was standing, and when she got to the place, he pointed to a little rill, which came running down from the rocks toward the great stream below.

"There!" said he; "it is a brook. It is running very fast, and it has not got any legs."

"Now, Prank!" exclaimed Minnie, "that was not fair."

"Why not?" said Prank.

"You said *really* and *truly*," replied Minnie, in a tone of voice indicating great displeasure.

"Well, it is, really and truly," said Prank. "Is it not running very fast?"

"Yes," said Minnie, reluctantly.

"And if you think it has got any legs, I should like to have you show them to me," continued Prank.

Minnie was by no means satisfied with this defense. She was convinced there was fallacy in it somewhere, but she could not exactly see how to reply, so she walked slowly back again toward the other boys.

"Well, Minnie, what was it?" said the boys.

"It was nothing at all running without any legs," replied Minnie, in a fretful tone. "It was nothing but a brook."

About five minutes after this, Prank's voice was heard again in nearly the same place, shouting out,

"Boys!"

Some of the boys responded by asking Prank what he wanted. Others took no notice of his call.

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Prank calls the boys to see a boat.

Their incredulity.

Minnie's reasoning.

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“There is a boat here in a little cove. Come and help me get her afloat, and we will have a sail.”

“No!” said the boys.

“There is, truly,” said Prank.

“I don't believe there is any such thing,” said Minnie to the boys.

“It is something else. He only says it to make fools of you.”

“Come, boys!” said Prank, calling out again.

The boys paid no heed to Prank's calls, but went on fishing as before.

“Come, Minnie!” said Prank, calling to Minnie when he found that the boys would not come.

“No!” said Minnie; “you told me it was nothing like a snake, and a brook is very much like a snake.”

“Oh, Minnie!” said Prank, in a tone of remonstrance.

“It is,” said Minnie, “because it is long and crooked.”

“Oh, Minnie!” repeated Prank.

“And, besides, it runs along on the ground,” continued Minnie, “just as a snake does.”

“That does not make them alike,” said Prank. “A snake is alive, and a brook is not, and that makes them very different—very different indeed!”

Minnie had nothing to say in reply to this statement, but still she was not willing to expose herself to the danger of being deceived again. So she would not go to the boat, but remained standing where she was.

Nor would any of the boys go, although Prank called to them several times more.

Prank, finding that the boys would not come, began to ramble,

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The woodman's ax heard in the woods.

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about farther among the rocks, to see what more he could find. Presently he discovered a path which led back from the stream, and, following it, he ascended until at last he came to a place where he heard the sound of an ax in the woods, at some distance back from the stream. This sound was produced by a party of men who were at work there, hewing out ship-timber from a great, crooked oak which they had cut down. A great number of branched and crooked pieces of timber are required for building ships. Such pieces are used as knees and braces, for the purpose of strengthening joints and corners.



The above engraving represents the company of woodmen whose axes Prank heard. There are three men at work with axes, and two others are engaged in sawing off a large part of the trunk of one of the trees by means of a monstrous saw.

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Prank finds the shanty.

He calls the boys to see a singular horse.

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Prank, on hearing the strokes of the axes in the forest, would have gone in to see who was there, had it not been that his attention was diverted by a sort of shanty that he suddenly came upon, where some men had been at work a short time before, and where they had left some of their tools. He looked about the shanty a little while, and then went on a little farther, toward a place where it seemed to him possible that there might be some berries growing.

In the mean time, the boys on the margin of the stream below were having very good luck in fishing for minnows. Those that they caught were about three inches long. As fast as they caught them, they put them into a tin pail which Charles had brought. After some time, Charles went to the pail to count the fish, to see how many there were. He found, to his great joy, that there were eleven.

“Boys,” said he, “we’ve got about enough.”

Just then Prank’s voice was heard coming from the top of the rocks that overhung the place where the boys were fishing.

“Boys,” said he, “come up here. There is a horse up here, in this shanty, that has not got any ears or any tail.”

“Nonsense!” said Derry.

“I tell you there is,” said Prank. “Come up and see.”

“Is it a real horse?” said Bobby.

“Yes,” said Prank, “it is a real horse, with four legs, only he has not any ears, nor the least bit of a tail. Come up and see him.”

Some of the smaller boys began to move, but the larger ones called them back, saying to them that Prank was only fooling them.

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He deposits his cap as a pledge.

Conflicting claims to the cap.

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“I tell you it is really true,” said Prank. “Here, Derry, look here.”

Derry and all the other boys looked up. Prank took off his cap, and waved it in the air, as if he were going to throw it. “Here is my cap. I am going to throw it down to you. You may take it and keep it, and then, when the boys come up here, if I don’t show them a real horse without any ears or tail, I’ll give you leave to throw my cap over across the stream.”

This offer seemed to be quite a pledge of sincerity, for the stream was so wide and deep where the boys were fishing, that, if the cap were to be thrown across, it was very plain that it would be no easy thing to get it back again.

So, when Derry took up the cap, and put it on a stone near where he was standing, in a manner implying that he agreed to the conditions, several of the boys began to go up the path to see the horse, and they soon disappeared from view.

In a few minutes, however, they came running to the brink of the precipice above, all calling out eagerly together to Derry.

“Derry! Derry!” said they, “throw his cap over. It was nothing but a saw-horse. Throw his cap over. He cheated us. He said it was a real horse, and it was nothing but a saw-horse.”

So Derry took up the cap, and seemed to be preparing to throw it; but, just at that moment, Prank appeared among the other boys on the top of the rocks, and called out,

“No, Derry, no! don’t throw it. It *was* a real horse—a real saw-horse.”

Derry obviously considered this a mere evasion, and he accordingly advanced toward the brink of the stream, and, extending his

Derry throws the cap across the stream.

Prank's grief and chagrin.

arm, was just on the point, very plainly, of throwing the cap, when Mr. Edward called out to him very suddenly,

“No, Derry, don't throw it!”

But it was too late. The cap flew from Derry's hand, sailed through the air across the stream, and lodged among a tangled mass of weeds and bulrushes that formed the opposite bank. Prank, when he saw what was done, came running down the bank, pale and breathless, and eager to see what had become of his cap. As soon as he reached the bank, and saw that the cap had gone over to the other side, where it was utterly and hopelessly beyond his reach, he began to cry bitterly.

Mr. Edward came to him and said,

“Don't cry, Prank. I will get your cap for you.”

Prank did not, however, seem to be much comforted by this assurance.

“I don't see how you can get it,” said he; “and it is the best cap I have got. I don't know what I shall do.”

By this time the other boys had come down to the bank, and, though they had been very indignant with Prank a few minutes before for playing them such a trick, and had called upon Derry to throw the cap away, yet now, when they saw how much trouble and distress poor Prank seemed to suffer at having lost it, they were very sorry that it had been thrown over. They immediately began to devise ways and means of recovering it.

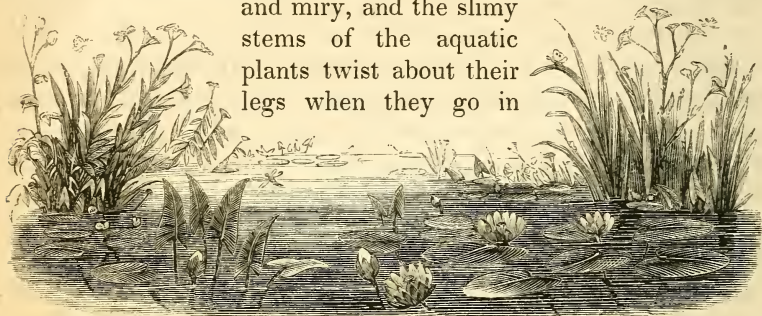
“I would swim over and get it again myself,” said Derry, “if it were not for all those lily-pads and bulrushes on the other side.”

Boys always have a great reluctance to swim, or even to wade, among lily-pads and bulrushes. They always think that there are

Picture of the pond lilies.

Mr. Edward goes for the boat.

snakes and lizards in such places. The bottom is generally deep and miry, and the slimy stems of the aquatic plants twist about their legs when they go in



among them like so many adders.

“Could not we make a raft somehow?” said Charles.

“Did you not say there was a boat up here?” asked Mr. Edward, speaking to Prank.

“Yes, sir,” said Prank.

“And is there one, really?”

“Yes, sir,” said Prank.

“Suppose you go and see, Derry,” said Mr. Edward.

“I will go, sir,” said Derry, “if you wish, but I expect he is only making fools of us.”

“Oh no!” said Mr. Edward, “I don’t think he would make fools of us now. I’ll go and see myself.”

“Why, it is not a whole boat,” said Prank, “it is only a part of one. You can’t sail in it.”

“I’ll go and see,” said Mr. Edward. “Perhaps we can do something with it.”



A wreck.

The leaks.

Bailing with the tin pail.

So Mr. Edward walked along up the bank of the stream, Prank leading the way, and all the other boys following.

When they came to the place, they found there, in a little cove, a wreck of a boat, or, rather, a fragment of one, drawn up on the sand. The forward part of the craft was in tolerably good condition, but the stern was all carried away.

"There it is," said Prank, pointing to it; "you see you can't sail in it. The after part is all gone."

"I am not sure," said Mr. Edward. "Paw the sand out of her, boys, and let me run her off into the water."

So the boys went to work pawing out the sand, and then they all took hold together, and pushed the boat off upon the water. Mr. Edward jumped upon the bows just as it left the bank, and his weight pressing the bows down, lifted the stern up so that the water could not come in at the broken part.

"Yes," said the boys, "she floats! she floats!"

"But she leaks dreadfully," said Derry. "See, Mr. Edward, the water is coming in very fast through the chinks. You had better come ashore before she fills."

"Run and get me your tin pail, Charley," said Mr. Edward.

Charles ran at once back to the place where the boys had been fishing, and, taking up the pail, he poured the fishes out into a shady place, by the side of a small rock, and then hurried back to the boat. The boys then took the pail, and contrived to push it out over the water to Mr. Edward. He took it in, and sitting down upon one of the forward thwarts, and spreading his feet very wide, so as to keep them out of the way of the water, he began to bail out the boat. He soon succeeded in doing this, and then,

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Rather dangerous navigation.A pail for a paddle.

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reaching over the side of the boat, he began to use the pail for a



paddle, and by this means quickly succeeded in giving the boat a gentle impetus and progress through the water, along the shore. Of course, while he was doing this, the operation of bailing was suspended, and the bottom of the boat was gradually filling with water from the leaks. Accordingly, Mr. Edward was soon obliged to bail again. Thus, alternately paddling and bailing, he worked his way along, the boys keeping pace with him by walking on the bank, and watching with eager interest every motion that he made. Mr. Edward found it necessary to be extremely careful in all his motions, in order to preserve his balance, as the slightest inclination to one side or the other would have caused the boat to take in water in torrents at the places where the sides were broken away.

At length he got to the part of the stream opposite to where the

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Cap recovered.

Raft on the pond.

Boat coming.

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cap was lodged, and then he gradually turned the bow of the boat out so as to head it across the stream. He soon reached the other bank, and there, pushing in among the bulrushes, he recovered the cap, and then went back slowly and carefully, as he came.

Prank seemed overjoyed to recover his cap again.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### APPEAL TO MR. EDWARD.

THE place where the party had intended to fish for pickerel was along the shores of a pond, which was situated about a quarter of a mile below the spot where they had left the horses and the wagon. The stream where the boys stopped to catch the minnows emptied into this pond, and the plan had been to follow this stream down to its mouth, and then to walk along the shore of the pond to a place where a raft was usually kept for the use of parties coming there for the purpose of fishing or of getting pond lilies. They intended to get upon this raft, and go out upon the pond with it, or, if it should be found that the raft was not large enough to float them all, then some of them could remain, and fish from logs or rocks along the shore.

This plan, however, was not carried into effect; for, after the party had walked along the bank of the stream a short distance, they saw a boat coming, with two young men in it. The stream at this place had become pretty wide and deep, and the water was overshadowed by trees and bushes which hung over the banks. The boat, when it first came into view, was moving very slowly

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The party all get into the boat.

Boy on the shore.

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around the curve of a stream. Mr. Edward knew the young men who had the boat. The name of one of them was Garland. Garland was at the stern of the boat, and when he saw Mr. Edward and the boys, he began to paddle the boat toward the shore. As soon as he had landed, and had learned that the party were going to the pond a fishing, he proposed that they should all get into the boat, and go in that.

“That will be a great deal better than the raft,” said he, “and besides, we can go across the pond in the boat to the great cove, and there are more pickerel in the great cove than any where else in the pond.”

Mr. Edward and all his party fully approved of this plan. So they all got into the boat, and took their places, some in the bows, some on the thwarts, and others in the stern. The only means of propulsion was a single paddle. Garland himself had this paddle, and he paddled the boat along with it, sitting in the stern. The boat did not go fast, but it glided along very smoothly and quietly under this mode of propulsion.

Things went on very prosperously and well at the commencement of the voyage, as the boat glided along very smoothly, and the banks of the stream being overhung with trees, the place was very cool and pleasant. At one place, where there was a high mountain on one side of the stream, they saw a boy standing on a flat rock, with a fishing-pole in his hands, on the other. Some of the party wished to go up to the shore, and invite this boy to go with them on the excursion, but Mr. Edward thought that the boat was too full to take in any more. So the boys contented themselves with saluting the stranger by waving their hats, and giving

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Picture of the party in the boat and the boy on the shore.

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three cheers as they passed him. He waved his pole to them in return.

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State of things on board.

Prank devises some new mischief.

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At length the party reached the mouth of the stream and entered upon the pond. The unpleasant feelings produced among the boys by Prank's attempt to make fools of them, and by the incident of the cap, gradually subsided, and all were good-natured and happy again. In fact, every thing promised a very prosperous and pleasant excursion.

It happened, all this time, that Prank and Charles were seated together on one of the thwarts near the bows of the boat. Charles had the tin pail, with all the little fishes in it, under his end of the seat, and upon the seat, between himself and Prank was the newspaper parcel which contained the pickerel lines. His small line, the one that he had been using for catching the little fishes, was lying by the side of it.

This being the state of things, Prank's eye happened, rather unfortunately, at a time when he was for a moment turned that way, to fall upon the paper parcel which he knew contained the pickerel lines, and also upon the small fishing-line lying by the side of it, and the idea at once occurred to him of making a little fun by hiding the paper parcel away, so as to frighten Charles when he should miss it, by making him think, for a few minutes, that it was lost.

He very soon contrived a plan to accomplish this purpose. He first took up the small fishing-line, and slyly passed it round behind him under his jacket, and placed it between himself and the gunwale of the boat on *his* side. He then contrived to pull out the point of the hook from the cork, and to unwind a foot or two of the line. His plan was then to take the paper parcel, and hook the fish-hook into the cord that it was tied up with, and then

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His precautions.

He hangs the lines over the side of the boat.

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suspend the parcel by that means over the gunwale of the boat, where it would be out of sight.

“Only I must take care,” thought he to himself, “not to let it down so as to touch the water, and get the paper wet.”

In order to divert Charles’s attention while he was doing this, he asked him to look at a smoke which he saw coming up from the trees on the opposite shore of the pond.

“See that smoke over there,” said he. “Do you think that that can be an encampment of Indians?”

Charles looked very earnestly at the smoke, and all the other boys who sat near him began to do so too, and thus their attention was diverted. As soon as Prank saw that he could act without being observed, he slipped the paper parcel under his jacket behind, and hooked the fish-hook into it at the place where the cord passed over the end of it. His intention was to hook in the cord itself, as well as a portion of the paper, so as to have the parcel held securely; but, as he had to work altogether by feeling, it is not surprising that he missed the cord, and only took in the paper. Still, the paper was pretty strong, and the hook seemed to hold its grasp upon it quite firmly.

Prank then slipped the parcel over the side of the boat, and eased it down as far as he thought it could go without touching the water. He then passed the line which held it once or twice about a wooden pin that was fixed into the edge of the boat where he sat, and then hid the rest of it, with the small stick that it was wound upon, under a short board in the bottom of the boat.

“Now,” said Prank to himself, “when Charley looks for his parcel, he can’t find it. He’ll look all about, and be dreadfully

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The smoke on the shore.

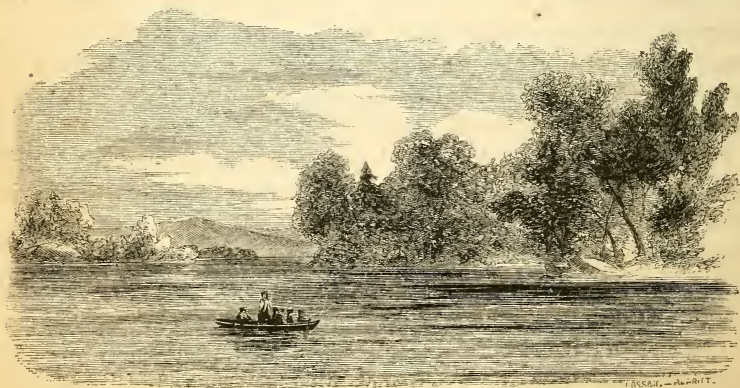
Prank's plan carried into effect.

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frightened ; but at last he will see the line running round the pin, and over the edge of the boat, and that will tell him where to look for his parcel."

Prank expected that Charles would miss the parcel very soon—as soon, in fact, as he had satisfied his curiosity with looking at the smoke ; but he did not. In a few minutes after the smoke had first been seen, the advance of the boat brought a chimney into view, and showed the smoke plainly issuing from the top of it ; so that that mystery was solved, and no farther attention was paid to it. Still, when Charles turned back again from looking at the smoke, and resumed his former position, he did not think of the parcel at all. There was nothing to remind him of it, and so he sat still, supposing all the time that it was safe, where he had put it, on the seat by his side.

Not long after this, as they were sailing pleasantly and prosper-





Debate on the cap question.

Various opinions.

The appeal.

ously along the pond, some of the boys began to talk together, at first in a low tone of voice, about Derry's throwing the cap across the brook, and whether he had any right to do it or not. After a time, they referred the question to Mr. Edward.

"Do you think, Uncle Edward," said Charles, "that Derry had any right to throw the cap across the brook?"

"Why, Prank gave me leave to throw it," said Derry.

"No!" said Prank, "I did not give you leave."

"Yes," said Derry, "you threw down your cap to me, and said that if you were making fools of the boys, I might throw it over."

"No!" replied Prank. "I said if it was not a real horse; and it was a real horse."

"Oh, Prank!" exclaimed Bobby, "it was not a real horse at all; it was nothing but a saw-horse."

"Well," said Prank, "a saw-horse is as real as any other kind of horse."

"But you meant a live horse," said Derry.

"That's nothing," said Prank. "I said a real horse, and it *was* a real horse. It was a real saw-horse."

Mr. Edward listened to this conversation in silence, in order that the boys might say all they had to say on the question before he began to express an opinion. In the end, however, finding that they could not agree at all among themselves, they all began to appeal to Mr. Edward; but they put the case to him in such different forms, that no one answer could possibly suit them all.

"Wasn't it a real horse?" asked Prank.

"Don't you think it was cheating the boys?" said Derry,

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Mr. Edward's opinions on the various points raised.

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“Didn't he mean a live horse?” asked Bobby.

“Derry had not any right to throw his cap away—had he, Uncle Edward?” said Charles.

“Which do you think was in the wrong, Mr. Edward?” asked Garland.

These questions were not asked one by one in order, but together and in confusion.

“I can not answer all your questions at once, boys,” said Mr. Edward. “I must answer them separately, one by one. The horse that Prank called you to see was a real horse. He did not mean to say that it was a live horse, but he meant you to understand that it was. He did not intend to cheat you. Derry had no right to throw the cap over the stream.”

The boys were silent a minute or two after Mr. Edward uttered these decisions. They scarcely knew what to think of them. In fact, they seemed contradictory to each other. Boys generally, in cases like this, consider the question at issue as a very simple one, to be answered directly by yes or no. One or the other of the parties, they imagine, must have been to blame, and the only point is to say which. They have no idea, till the subject is fully explained to them, how complicated such affairs are, and how many entirely different questions arise out of them, and what various considerations are to be taken into account in deciding the questions.

All this was, however, made pretty plain in this case to the boys in the boat by the discussion which now ensued.

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Mr. Edward commences his explanations.

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## CHAPTER V.

### A DISCUSSION.

“You said, Uncle Edward,” urged Minnie, after a moment’s pause, “that Prank meant them to believe that it was a live horse, and yet that he did not mean to cheat them.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward, “he meant to deceive them, but he did not mean to *cheat* them. To cheat means to deprive people of something that belongs to them by some art of deception. They may be deceived, but they are not cheated unless they actually lose something by the deception.”

“I don’t understand it very well,” said Minnie.

“Why, take this case for an example,” said Mr. Edward. “A man sent a counterfeit bill in a letter to a bookseller to buy a particular book. The bookseller looked at the bill, and he thought it was good. He was deceived. He then looked upon the shelves to find the book, in order to send it to the man. If he had found the book he would have sent it, and so he would have been cheated. But he could not find the book. All the copies had been sold. So he sent back the money, thinking all the time that it was a good bill. Thus, you see, he was deceived, but he escaped being cheated.

“So, you see,” continued Mr. Edward, “that though Prank deceived the boys that went up to see the horse, he did not cheat them, because he did not deprive them of any of their property or rights by what he did. He deceived them, and that’s all.”

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Jokes are sometimes innocent.

Example of this.

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“Well,” said Derry, “I think it is pretty much the same thing.”

“No,” replied Mr. Edward, “there is quite an important difference, and it is never best to call any thing by any worse name than it really deserves.”

“At any rate, he deceived them,” said Derry, “and that is just as bad. It is as bad to deceive any body as it is to cheat him.”

“Oh no!” said Mr. Edward.

“I think it is,” said Derry.

“Why, once I knew a man who deceived his own son about a horse, in almost precisely the same way that Prank deceived you. And I should like to know if you think he did any thing wrong. The man was a farmer, and the boy, who was about seventeen years old, used to saw all the wood for the family. One day his father came out into the yard, and, looking upon his boy’s saw-horse, he perceived that it was old and broken, and says he, ‘When you have finished this load of wood, I am going to get you another horse.’ He did not mean a saw-horse, though he intended that the boy should understand saw-horse. So, a few days afterward, he came into the house and told the boy to go out into the yard, and he would find his new horse there, standing by the corner of the shed. So the boy went out, and found there a handsome black pony!”

“Good!” said Prank, clapping his hands.

“You see,” continued Mr. Edward, “that the farmer had been intending to buy that pony for his boy for some time, and when he happened to see the old saw-horse, it reminded him to tell his boy about it in a way that should deceive him, and yet do him no harm, but only give him an agreeable surprise. That was an innocent

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The case of Jack Dix.

How he deceived his mother.

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joke, because it was one calculated to give pleasure, and not pain, to the person that it was played upon.

“So you see,” continued Mr. Edward, “that playing jokes upon people is not always wrong. It all depends upon this: Will the joke give pain or not to the person you play it upon? If it will give him pain, it is wrong. Nobody has a right to get pleasure for himself by giving pain or mortification to other people. If it will not give him pain, nor do any other mischief, it is right; and if it will give him pleasure, so much the better.”

“Once I knew a boy that made a fool of his mother,” said Garland, “and she was very glad.”

“How was it?” asked the other boys.

“Why, you see, he was a poor boy,” continued Garland, “and his mother was very poor, and so he went to sea. They used to call him Jack Dix. He went to sea in the ship Juno. He was fifteen years old. He was gone a good many years, so that he grew up to be a man before he came home. When he came home, he was so changed that nobody knew him. So he went to his mother, and told her that he knew her son Jack, and could tell her all about him. Finally, she asked him to stay at her house while he remained in town, so that she might ask him more about Jack. And so he did. He brought his trunk there, and had a room, and took his supper, and his mother did not find out who he was till just before bed-time. Then he told her.”

“And what did she say?” asked Charles.

“Oh! she was perfectly delighted,” replied Garland. “She was almost crazy with joy to see him home again.”

“She wondered very much,” added Garland, “that she had not

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Mr. Edward's story.

Boarding around.

The nine children.

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known him at first; and she said that if he was only as little as he was once, she would box his ears well for him for making such a fool of her. But then she only said this in fun. She did not care."

"I knew a boy too," said Mr. Edward, "who made a fool of his mother. It was when I was in college, at one of my vacations."

"Why, you are in college now, Uncle Edward!" said Minnie.

"No, not exactly," said Mr. Edward. "I am tutor now, but I mean when I was one of the students."

"Well, go on!" said Charles.

"When I was in college," resumed Mr. Edward, "I taught a school in one of my vacations, and the custom was for the teacher to 'board around,' as they called it—that is, to board at the houses of all the different families in the district, remaining at each house for such a number of days as should be in proportion to the number of children there were to go to the school."

"That was a funny way," said Prank.

"There were about sixty children in the district," continued Mr. Edward, "and the school was to be continued two months; and, as there are about sixty days in two months, it made one day for each child. Now there was one family that was rather poor, and yet there were a great many children in it."

"How many?" asked Minnie.

"Ten," said Mr. Edward; "but one was too young to go to school, and that made nine."

"Then you were to board there nine days?"

"Yes," said Mr. Edward. "It would not have answered for me not to have gone to their house, nor to have left it before the

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Tumbling up into the garret.

Smoking in bed.

Tommy.

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full time, for they would have thought, if I had done so, that it was because I despised them on account of their poverty."

"So you went?" said Minnie.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward. "I found things were not very comfortable in the house. The woman was very inefficient and indolent. I suppose that that was one reason why the family were so poor. The house was very small. There were only two rooms below, and a garret above, with a ladder leading up to it. My bed was in one of the rooms, and the man and his wife slept in the other room, while all the nine children, when bed-time came, tumbled up the ladder into the garret."

"Oh, Uncle Edward!" exclaimed Minnie; "and what did they have to sleep on up there?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Edward; "I never looked up there.

"Now the room where we had breakfast," continued Mr. Edward, "was the one where the farmer and his wife slept; and as we had to have breakfast early in order to be in season at school, and as the mornings were very cold—for it was in the coldest of the winter that all this happened—the old lady used sometimes to lie in bed till after we had had our breakfast, and had gone away to school; and, to solace and comfort herself while she was waiting, she used to smoke her pipe in bed. The pipe was a very short one, and it was kept commonly on the mantel-piece. When she was ready for it, she used to ask her boy Tommy to fill and light the pipe for her. Tommy was about ten years old.

"Now, one morning," continued Mr. Edward, "the old lady asked Tommy for her pipe, and he said, 'Yes, mother.' Tommy took down the pipe, and filled it with paper instead of tobacco,

Pipe filled with cold ashes.

Picture of the room.

Tommy's joke.

looking slyly at his brothers and sisters, and winking while he did it. When he had got it filled, he put some cold ashes on the top, and then, running across the room, he gave his mother the pipe, telling her that he was afraid he had not got fire enough in to light it, unless she puffed quick and hard.



“So his mother took the pipe, and began puffing away with great energy.



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Prank's opinion of Tommy's joke.

Minnie's opinion.

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“ ‘Quick, mother, quick!’ said Tommy. ‘Puff quick, or it will go out!’ ”

Here Prank threw his head back and laughed outright. The rest of the children laughed too.

“While she was puffing,” continued Mr. Edward, “Tommy turned round and looked at his brothers and sisters, who were standing at the fire, and winked again.

“By-and-by,” continued Mr. Edward, “she got tired of puffing, and so she told Tommy that he had not got any fire in the pipe at all, and asked him to go and get some good hot embers and put in. So Tommy went to the fire-place, and there, pouring out the cold ashes, he put in some small coals and embers, and then brought the pipe to his mother. She took it, and began to smoke. As soon, however, as the smoke came to her mouth, she perceived at once that it was not tobacco smoke, and she called out,

“ ‘Why, Tommy, what on earth is it that you have put into this pipe?’ ”

Here all the children in the boat laughed long and merrily, all except Minnie, who smiled a little, but soon became sober, and said,

“I think he ought to be ashamed of himself.”

“No,” said Prank, “I think it was a very neat trick.”

“If you mean by a neat trick,” said Mr. Edward, “that it was ingeniously contrived and adroitly carried out, then it *was* a neat trick.”

“Well, I don’t think it was right,” said Minnie.

“Nor I,” said Derry.

“I think it was right,” said Prank.

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Mr. Edward's view of the subject.

Various conjectures.

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"And so do I," said Charles.

"And the fact is," said Mr. Edward, "that you can not, any of you, judge very well whether it was right or not, because there is one thing that you don't know about it yet, and that is the very thing on which the whole question depends, whether it was right or not."

"What is that?" asked Derry.

"Guess," said Mr. Edward.

The boys all hesitated. At last one of them suggested that it might be whether the smoke of the paper tasted bad or not.

"No," said Mr. Edward, "that was not very material."

"Whether Tommy told his mother what the matter was immediately, and then filled her pipe with good tobacco?" said Charles.

"No," said Mr. Edward, "I don't think it depends upon that."

"Then, perhaps, it is upon how old Tommy was," said Prank, "and whether he was old enough to know better?"

"No," said Mr. Edward. "He was, in fact, about ten years old; but, at all events, since he was old enough to understand perfectly well what he was doing, the particular number of years is of no consequence."

"Then we don't know what it could be that it depended upon," said Minnie. "What was it, Uncle Edward?"

"Why, it depended upon this," said Mr. Edward—"upon whether Tommy's mother was such a sort of woman as that such a caper as that would amuse her and make her laugh, or whether it would displease and trouble her. If she and Tommy were accustomed to frolic with each other, and he knew that, when she came

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Tommy's mother was not displeased.

The story of Herbert and the flour.

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to understand the trick that he had played, she would not feel mortified and vexed, but would only be amused, then there was no harm in it. You see it all depends on whether your joke, or trick, or caper, or whatever it is, *gives pain* or not to the person whom you play it upon."

"Well, how was it?" asked Minnie. "What did Tommy's mother say?"

"Oh! she laughed," replied Mr. Edward. "She pulled out the paper from her pipe, and threw it on the floor, and laughed so hard that she made the bed creak. She said that Tommy was the biggest little rogue that she ever saw, and that the next time she caught him in the corner, she would tickle him half to death."

After some farther conversation in relation to this story, Vernon, who was a quiet young man, and who said usually very little when others were talking, remarked that it was sometimes rather difficult to tell beforehand whether a person whom you are going to play a trick upon would like it or not.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward, "that is very true, and that is a point to be particularly attended to. This was a case I knew. Some boys at a school determined to play a trick on one of their companions named Herbert. They put a small box full of flour on the top of a door in a wall that led from one part of their playground to another, and then contrived some way to make this boy go through. As soon as he pushed open the gate, the box fell down on his head, and covered him all over with flour. The boys only did this for fun, and they supposed that Herbert would only laugh at it. They did it once before to a boy, and he laughed with the rest. He pretended that he was a miller, and that the

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Herbert was not to blame for being displeased.

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other boys were thieves that had stolen his corn; so he got a stick, and pursued them all about the grounds, pretending that his stick was a gun, and that he was trying to shoot them. When he got a little tired and out of breath with this play, he stopped, and then all the boys helped him to brush the flour off his clothes, and so it was all well.

“But Herbert,” continued Mr. Edward, “did not take it so good-humoredly. He was very much mortified and chagrined at having had such a trick played upon him. He went away into the house, and shut himself up in his room, and was very unhappy for some time.”

“He was a very foolish boy, I think,” said Charles.

“No,” said Mr. Edward, “I don’t think he was foolish. Some persons are much more sensitive to such things than others are. I don’t think that I should like it myself to have such a trick played upon me, if I were a boy.”

“But they only did it for fun,” said Prank.

“True,” said Mr. Edward; “they did not mean to do any mischief, and so what they did was not a sin—it was only a blunder. They made a mistake—that was all. Persons who make a practice of playing jokes upon people ought to be extremely careful, and they need to have a great deal of skill and tact, or else they will be very likely to make mistakes and give pain where they only meant to give pleasure.”

“I don’t think such persons generally care much,” said Vernon, “whether they give pain or pleasure.”

“No,” said Derry, “they would rather give them pain than not. They play jokes upon people just on purpose, to plague them.”

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Freshmen and sophomores.

Trick played upon Mr. Edward.

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“That they’ve no right to do,” said Mr. Edward. “Nobody has a right to attempt to get pleasure for himself by giving other persons pain.

“For instance,” continued Mr. Edward, “when I was a freshman in college—”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Minnie.

“Why, when I was in my first year in college,” replied Mr. Edward. “They call all the students that have just entered college, and are in the lowest class, freshmen.”

“I think it is rather a funny name,” said Minnie.

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward; “and they call all those who are in the second year, sophomores. That’s a funnier name still.”

“Never mind about the names, Uncle Edward,” said Charles, “but go on with the story.”

“Well, when I was a freshman,” said Mr. Edward, resuming the story, “a sophomore came to me one very rainy day, and said that there was a parcel for me at a certain store in the village, nearly a mile from the college, which a man had brought from my father, and left there. He told me, too, that the store-keeper was a waggish sort of a man, and was going to plague me about it for a while, and not give it to me, but that I must insist upon having it.

“So I went to the place all in the rain, and asked the store-keeper for my parcel, and he said he had not got any parcel. I told him I knew that he had, and I teased him a long time. Finally, when I found that he would not give it to me, I went back to the college in great trouble and perplexity, and there one of my classmates told me that the sophomore had been making a fool of me.

“In fact,” continued Mr. Edward, “the sophomore himself was

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The true principles on which the whole question turns.

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looking out of his window when I came back, and he began to make all manner of fun of me when he saw me coming. He asked me if I had got the parcel, and whether I would not give him some of the cake and candy that was in it, and whether my mother was not good to send me such a nice present, and a thousand other such questions, to mortify and vex me, and make me feel ashamed. In fact, the whole object of the joke in that case was to make fun for himself by giving pain and shame to me; whereas the man who led the boy to think that the horse which he was going to give him was a saw-horse, made amusement out of the joke both for himself and his boy too.

“Thus, you see,” continued Mr. Edward, “that jokes played upon people may be right or they may be wrong. If they are meant to give *pleasure* to the persons that they are played upon as well as to the others, then they are right. If they are meant to give pain to those that they are played upon, then they are wrong. Nobody has a right to get pleasure for himself out of the pain and suffering of other people.”

Mr. Edward was certainly right in saying this. Every boy has a feeling of conscience within him, which tells him that amusing himself with the sufferings of others is wrong. And, besides, the law of God most plainly and positively prohibits it. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, is the law. He who spends his life in disobeying this law, beginning, while he is a boy, by teasing and tormenting those around him for his amusement, and making money, when he is a man, by some business which spreads misery and distress among his fellow-creatures, violates the voice of conscience, and defies the authority of Almighty

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A very cruel boy.

Prank finds himself quite perplexed.

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God. The time will come when he will have to render his account of these things, and will meet his doom. And the spirit is just as bad when it is shown in little things as in great. Once I knew a boy who was walking along the street, and he met a very little girl going home. He stopped, and told her she had better not go along that way, for there was a great big dog in the grass by the gate, and he would bite her. The poor child was dreadfully frightened at hearing this. She did not dare to go on. She called to her mother, but her mother did not hear her. The boy went away laughing to himself, and leaving the girl by the roadside crying bitterly.

Now this is not the spirit of heaven. It is the spirit of hell!

There was a silence in the boat for a few minutes after Mr. Edward ceased speaking. The boys were thinking of what he had said, all except Prank, who was considering whether, when Charles came to miss his parcel of pickerel lines, and to look about for them, and finally to find them hanging over the side of the boat, the joke would give him most pain or pleasure. Prank was not, by any means, an ill-natured boy. It is true that he had often played tricks upon other persons for fun, in a way to give the persons that the tricks were played upon a great deal of pain; but then he did not think, in such cases, of the pain he gave. He only thought of the fun. Now that Mr. Edward had explained the case fully to him, he saw clearly that he ought never to attempt to get pleasure for himself by giving pain to other people, and he was trying to determine now whether the joke about the fishing-lines would give Charles most pain or pleasure.

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College tricks.

Inhospitable mode of receiving new-comers.

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Before he had decided this question, however, his attention was turned from the subject a moment by some farther conversation which ensued in relation to college tricks. Charles asked his uncle whether it was generally such tricks as he had described that college students played upon each other.

“That is one kind,” said Mr. Edward. “They play tricks of that kind against the new scholars a great deal. You see the students are generally very young in the early part of college life, and though they resent very much being called boys, or being treated like boys, they are still very fond of acting like boys. Among men, new-comers are always considered entitled to special kindness and courtesy. For example, if new members were to be admitted to a scientific society, the old members would pay particular attention to them, and explain all the usages, and customs, and rules to them, in a very kind and careful manner. Any person who should attempt to deceive or make fools of them in any way, on account of their not understanding the customs of the society, would be considered a savage, and would be hooted out of the company. In the same way, when a new party of German emigrants comes to America, the Germans that were here before try all they can to help them, to find employment for them, and to explain the customs of the country to them. If any man were to endeavor to trouble and tease them by telling them false stories about the country, or sending them on false errands, he would make himself the object of the indignation and scorn of all respectable men. But the students in schools and colleges generally bring with them so much boyishness—especially the more light-hearted and frivolous portion of them—that they do not see the



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Various kinds of college tricks.

Prank forms a plan.

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thing in its true light, and, instead of thinking that new-comers should be kindly and hospitably received, according to the usages which prevail universally among gentlemen, seem to delight in teasing and tormenting them in every possible way.

“Then, besides,” said Mr. Edward, “there is another species of tricks which students in colleges play—tricks against the government of the college, or against the college itself, either in respect to the property belonging to it, or to the course of study and instruction. After all, the mischief which they do in these cases comes on their own heads.”

“How?” asked Prank.

“Tell us a story about it,” said Charles.

“Well,” said Mr. Edward, “only have not we got nearly to the place where we are to fish for the pickerel?”

“Not quite yet,” said Derry. “We have to go along a little farther till we get to the cove. You will just have time to tell us the story.”

Prank had by this time come to the conclusion that, on the whole, it was doubtful whether the anxiety which Charles would feel in finding that his fish-hooks were gone would not more than counterbalance the amusement which the joke would afford him, when he should understand it, and so he concluded to pull the parcel in again, and put it back safely in the place that he had taken it from. He intended to do this stealthily and in secret, so that no one should know that the parcel had ever been taken away.

He accordingly put his hand down by his side, and took hold of the line to which the parcel had been suspended, and began to

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The pickerel lines are lost.

Prank's consternation.

Fate of the parcel.

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pull it in; but, to his surprise, he found that there seemed to be no weight to it. He instantly looked over the side of the boat, and, behold, there was no parcel to be seen! The hook was there, safe, on the end of the line, but the parcel was gone. Prank was in perfect consternation on making this discovery.

He could not imagine how the parcel could have got off. The fact was, that, as he had been obliged to govern himself wholly by feeling in hooking it on, he missed the string, and had only hooked the hook into the paper. As, however, the hook entered through several folds of the paper, it held very well as long as the paper continued dry; but the dashing of the water along the side of the boat sprinkled it from time to time until it became wet, and then the weight of the lines broke the paper away, and the whole budget sank into the water and disappeared. As it descended slowly through the water, a pickerel, which happened to be lying in wait near the place, watching for prey, saw it, and darted at it with great fury; but, as soon as he touched it, he turned a very short corner, and shot away like an arrow, vexed and disappointed at finding that the object of his aim was not a fish. After this, the parcel continued its descent without any farther interruption till it reached the bottom of the pond, and there it lies to the present day.

All this had taken place while Derry was asking Mr. Edward to tell them another story, and Mr. Edward was considering what to reply; and now, before Prank had time to think whether it would be best to tell Charles that his pickerel lines were lost, Mr. Edward began the story.

“The story which I am about to tell you,” said Mr. Edward, “is one which I call the story of the ‘Belfry Trap-door.’”

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Mr. Edward begins a new story.

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“Is it a true story?” asked Minnie.

Mr. Edward had been accustomed to tell Minnie and Charles a great many stories which he made up for their amusement and instruction, and whenever any of the stories which he told them were true, they always wished to know it.

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward, “it is substantially true. I shall alter the names and some of the circumstances, but it is substantially true as I shall tell it.”

But it will be better to put the story of the “Belfry Trap-door” in a chapter by itself.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE STORY OF THE BELFRY TRAP-DOOR.

“THE first year that I was tutor in the college,” said Mr. Edward, beginning his story, “I used to sit up pretty late at night sometimes, to study my lessons.”

Some of the company seemed quite surprised to hear this. They said that they did not suppose that the tutors in colleges had to study any lessons.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Edward, “the tutors often study more diligently than the students. You see we are ambitious to have our young men well educated, so as to be successful in future life, and to do honor to the college and to us. We know, too, that the success of the young men in their studies, during the later years of college life, depends upon their understanding well all that they go over in the earlier years. That makes us very anxious to have

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Motive of parents in desiring an education for their sons.

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every thing go right at the beginning. Then we know that their prosperity and welfare, and the degree of estimation in which they will be held among men when they come out into the world, will depend very much upon the accuracy and completeness of their scholarship. So we take great pains to study the lessons ourselves, in order to be sure that we understand every thing very thoroughly, and that we shall be prepared to explain any difficulties there may be in them.

“Besides, there is another thing which has a great influence upon our minds,” continued Mr. Edward. “A great many of the fathers and mothers who send their sons to college find it quite difficult to procure money to pay the expense. They are very anxious to have their sons well educated, knowing well that their comfort and happiness in life, and the consideration and influence which they will enjoy among men, will be greatly enhanced by it.”

“What is *enhanced*?” asked Minnie.

“Increased,” replied Mr. Edward; “made greater. The better educated a man is, the higher he stands in the estimation of the community. For instance, a civil engineer, who knows how to plan and construct a rail-road, if he has no property except the income from his profession, will sometimes stand as high, and be as much esteemed among men, as others who are quite rich, and live in elegant houses. There are a great many cases where knowledge of arts and sciences, or professional eminence, goes as far to give some men a high standing in society, as hundreds of thousands of dollars in money does with others who have no such attainments.

“Thus,” continued Mr. Edward, “all parents are very anxious to give their children as good an education as possible. It answers

Thornton's case.

His mother a widow.

Her plans for him.

for them in the place of a fortune, and is a great deal more easily got. The boy can help to get it himself.

“For instance, there was this very Thornton that I am going to tell you about in this story. His mother was a widow. Her husband had died when George was only five years old. After her husband died, Mrs. Thornton's whole soul was bound up in her boy. She wished very much to have him become a man of consideration and influence in society, and she determined to be as diligent as she possibly could be to earn money, and as careful and economical in saving it, so as to lay by sufficient to pay for her son's education when he should grow up to be large enough to go to college.

“‘You must go to school and learn, George,’ she used to say, ‘and I will stay at home and work. I will lay up all the money in the Savings' Bank till you get big enough to go to college. At college they have provided every thing necessary to make you a very learned and accomplished man. There are telescopes and quadrants to study the stars with, and philosophical apparatus for experiments, and a great library of useful books, and professors and tutors to teach you all that you wish to learn, and convenient and excellent buildings to study and lodge in. We can have the use of almost all those things for nothing. They were given by the founders of the college for the benefit of just such boys as you. All that I have got to do is to earn money enough for your clothes and your board, and for your share of the amount necessary to pay the professors for teaching you. It will require a great deal, I know, for that, but if you will be prudent and careful about your expenses, I can get enough, I think; and if I find you are diligent

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Oakes.

His father a governor.

His father's interest in the college.

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in your studies, and are learning well, I will do any thing in the world that is honest and right to earn and save the money.'

"So Mrs. Thornton was very diligent and industrious, and earned all the money that she could. She laid up all that she earned, too, very carefully; and, in due time, when George was of the proper age, she sent him to college.

"George, however, did not take much interest in his studies. He liked play much better; and in the first and second years of his college life he fell into some bad company. There was one young man, in particular, that he associated with a great deal. This young man's name was Oakes. He was a son of the governor of the state. The governor was a very particular friend of the college, and had done a great deal to make it grow and prosper. One year he gave a considerable sum of money to buy books for the library, and another he gave more money to buy some new philosophical apparatus. He hoped that his son, when he entered, would be so studious and faithful, and would become so good a scholar, as to do great credit to himself and to his father. 'My son,' says he, 'I have been at work many years endeavoring to build up that college. Now, if you are attentive to your studies there, and faithful in all your duties, and help in every way you can to make things go smoothly and well, then you will be aiding me in my efforts—you will be working with me, and the good results that will come will be owing, in part, to your influence in carrying out what I have begun. But if, on the other hand, you are idle and negligent, or if you join the unprincipled young men in hindering the professors in their teachings, then you will work against me, and will undo, in a great measure, what I have done.'

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Oakes's character and conduct.

The leveling instrument.

The lantern.

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“Notwithstanding this, Oakes, when he got into college, was very idle and negligent, and did a great deal of harm. Instead of attending properly to his studies, he idled his time away in every way. His great delight was to disguise himself like a farmer's boy, and go off alone into solitary places a gunning, as seen in the following engraving, or on fishing excursions on the banks of the streams. It was a violation of the college laws for the students to go away in this manner in study hours, but Oakes thought little of the laws, provided he could escape from study. He made a great deal of trouble, too, by the tricks and mischief which he devised in college, and by enticing other young men to join him in his irregular and unlawful pleasures.

“But now for the story. My class, at the time I am speaking of, were studying what is called leveling, and I was so much engaged in examining the instrument, that one night I sat up till nearly midnight, adjusting some of the glasses, so as to have every thing in perfect order the next morning for the class. The class was to recite immediately after morning prayers. There was a chapel on the college grounds, where the students all came together early every morning for prayers. The bell was rung at five for them to wake up, and then again at six for them to go to the chapel to prayers. After prayers, the several sections of the classes would go to the various recitation-rooms to recite, and after that go to breakfast.

“Well, I got my instrument all in order about twelve o'clock, and then, in order to finish my preparation fully, I thought I would carry it into my recitation-room that night, and thus have it all ready for the morning. So I took the instrument in one hand, and

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Oakes going a gunning in the woods.

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a little japanned lantern that I had in the other, and went out of my room down the stairs.

“When I came down to the door of the building that my room



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Mr. Edward goes across the college yard.

His light goes out.

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was in, I passed out into the college yard, and was just entering a shady walk, bordered with trees and shrubbery, when suddenly my lamp began to burn dim. I supposed that the wick wanted picking up; so I opened the door of the lantern to see, when a little gust of wind suddenly blew the light out. I did not pay much regard to this, however, as it was a bright, starlight night, and I knew that there were some matches in my recitation-room.

“So I went on,” continued Mr. Edward, “and passed through a small gate which led to the building where my recitation-room was. I was going along the walk, between two rows of shrubbery, toward the door, when I thought I heard footsteps and suppressed voices round the corner of the building. I listened a moment, and all was still. I looked about me over the college yard, and at the various buildings. All was dark and still. There was no light to be seen except the stars in the sky, and one faint gleam in one of the chamber windows at the president’s house, where a child was sick.

“Just at this time the college clock struck one.

“I supposed that I had been deceived in the sounds that I heard, and so I went on. I groped my way into my recitation-room, and put the instrument on the table which stood before my chair. Then I opened the drawer of the table, and took out some matches. I struck a light. I touched the match to the wick, and then, while waiting for the wick to get a burning, I turned round and looked out at the window behind my chair. My attention was immediately attracted to a sight that astonished me. At a short distance from me, just across a small green plot of ground, I saw a ladder slowly rising into the air against the side of the chapel, and,

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He makes an extraordinary discovery.

The students and the ladder.

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on looking attentively, I could just make out the figures of two students, who stood below in a sort of corner formed by the tower of the chapel and the side of the building. The place was shaded not only by the walls of the building, but also by the trees and shrubbery which grew near, so that the forms of the students were in deep shadow.

“I immediately turned round, so as to hold the lantern behind me, and then pushed down the slide, which formed the front of it, so as to conceal the light. I then went, with the lantern in my hand, to the door. I opened the door a little way, and looked out, holding the lantern all the time behind me, so as to prevent the possibility of any light from the crevices of it being seen. I here had a much better view of what the students were doing. One of them was now, as I could plainly discern, half way up the ladder. The other was holding the ladder steady below. I stood still and watched them.

“Presently, the student who was going up reached the top of the ladder. There was a small window there which led into the library. I knew that this window was always kept fastened, and so I supposed that the rogue would not be able to open it. But I was mistaken. He raised the sash without any difficulty, and crept in. Then he turned round, and held the top of the ladder steady while the other student came up. I observed that this other young man had a long bar of wood in his hand. I knew, of course, that they were engaged in some scheme of mischief.”

“Yes,” said Prank, “that is plain enough; but I should like to know how they got that window open.”

“Oh, I found out all about that afterward,” replied Mr. Edward.

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How they got the window open.

Prank is somewhat surprised.

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“You see, the window was usually fastened by a nail that was put into a hole in the casing, over the top of the lower sash.”

“Yes,” said Derry, “I’ve seen windows fastened that way.”

“Now the way they got the window up,” continued Mr. Edward, “was this: One afternoon, when the library was open, and all the students were in there getting their books, and the librarian was busy at the table making the charges, they pulled out the nail from the window, and put in a *piece* of a nail, which they had provided for the purpose, instead. The piece which they put in was only the upper half of the nail, and they inserted the broken end into the hole a very little way. Thus, you see, it looked all right, just as if the whole nail was in; and yet, the moment any one should attempt to lift up the sash, the piece would drop out, and allow the sash to rise.”

“Yes,” said Charles, “they did it just as—”

Here Charles suddenly interrupted himself. What he had been going to say was, “just as Prank had put up his broken nails in the school-house wall;” but he checked himself, not knowing whether Prank would like to have his trick alluded to in that company.

“How did you find out that that was the way they did it?” asked Charles.

“Oh! they told me about it afterward,” replied Mr. Edward.

“They told you!” repeated Prank, very much surprised. “How came they to tell you?”

“Oh! you will hear by-and-by,” replied Mr. Edward, “when I get on a little farther with the story.”

“Well! go on, then, sir,” said Charles.

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Mr. Edward confronts the mischief-makers.

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“When the second student reached the top of the ladder,” continued Mr. Edward, “he handed the bar to the other one, and he took it in at the window, and then he got in himself. They then shut down the window and disappeared.

“I immediately came out of the door where I had been standing, and went softly round by the walk which led to the foot of the ladder. At first I thought I would follow the rogues up the ladder; but I concluded finally that it would be better to wait till they came down. So I stepped back among the shrubbery near the corner of the tower, to a place where I was fully concealed from view, and, holding the lantern still behind me, I waited and listened. I waited about a quarter of an hour.

“At length I heard a movement again at the window above. They were lifting up the sash again. Presently they climbed out one after another upon the ladder, and began to come down. I waited until they reached the ground, and then I suddenly slipped up the shutter of my lantern, and held it out toward them, so that the light shone directly upon their faces. I saw that it was Oakes and Thornton.”

“And then did you grab ’em?” said Prank, eagerly.

“Oh no,” said Mr. Edward, smiling; “it is not the custom for college officers to grab the students in such cases.”

“Well, what did you do?” asked Charles; “or what did you say?”

“Oh! I just pronounced their names, as if merely accosting them, but without having any thing that I wished to say to them. ‘Oakes,’ said I, ‘I believe,’ and then ‘Thornton.’ They said nothing in reply, but hung their heads and walked away.”

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The kind of punishment which they had to fear.

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“Did they walk?” said Prank. “I should have run—just as fast as I could clip it.”

“It would have done no good to run,” said Mr. Edward. “They knew very well that I should not attempt to catch them.”

“Why not?” asked Prank.

“Why, what good would it have done to catch them?”

“Why, you would have given them a good whipping,” said Prank.

“Ah! that is not the kind of punishment for young men at college,” replied Mr. Edward. “The punishment that they were afraid of was being accused to the government the next day, when I should have found out the roguery that they had perpetrated, and then of being sent away from college in disgrace. Thornton knew, of course, that this would almost break his mother’s heart. And Oakes would have dreaded such a punishment exceedingly. It is a great disgrace to be expelled from a college. It takes a young man generally a great many years to recover from it.

“I presume, in fact,” continued Mr. Edward, “that they would both have been very glad to have had me take a stick and give them a good whipping, provided they could have got off with that.

“They walked along slowly till they came to a place where there was a gate. There they stopped, and began to talk together in a low tone—waiting, apparently, for me to come. After remaining at the foot of the ladder a minute or two longer, considering what it would be best for me to do, I followed them. When I came to the gate, they seemed to wish to speak to me. As they did not actually speak, however, I was passing on, when Oakes at length addressed me, saying,

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The young men are overwhelmed with confusion.

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“‘Mr. Edward !’

“‘I stopped, and looked at him a moment, waiting to hear what he had to say.

“‘Have you any thing to say to me?’ I asked.

“‘They both hung their heads, and looked very much confused ; they evidently wished to speak to me, but did not know how to begin.

“‘I suppose you have been doing some mischief or other in the chapel,’ said I, ‘and in the morning I presume I shall know what it is. I shall do nothing about it to-night. You can take the ladder away, or leave it there, just as you please.’

“‘So saying, I walked away, leaving them as much perplexed and distressed as ever.

“‘I went up to my room. I lighted my lamp, and, after sitting in my chair a few minutes, thinking of what had occurred, I rose, and began to make preparations for going to bed, when I heard footsteps on the stairs. Presently I heard a gentle knocking at the door.

“‘I said, ‘Come in !’

“‘The door opened, and Oakes and Thornton came in. I asked them to take seats. They did so, and they sat for a minute or two in silence, seeming not to know what to say.

“‘At last Oakes began by saying, in a trembling voice,

“‘We came to ask you, sir, what you think we had better do.’

“‘Well,’ said I, in reply, ‘I am very glad you came to see me. But, before I can judge well in respect to the case, you must let me know something about it. Are you willing to tell me what you have been doing in the library ?’

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Nature of their plot.

Description of a belfry.

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“ ‘We did not do any thing in the library,’ said Thornton ; ‘ it was in the belfry. We pulled the bell-rope up to the bell-deck, and then fastened down the trap-door.’ ”

“ What did they do that for ? ” asked Minnie.

“ So as to prevent the bell-ringer from ringing the bell for prayers and recitations next morning,” replied Mr. Edward. “ You know a bell is rung by means of a rope. The reason of this is, that a bell, in order to be heard well, must be placed high, so that the sound shall go out over all the country around. It will not answer, however, to put it on the roof of the building, for an ordinary roof is not strong enough for it. The ringing of a heavy bell on a common roof would soon rack the frame-work to pieces. So they build up a separate work from the ground, like a tower, and make it very strong. They build a very strong floor, too, on the top, for the bell to rest upon. This is called the bell-deck.

“ Now the place where the bell is mounted on the bell-deck,” continued Mr. Edward, “ must be covered over above, and open all around. It must be open all around, so as to allow the sound of the bell to go out freely ; and it must be covered over above, to keep the rain, and the ice, and snow from the frame.”

“ What frame ? ” asked Charles.

“ Why, the frame that the bell is set in. The bell is mounted on pivots, so that it will turn over and over, and these pivots are set in a very strong frame. The frame must be made very strong indeed, or the motion of such a monstrous weight going over and over would rack it all to pieces. In fact, they now generally make the frame of iron. Of course, this frame, whether made of wood or iron, must be protected from the weather, and the wheel too.”

The bell.

The wheel.

The bell-rope.

The deck.

“Is there a wheel?” asked Minnie.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Edward. “There is a large wheel attached to the bell—as large, often, as a cart-wheel. It is very much like a cart-wheel, in fact, only instead of being flat on the edge like a cart-wheel, it has a groove all around it on the outside of the rim. There is a rope to go round the wheel on this groove. One end of the rope is fastened securely into the wheel, and then, after passing once round, the other end of the rope is carried down through a small hole in the bell-deck, and afterward through other small holes in all the floors below, down to the lower story. Now the wheel above is fastened to the bell in such a manner that when the wheel turns the bell must turn too, and so, when the bell-ringer below pulls the rope, and then lets it go again, he causes the wheel to turn first one way and then the other, and so swings the bell to and fro, and makes it ring.”

“Is that the way?” asked Minnie. “I never understood how such bells were rung before.”

“I knew,” said Charles. “I have been up in the belfry of the church, and have seen the rope, and the wheel, and every thing.”

“Well, as I was saying,” continued Mr. Edward, “the frame and the wheel must be protected from the weather, and this requires a roof over the bell-deck. Now this roof is necessarily quite conspicuous, and so it is customary to ornament it. Sometimes it is rounded in form, and low, and then it is called a cupola, and sometimes it is tall and pointed, and then it is called a spire. The whole is called a steeple.”

“Then the whole steeple is for the sake of the bell?” said Charles.



Picture of a plain and simple belfry.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Edward; “or, rather, the whole steeple has its origin in the bell. A steeple, philosophically defined, is a tower attached to a church, for the purpose of sustaining a bell at a high elevation, and crowned with a roof, either rounded or pointed, to protect the bell and its frame-work from the rain.”

In this engraving you see a picture of a steeple in the simplest



form, and it accordingly very well illustrates what Mr. Edward said. There is the square tower, built up high enough just to raise the bell above the buildings around it, and then a very plain and simple roof is constructed above, to protect the bell itself and the frame, and also the deck on which the bell is mounted, from the weather.

This is probably the way that steeples were first made. After-

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The explanation given by the students.

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ward, as the wealth and taste of the community improved, the churches were built in more rich and ornamental styles of architecture, and then elegant cupolas were constructed over the top of the tower, or tall spires were carried up high into the air.

“And now,” said Derry, “please to go on with the story.”

“Let me see,” rejoined Mr. Edward; “where did I leave off? Oh, I remember; it was about what Oakes and Thornton were saying. They told me that they had drawn the rope up through the hole to the bell-deck, and that they had fastened down the trap-door. You see, the opening to the bell-deck from below was closed by what they call a trap-door—that is, a kind of scuttle-door, which shut down over it tight. It was necessary to have the opening in the deck closed in this manner, or else the rain that should drive in upon the bell-deck would come down below.”

“But you said there was a roof over the bell-deck,” said Minnie, “to keep the rain out.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward, “I said that there was a roof over it, but I also said that it was open all around at the sides, to allow the sound of the bell to go out. Of course, in great storms, some rain would drive in upon the bell-deck. The sides of the belfry are not left entirely open, however. The openings are usually closed by some sort of blinds or lattice-work, so arranged as to keep out a considerable portion of the rain and snow, and yet not impede the sound. These blinds, of course, admit some rain and snow, especially in great storms. It is necessary, therefore, to have the deck made very tight, and also to have the opening by which you come up from below closed by a trap-door.”

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Mr. Edward is himself perplexed.

None of the party know what to do.

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“Yes,” said Minnie, “now I understand.”

“Well, Oakes and Thornton,” continued Mr. Edward, “had shut down the trap-door after they had drawn up the rope, and fastened it. As soon as they told me that, I said to them that the first thing was, I thought, for them to go up and unfasten the door, and let the rope down again.

“‘I don’t know how we can unfasten the door,’ said they.

“Why, how did you fasten it?” said I.

“Then they told me that they had taken up a long bar of wood—the same that I had seen them carrying up the ladder—and had tied one end of it to the under side of a beam in the roof, directly over the trap-door, in such a manner that, when they came down and shut the door, the lower end of the bar should swing right over the middle of the door, and prevent the possibility of getting it up again.

“When they had explained this to me, I was very much perplexed. I did not see any possible way of getting at the rope in season for ringing the bell the next morning.

“After pausing a little time, and revolving the subject in my mind, I told them that I was very sorry, for the failure of the bell to ring the next morning would make a great deal of trouble.”

“What trouble?” asked Derry.

Mr. Edward was prevented from answering this question by a circumstance which occurred just after Derry asked it, which occasioned a sudden interruption to the conversation, and diverted the minds of the company to another topic. The nature of this interruption will be explained in the next chapter.

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The boat goes on.

The cove.

Ducks among the bulrushes.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## THE INTERRUPTION.

WHILE Mr. Edward had been engaged in narrating the story of the Belfry Trap-door, as is related in the last chapter, the boat had been gliding smoothly and pleasantly through the water, impelled by the paddle, until now it began to enter the cove where it had been proposed to fish for pickerel. At the entrance to the

cove the boat passed by a place where three wild ducks were swimming among the flags and bulrushes. These ducks would have been spied by the boys had it not been that, as soon as they saw the boat coming, they paddled off as fast as possible in among the flags to



a place where they were wholly concealed. Besides, the boys were too busy looking for fish to observe them.

Charles, in particular, who was specially interested in the fishing, looked constantly down, watching for the first indication of the shoaling of the water, and, when he began to see the bottom,

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Pickerel seen.

Calls to stop the boat.

The lines are missing.

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he explored with his eyes very carefully all the holes, and corners, and secluded depths which he could see among the stones, rocks, and logs that lay there, until at length, just as Derry asked the question with which the last chapter closes, he exclaimed suddenly, in a tone of great excitement,

“Hush! Stop the boat! quick! quick! Here’s a pickerel!”

“Yes, yes,” said Derry, “I see. Stop the boat!”

Garland, who had the paddle, immediately backed water with it and stopped the boat. He could not, however, stop it instantaneously. It glided on a few feet before it came to a state of rest, and this brought the log, by the side of which Charles had seen the pickerel, under the stern, near where Mr. Edward was sitting.

“Look, Uncle Edward!” said Charles. “Look and see if you can see him, while I get out a line. Look!”

“Where is he?” said Mr. Edward, looking down at the same time over the edge of the boat into the water.

“Right down by the side of that log,” answered Charles. “I saw him perfectly plain. He is a monster. Where are my lines?”

Prank felt his heart beating with very violent palpitations as Charles asked this question, but he said nothing. He was afraid to confess that he had lost the lines. He had been at first half inclined to confess it, but the influence of Mr. Edward’s story had tended rather to alarm him in respect to the guilt and danger of playing tricks and doing mischief, and now he did not dare to say a word.

“Where are my lines?” repeated Charles, in a loud and excited voice.

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Great searchings and many inquiries for the lines.

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“What can have become of my lines?” he repeated, looking at the same time all about him. He looked on the seat and under it, before it and behind it. He looked in his pail, and felt in his pockets.

“Where *can* my lines have gone to?” said he again. “Prank, have you seen them any where?”

“No,” said Prank, “I have not seen them this long time. They were lying down on the seat beside you, I believe, when we first came on board.”

Prank’s voice trembled a little as he said this, but he attempted to disguise and conceal his emotion by looking over the side of the boat, and pretending that he was watching for pickerel in the water. In fact, nearly all the other boys were really watching for fish, so that there was nothing very surprising in Prank’s appearing to do so.

All this time Mr. Edward and Vernon, who had been sitting together near the stern of the boat, had been quietly conversing on some indifferent topic, neither of them being much interested in the pickerel. They enjoyed the excursion—the sail in the boat, the view of the shores of the pond, and the conversation with the boys—but they cared very little about the fishing.

“Can’t you find your lines?” asked Mr. Edward, at last, when he came to the end of his conversation with Vernon.

“No,” said Charles; “and it is the strangest thing in the world what has become of them.”

“Whenever any thing is lost,” said Mr. Edward, quietly, “it is always the strangest thing in the world, I have observed, what has become of it.”

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Various conjectures, but no certainty.

Prank suspected.

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“But it really is,” said Charles, looking up to his uncle with a very eager and excited expression of countenance.

“I presume you left them on the bank where you caught the minnows.”

“No,” said Charles, “I brought them on board this boat, and put them down *there*.”

So saying, he put his hand down on the thwart by his side in a very energetic manner, as if to designate very distinctly and positively to Mr. Edward the precise spot where he had put the parcel.

“It was right *here*,” said he, “between me and Prank.”

“Well,” said Mr. Edward, “what’s to be done? They don’t seem to be there now, and here’s this great pickerel waiting to be caught. You’d better find them soon, if you can, for I could not conscientiously advise the pickerel to wait for you much longer.”

As Mr. Edward said this with a lurking smile on his face, Charles began to suspect that he had taken the lines himself, to hide them away, for a joke.

“You know where they are, I verily believe,” said he, “Uncle Edward. You’ve hid them to make fun.”

“No,” said Mr. Edward, “I never try to make fun in any such ways as that.”

Charles knew very well that this was true.

“Then Prank has done it, I am sure. Prank, you’ve hid those lines, I know. It would be just like one of your capers. Tell me where they are.”

“I don’t know where they are,” said Prank; “I positively do not. The last that I saw of them they were lying on the seat here between you and me.”

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Charles is very positive about the lines.

Mr. Edward is very incredulous.

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What Prank said was literally true, though in meaning and intent it was false. He had not *seen* the parcel, for he had hung it over the side of the boat by feeling; and he did not know where it was at the time that Charles asked him. It was somewhere in the pond, he had no doubt, but he did not know exactly where.

By this time the attention of all the boys in the boat had been attracted to the subject of the lost lines, and a thorough search was made every where, but they were not to be found.

"I presume," said Mr. Edward, "that you left the parcel on the bank."

"No," said Charles, "I am perfectly *sure* that I brought it into the boat, and that I put it on the seat *here* between me and Prank."

"Boys think they are sure sometimes when they are not," replied Mr. Edward.

"But I am really sure," said Charles.

"Do you remember," said Mr. Edward, "the other day you said you were perfectly sure that you had given me back my knife—perfectly sure—and yet I afterward went out and found it on the steps where you had been cutting with it?"

Charles looked a little confused at having this reminiscence brought up, but he still insisted that he was sure now about the lines.

"Besides," said he, "Prank saw it here—didn't you, Prank?"

Prank felt quite relieved at hearing Mr. Edward maintain that the parcel had probably been left behind on the shore, as such a supposition tended very materially to direct the suspicion from him. He was unwilling to say any thing which would be likely



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Difference between falsehood and prevarication.

Various plans proposed.

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to dispel this idea, and, on the other hand, he was not willing to tell a falsehood to sustain it; so he said, in reply to Charles's question,

“I *thought* I saw it there, but I should not like to say that I was certain.”

He was really certain, but as it was true that he did not like to say that he was certain, he comforted himself with thinking that what he thus said was not a falsehood.

It was not a falsehood. It was what is called a subterfuge or a prevarication.

Prevarication and subterfuge are not so bad as falsehood, though they come next to it.

Prank managed very ingeniously and adroitly in answering as he did, but he would have managed much more wisely if he had honestly and openly told the whole truth.

The company in the boat remained a quarter of an hour in the cove, wishing that they could find the fishing-lines, or that they had some others, and trying to devise some ways and means to catch the pickerel which they could see all this time lurking near the bottom. They tried the small lines, but these were of no use. They thought of landing the party on the shore, and then sending one or two boys back in the boat for some lines; but they found, on making a calculation, that there would not be time. So the hope of catching pickerel on that excursion was at length abandoned, and the party set out on their return.

As soon as they had got under way, and the excitement produced by their disappointment had in some measure subsided,

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Evil consequences of the college trick.

Loss of a day.

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they called upon Mr. Edward to finish his story. He accordingly resumed the narrative as follows.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### REASONINGS AND CALCULATIONS.

“You asked me,” said Mr. Edward, “what trouble it would make in the college not to have the bell rung the next morning. The trouble would be, that it would throw all the affairs of the college, for that morning, into complete confusion. The students, not hearing any bell, would not get up and come to prayers—or, at least, a great many would not. It would be the same with the recitations. Some would really not know when it was time for the recitations to begin; others would pretend not to know, and so would remain in their rooms. Thus the classes would be but half full, and the attention, even, of those students who were there, would be so taken up by the disorder, and the cause of it, that they would probably give very little heed to the lesson, and the morning would be almost wholly lost.

“In fact,” continued Mr. Edward, “pretty much the whole day would be lost, for the minds of the students would be occupied nearly all the time with the various discussions which would arise out of the affair, and with watching the operations of the carpenters in getting the trap-door open. Then the time and attention of the officers would be taken up with the case. They would feel a great deal of mortification and chagrin in finding that there were any pupils who not only did not wish to learn themselves,

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Estimate of the pecuniary damage.

Double loss.

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but were desirous of hindering the studies of others. They would be discouraged, and lose their interest, in some measure, in their work ; for there is no pleasure in teaching those who have no desire to learn. Then they would be obliged, too, to leave their proper work, and spend some hours during the day in consulting together to know what was to be done to discover and punish the perpetrators of the mischief. On the whole, the trick, if it had been successful, would have pretty nearly spoiled one day of college duty, and that would have done a damage to the college of about a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars ?" repeated Prank.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward. "I think the annual expense of maintaining the college in operation, including the interest on the capital invested in buildings, books, and apparatus, the salaries of the professors, and all other items, could not be less than forty thousand dollars. Now, as there are only about forty weeks of term time, this sum makes a thousand dollars per week, which is considerably more than a hundred dollars per day. It is more than a hundred and fifty dollars, in fact. So that, by interrupting the course of study in such a college for one day, we may safely calculate that an expenditure of certainly not less than a hundred dollars is rendered useless.

"But this is not the worst of it," continued Mr. Edward, "even in respect to the pecuniary loss. The damage would be still greater to the students than it would be to the college. You see, there were in the college at that time about a hundred and fifty students. The expenses of these students, while in college, could not be less, on the average, than four hundred dollars a year, including every

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Oakes and Thornton did not know what mischief they were doing.

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thing. That sum, multiplied by a hundred and fifty, gives *sixty thousand* dollars. Now sixty thousand a year is one thousand five hundred dollars a week, reckoning forty weeks to the year, and this makes two hundred and more for each day. Thus the whole body of students were paying for board, books, traveling expenses, wood, and other things, exclusive of the professors' salaries, and use of the college property, not less than two hundred dollars a day, and, of course, by spoiling one day's work, these rogues would do damage to them to that amount."

The boys uttered various exclamations of astonishment at hearing this result of the calculation. They had no idea that the evil consequences of such a trick could really be so great.

"I have no idea," said Mr. Edward, continuing his account, "that Oakes and Thornton saw the subject in this light. They only looked upon it as a plan for making a laugh among the students, and teasing the officers. This last, however, was a very bad thing. In order that teachers and pupils should get on well in their work, it is very necessary that they should feel, mutually, a kind regard for each other. The teachers must like the pupils, and the pupils the teachers, or else progress in learning will be very slow work. He, therefore, who does any thing to disturb the harmony that exists between them, is doing a great damage.

"In fact," continued Mr. Edward, "the practice of playing tricks always tends to make people distrustful and suspicious of each other, and thus a great deal of happiness is destroyed."

"Yes," said Charles, "I remember a boy named Moses, who was playing with us at a place where we had a see-saw. Some men were sawing some planks, and we got one of the planks and

The see-saw party.

Moses plays a trick on the boys.

put it across a great log, and began to see-saw on it. Moses got on it at one time, and when the other boy was up high in the air, he jumped off, and let him fall. He did it for fun, but it hurt the other boy considerably. After that, none of the other boys would see-saw with Moses at all. He promised that he would not do so again, but they would not believe him."



Here is a picture illustrating the incident which Charles related. The sawyers are at work in the background. One of them is upon the frame, and the other is below in the pit. There is a pile of planks standing up on end by the side of the frame. Two boys are on the see-saw—one is up in the air. He has no fear. He holds his hands up in the air, showing that he confides fully in the boy at the other end of the plank, that he will not jump off. There are four other boys together in the foreground, on the left. Three are sitting on the ground. The one who is standing up is Moses. He is trying to persuade them that if they

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The boys will not trust him again.

Garland.

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will see-saw with him, he will not jump off again. But they are afraid to trust him.

“I would not have trusted him if I had been they,” said Mr. Edward. “And such distrust and suspicion is bad enough among boys at play, but in college it is worse. You see, what the students are at college for is to learn. What they want to do is to make good progress in their studies, so as to become prominent and prosperous men in future life. The founders of the college have taken a great deal of pains, and expended a great deal of money in erecting buildings, and in buying apparatus and books, and the Legislature have spent time in maturing and enacting a charter, and the board of trustees meet every year to choose professors, and all for the benefit of the students—in order that they may become learned and accomplished men, and get their livings more easily, and make fortunes quicker. Then, when all this has thus been done for them, the students themselves try to prevent the good from being accomplished by blocking the wheels, and making all manner of obstructions in the working of the system.”

“They do not all do so, do they?” said Charles.

“Oh no!” replied Mr. Edward; “very few. It is, in general, only a few, and those of the idle and shiftless class, that are never like to come to much good themselves, who do such things. The rest can not help it very well, and they do not try much to help it. In fact, I do not believe that they generally understand how much injury these things do to their own interests.”

All this time, Garland, the boy who was paddling, went on regularly with his work of propelling the boat through the water, listening very attentively all the while to the story, but taking no part

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Garland begins a story about a whaleman.

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in the conversation. He had never heard much of college life before, being a plain farmer's boy, and having never been at any institution of learning higher than a common school. He was very much interested in the calculations which Mr. Edward made, to show how much damage these tricks were the means of doing; and at one time, when Mr. Edward finished one of his sentences, Garland seemed on the point of speaking, but was interrupted by a remark made by another boy. As soon, therefore, as there was another pause, Mr. Edward asked him if he did not have something to say a few minutes before.

"Yes," said he. "It reminds me of a fellow I knew once who went on a whaling voyage. They call him Joe Sousim. That is not his real name, and I don't know what his real name is. I expect that the Joe is right for a part of it. The way he got the name of Sousim was this.

"He went on a whaling voyage. Well, you see that on a whaling voyage the men are not paid so much a day, but they all have, instead of wages, a certain share of the money which they get for the oil they make during the voyage. As soon as they get the ship full of oil, they go home and sell the oil, and the money is divided among the owners and the crew. The owners have their share for the ship and the stores, and the officers and crew have their share for catching the whales. So all the seamen are anxious to have as good a voyage as they can. They want to get to the fishing-ground as quick as possible, and to catch as many whales as they can.

"Well, Joe," continued Garland, "went on a whaling voyage once, and as he was always a great hand for tricks and roguery

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Joe's tricks at sea.

The compass falsified.

The line cut.

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when he was at home, he thought he would try and play some tricks at sea. So one day he got a piece of iron, and placed it under a compass in such a way as to draw the needle out of true, and make the helmsman steer wrong. The helmsman steered wrong a whole day, and when the captain came to make his observation, he found that the ship was all out of her course. Joe did the same thing the second day, and then he told some of the other seamen of it. He took them to one side, and told them of his joke, and how he had got the ship as much as two hundred miles out of her reckoning by it, and that the captain could not tell what the matter was. He laughed very heartily as he told it, and expected that the other men would laugh too."

"And did they?" asked Prank.

"No," replied Garland, "they were dreadfully angry. They declared that they would go and report him to the captain, and that, if he ever did such a thing again, they would throw him overboard.

"Another day," continued Garland, "when they saw a whale, and were just going to harpoon him, Joe contrived to cut the harpoon-line in two, in the lower part of the coil, as it lay in the boat, leaving the rest of the coil just as it was, so as to make it appear as if the line was whole. Then, when the men came up to the whale in the boat, and harpooned him, and the line began to run out all right, and they thought they were sure of him, all at once they came to the cut in the rope, and then away went rope, harpoon, whale, and all. The men in the boat were perfectly confounded when they saw this, and they did not find out who did it till they got back to the ship, and there they found Joe standing on



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View which his fellow-whalemen took of his jokes.

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the fore-castle, and laughing at them as they came alongside. The men were so angry with him for spoiling their voyage in this way, that they determined to duck him. They asked the captain to give them permission. The captain said that he should not allow them to duck him on any account—not if he saw them do it; but he said he was going below for an hour or two, and did not expect to see what was done on deck. So the men took this for a hint, and they caught Joe, and put a rope round his waist, and let him down from the yard-arm to within a foot or two of the water, so that every roll of the ship doused him under. They kept him there for half an hour, and when they took him in he was almost drowned.”

“They served him right, I think,” said Prank.

“He deserved some punishment, I think myself,” said Mr. Edward, “and the men put it upon him because they had sense enough to see that his tricks and capers were interfering with the success of their voyage. But college students—a great many of them, at least—do not seem to have so much sense. When any idle fellows play tricks and cut capers which interfere with the success of *their* voyage, they only laugh at them, and seem to think it is very good fun.”

“Tell us some more of the college tricks,” said Charles.

“One that I recollect,” replied Mr. Edward, “which was, in its nature, much like Joe’s cutting the harpoon-line, was this: At a certain college there was a wood lot, which the college government concluded to clear, in order to make a mowing field there. So they cut down the wood, and built a great coal kiln of it. They were going to make it into charcoal, because they found by calculation that that would be most profitable. They wished to make as

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How they make a coal kiln.

Precautions for confining the fire.

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much of the wood as they could, for all that they saved in that and in similar ways was expended in increasing the library; and all the college, officers and students, wished to have as many books in the library as possible."

"I don't know how they make a coal kiln," said Minnie.

"Why, they first set up a round piece of wood in the centre," said Mr. Edward, "and then, cutting the rest of the wood in short pieces, they pile it around the central piece very carefully and compactly, until they get a large pile. They finish the pile round on the top like a dome. They cover this pile all over with earth and turf, to prevent the fire from breaking out into flame when the pile is burning. Then they take out the centre piece of wood, and that leaves a hole in the pile, in the middle, from the top to the bottom. They then pour a great quantity of burning coals down this hole, and cover the top over with turf. The fire then spreads gradually through the heap, but does not blaze, and so it finally burns all the wood to coal, but not to ashes. If it was open to the air, so that it would blaze, the wood would all be burned to ashes, and there would be no charcoal."

"I mean to make a coal kiln sometime in the woods," said Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward, "you can make a small one very easily. It is very good play.

"As soon, now, as the college coal kiln was completed," added Mr. Edward, continuing the narrative, "some of the students went down in the evening, when the men were away, and took up the turf in various places, and pulled out some of the wood, and then put in a great number of squibs, and torpedoes, and papers of gun-

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The coal kiln blown up.

Loss to the college library.

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powder, in different parts of the pile. They connected all these combustibles together by trains, so that when one of them should go off, all the rest would go off too. They then put back the turf where they had taken it away, and covered every thing all over nicely. By-and-by, when the fire came to the gunpowder, all these things began to go off. The squibs, and crackers, and torpedoes cracked, and hissed, and fizzled, till they drove the workmen away, and finally, when the charges of gunpowder took fire, they blew up the whole coal kiln, and scattered the brands about in all directions."

Here the boys who were listening to the story all laughed to think of the comical appearance which a coal kiln, turning thus into a volcano, must make. Even Mr. Edward smiled.

"It was laughable, certainly," said Mr. Edward, "but the laugh was very expensive. It cost the library fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" repeated the boys.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward, "that was about the amount of the damage, and, of course, there was so much less that year to be spent in books. Now fifty dollars would buy a great many very interesting books, with beautiful engravings, which would have been the means of profit and pleasure to all the students for many years. And all was spoiled for the sake of one short laugh, which could have been enjoyed by but very few, and must have been over in two minutes. Thus this trick did all the students a great injury; but I don't think half of them had sense enough to understand it so. A great many of them, when they heard of it, seemed to think it was a good joke, and that is all they thought about it."

Here there was a brief pause in the conversation. During the

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Description of the belfry.

No way to get up so as to open the door.

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pause, Charles happened to think of the story of the Trap-door, which was still unfinished.

“Uncle Edward,” said he, “you have not told us the end of the story of the Belfry Trap-door.”

“No,” said Mr. Edward, “and I will finish it now.”

We will make the conclusion of that story the subject of the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE END OF THE TRAP-DOOR STORY.

“WHEN Oakes and Thornton told me,” said Mr. Edward, resuming his story, “how they had fastened down the trap-door, I did not at first see any possible way of getting it open again. The bell-deck was up at the door of the tower, and there seemed to be no way of getting to it except up through the trap-door. There were some windows in the tower below the deck, but they were so far below that there was no getting from them up to the deck. One of them led out to the roof of the chapel, but the distance from the top of the roof to the top of the tower was altogether too great to afford any chance of getting up that way.”

“Could not you get up from the ground by a ladder?” asked Charles.

“No,” said Mr. Edward, “not at that time of night. The carpenters might come in the next day, perhaps, and put up a ladder, or build up a staging, and so get up from the ground, but the difficulty that we were in was to know what to do to get the bell rung

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Mr. Edward goes in to examine the premises.

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the next morning. The ladder which Oakes and Thornton had was the only one that I knew of on the college grounds, and that was not long enough to reach up to the first window of the tower.

“Finally, I told the two students that I would go with them into the belfry, and go up to the trap-door, and see if I could contrive any way to get it open. So I went, and they went with me.”

“Did you climb up the ladder, and get in at the library window?” asked Charles.

“No,” replied Mr. Edward, “I went in at the door. I had a key that would open the chapel door, so I went in that way. I carried the lantern with me. When we got in, we went up the flights of stairs that led into the belfry. Some of them were very narrow and steep. The higher we got, the steeper the flights of stairs were, until we came to the last, which was a steep set of steps, not much better than a ladder, ending directly under the trap-door.

“When I got up to this place, I stopped, and gave the lantern to Oakes, who was close behind me, and then pushed upward against the trap-door, to see if I could lift it up; but I found that it was fast. The upper end of the bar of wood was braced against the under side of a great beam, and the lower end was over the middle of the door, so that it was impossible to raise it.

“I looked all about to see if there was no crevice or other opening into which I could slip something thin, and move the bar of wood away; but there was not the slightest crack to be seen. Every thing was as tight as a drum.”

“They made it tight to keep out the water, I suppose,” said Charles.

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Various plans proposed.

They all go out on the roof.

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“Yes,” replied Mr. Edward; “every thing about a bell-deck requires to be made very tight indeed.

“Then I thought of the plan,” continued Mr. Edward, “of breaking up through the trap-door with an ax; and I asked Thornton and Oakes if they thought we could do it. But they said that it would certainly take a great many hard knocks to do that, and that, in the still night air, the noise of such a thumping would arouse the whole college. I thought they were right, and did not know what to propose next.

“While I was standing thus on the stairs, with my head close under the trap-door, looking around in my perplexity, and wondering what to do, my eyes happened to fall upon a window that opened out from the floor below me to the roof of the chapel. So I proposed that we should go out there, and see if we could not contrive some way to get up to the deck of the belfry from there.

“‘Yes,’ said Oakes, at once, ‘we can, I am sure;’ and he and Thornton immediately began to go down the ladder. I followed them, and we all went out together upon the roof.

“It was quite high from the roof up to the bell-deck, but I thought it was possible that the ladder which Oakes and Thornton had below would reach it. So I directed them to go down and bring the ladder up. I told them that they must go as still as possible, for there would be great danger that somebody would hear them if they made the least noise. So they went down after the ladder.”

“Did they leave you on the roof?” asked Prank.

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward.

“What! all in the dark?” said Prank.

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Oakes and Thornton bring up the ladder.

Hazardous undertaking.

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“No,” said Mr. Edward, “it was not dark now. The moon had risen, and it was quite light on the roof, although it was dark inside the belfry. Thornton and Oakes went down, and presently I heard them coming back, bringing the ladder with them. When they got up, they put the end of the ladder out of the window, and I took hold of it. They then climbed out of the window themselves, bringing the lower end of the ladder with them. We then set the ladder up against the side of the tower, but we found that it was not long enough to reach the top. It fell short nearly two feet.”

“Oh, what a pity!” said Minnie.

“I stood at the foot of the ladder, looking up,” continued Mr. Edward, “and said I, ‘It is almost long enough, and if we could only contrive some way to hook the upper end of the ladder over the balustrade, I could climb up.’”

“Why no, sir,” said Charles, “for the ladder in that case would hang right down against the side of the building, and you could not climb up a ladder so steep as that.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward, “I thought I could, though I knew it would be rather difficult.”

“And if you should fall,” said Prank, “what would become of you?”

“It would have been very bad to fall,” said Mr. Edward, “for in that case I should have come down upon the roof, and there would have been great danger that I should have rolled down the slope of it to the eaves, and then fallen to the ground. But I was very confident that I should not fall. I knew that I could hold on to the ladder.”

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An ingenious way of making a hook.

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“I don’t see how you would dare go up such a steep ladder,” said Minnie.

“Why, it was not very high,” said Mr. Edward—“not more than fifteen feet—and I thought I should not fall if I was very careful in ascending.

“So I asked the students if there was not any way that we could contrive to hook the ladder on over the balustrade. They said they did not know any. But at last I thought of a way.”

“What was it?” asked Prank, eagerly.

“I sent Oakes and Thornton below for a chair and a rope. The chair they were to get in the library, and the rope they would find, I told them, hanging on a peg, in a closet under the stairs in the basement, where there was a sort of a shop.” So they took the lantern, and went down.

“Before long they came back, bringing both the articles that I had sent them for. They came out of the window to the roof with them. Thornton came first with the rope and the lantern, and Oakes followed with the chair. They did not speak, but they seemed to wonder very much what I was going to do.

“I took the chair, and placed it upon the roof, with the back up, and then laid the end of the ladder over it in such a manner as that the sides of the ladder lay along the back of the chair. I then lashed the chair and the ladder together with the rope, winding the rope round and round a great many times, so as to make it perfectly strong. Then, on lifting up the ladder, the chair was lifted up too, and, as the back of it lay along the sides of the ladder, the fore legs projected forward in such a manner as to form a sort of hook. We then, all three, took hold, and raised the lad-



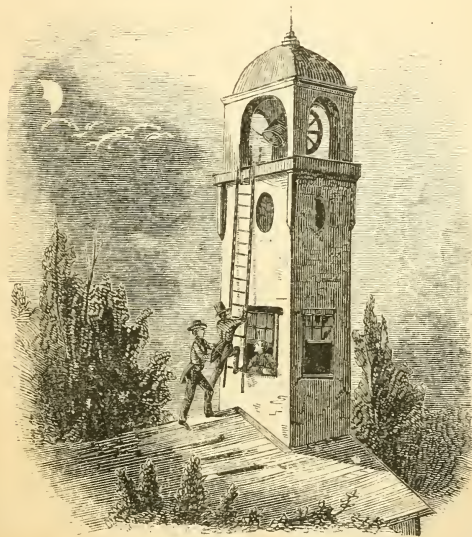
Mr. Edward mounts the ladder.

He opens the trap-door.

der in the air, and so contrived to hook the fore legs of the chair over the balustrade of the bell-deck.

“‘There!’ said I; ‘now I think we can get up.’

“So I began to mount the ladder, while Thornton steadied it by holding the foot of it below. Oakes had gone inside a moment



before, to look for another piece of rope, thinking that he could secure the lower end of the ladder by tying it. But I found that it was steady enough without this.

“When I reached the bell-deck, I pushed the bar of wood away, and opened the trap-door. I then looked down over the balustrade, and directed Thornton and Oakes to take down the ladder, which I assisted

them to do by taking hold above, and easing it down to them. I asked them if they thought they could get it into the window alone. They said they could. So they put it in through the window, and then got in themselves; and began to unfasten the chair.

“In the mean time, I passed the bell-rope down through the

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The mischief repaired.

The boys discover a great bird.

Sunset.

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hole again, so as to replace it in its proper position for ringing the bell, and then came down myself through the trap-door, and shut the door after me. Thus all the mischief was repaired, and the next morning the bell was rung as usual, just as if nothing had happened.”

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## CHAPTER X.

THORNTON AND OAKES.

Just as Mr. Edward was speaking the words with which the last chapter concludes, the attention of the whole party was suddenly arrested by an exclamation from one of the boys in the bow of the boat, who pointed into the air, and cried out,

“Oo-oo-oo ! Look up, boys, and see that great bird !”

The boys looked up, and saw a very large and extraordinary-looking bird flying through the air. The boat was passing at the time between a rocky point of land and a small round island, covered with trees, that lay at a little distance from the shore. The bird was directly over the island when the boys first saw it. They all began pointing at it very eagerly, and making many exclamations. Some said it was an eagle, and others that it was only a hawk. Vernon said he believed it was a heron or a crane. Before they could decide the question, however, the bird disappeared behind the trees of the island. Garland, who was still paddling, urged the boat on as rapidly as he could, to get by the island, so as to bring the bird into view again, if possible ; but when they came where they could see that part of the sky, the bird was nowhere to be found.

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The boys see a boat crossing a brook.

Two passengers.

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Before they had fairly given up looking for the bird, their attention was called to another object, which, for a time, interested them even more than the bird. They were passing, at the time, near the mouth of a brook which here emptied into the pond, and



they saw a boat, somewhat similar to their own, going across it. There were two girls in the boat. They were sitting on one of the thwarts. There was a man on board too. He was standing up and propelling the boat by means of a long pole. The water

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Conversation about the boat.The return home.

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there was shallow, and it is easier to propel a boat by a pole than to row it with oars when the water is shallow. The pole that is used for such a purpose is called a setting pole.

“I wonder who they are?” said Prank.

“I do not know,” replied Minnie; “but they are having a very pleasant sail, whoever they are.”

The truth was, that these two girls had been to pay a visit across the stream, and their father had gone over in the boat to bring them home. His farm adjoined the stream, near the mouth of it, and so he kept a boat for convenience of crossing with his family to visit the neighbors that lived on the opposite side.

About half an hour after this, our party reached the mouth of the stream, by which they had come down to the pond. They went on up the stream until they came to the place where they had left the wagon and the horses. Here they landed, and, thanking the two boys for the use of their boat, they harnessed the horses into the wagon, and set out on their return home.

On the way home, Charles asked his uncle Edward some farther questions in respect to Oakes and Thornton.

“What did you do about it the next day?” said he. “Did you have them expelled?”

“No,” said Mr. Edward, “I did not do any thing about it. I was in hopes that the mortification and pain which they had suffered would be punishment enough, and that they would not do such things any more. I talked with them about it, and tried to persuade them to give up spending their time in making mischief, and to attend to their studies, and be good scholars, so as to do

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More about Oakes and Thornton.

Plot for cutting down the tavern sign.

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credit to their parents, and to become distinguished men in future life. They promised me that they would."

"And did they keep their promises?" asked Prank.

"Thornton did," said Mr. Edward. "He changed his course of conduct at once and entirely, and became an excellent scholar; but Oakes was too far gone to recover himself. He had neglected his studies now for two years, and he would not have been able to understand the studies that his class were then pursuing, if he had tried. He made some small effort, I believe, but he soon became discouraged. He fell more and more into bad company and into evil habits, and at last he got into very serious difficulty in consequence of one of his tricks."

"What was the trick?" asked Charles.

"Why, he engaged," said Mr. Edward, "with a party of other students, as bad as himself, in a plan for cutting down one night a certain tavern sign that stood in the village, in order to set it up before the President's house. The tavern-keeper was very angry the next morning, when he found that the students had cut down his sign. He said that the college people might allow *their* property to be destroyed as much as they pleased by mischievous students, but that he would not 'stand any such nonsense;' and he immediately began to take very prompt measures to find out who did the mischief, in order to have them arrested and sent to prison. He succeeded in finding out some of them, and the officers came up to the college, and arrested one of Oakes's confederates, and were next coming to Oakes's room to arrest him. But he heard of it, and ran out of the back door of the college, and escaped into the woods. Here two or three of the students came the next day,

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Oakes goes to New York.

His evil courses in that city.

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and brought him some of his clothes, and all the money that he had in his trunk, and so he went off to New York. He did not dare to go home."

"And what became of him there?" asked Prank.

"Oh! he remained in New York a while," said Mr. Edward, "and became a very bad character. He was arrested and got put into the Tombs at last for a very ingenious trick that he performed."

"What was it?" asked the boys, eagerly.

"Why, at one time, after he had been in New York some months, he got entirely out of money, and was in great straits for more, and finally he concluded to steal a trunk from a rail-road depôt. He did it by pasting false letters upon the trunk. He cut out the letters A. L. in white paper, and then gummed the back of them all over, and let the gum dry. He then put them in his hat, and went to the depôt when the train came in. After most of the baggage had been taken away, he selected one trunk which had nothing peculiar about it, but which looked very much like a great many other trunks, and which had no letters marked upon it, and then, watching an opportunity, when nobody was looking, he wet the backs of his letters, and clapped them on at the end of the trunk, where letters for marking trunks were usually painted. He had made his letters of paper that was somewhat soiled and worn, and had varnished over the outer surface of them, so that, when they were attached to the trunk, they looked, at a little distance, precisely like letters that had been painted there long before, and had got soiled and worn by frequent journeys.

"He pointed out this trunk to one of the baggage-porters, and

Picture of Oakes at the rail-road station.

The stolen trunk.

asked him to put it on a carriage, and then he rode away with it. The owner of the trunk met him at the door of the depôt as he was



going out, and thought, when he saw the trunk, that it looked very

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Oakes gets a great deal of money.

He is detected and taken prisoner.

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much like his, but observing the letters A. L. upon it, he concluded that it belonged to the gentleman who was taking it away, and before he found his trunk was missing, Oakes had gone."

"And was there any money in the trunk?" asked Minnie.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward; "unluckily for Oakes, there was a great deal."

"Luckily, you mean," said Minnie. "I should think it was lucky for *him*, but unlucky for the owner."

"No," said Mr. Edward; "it is a very unlucky thing for a thief to find that he has stolen any thing of great value, when he had only intended to take something of small value. For, if it is any thing of great value that is lost, the owner makes great efforts to recover it, and, in such a case, it is almost impossible for the thief to escape. The money in this trunk belonged to a bank. The amount was many thousand dollars, and the bank immediately determined to make the most strenuous exertions to recover it. They knew at once that the trunk which had been seen going away with A. L. marked upon it must be the one. So they privately printed a circular, offering a reward of a hundred dollars for the hackman who carried away a trunk from the Hudson River depôt, marked A. L., if he would let them know where it was, so that they could recover it, and sent copies of this circular to all the owners of hacks in the city, to be distributed to the drivers. Before noon, the driver that had taken the trunk to Oakes's hotel went to the bank, and told them where it was. The bank immediately sent officers to the hotel, and there they found the trunk, and the money, and Oakes, and all. They sent the money to the bank, and Oakes went to the Tombs."



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He is sent to the Tombs.

Nature of malignity.

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“Do you mean by that that they hung him?” said Minnie, solemnly.

“Oh no!” replied Mr. Edward. “The Tombs is a great stone prison in New York, where they shut up fighters and thieves. It is such a gloomy-looking place that they call it the Tombs.”

Here there was a pause. The children seemed to be thinking of the sad and melancholy condition to which Oakes had fallen.

“Well,” said Minnie, at length, drawing a long breath, “I think he ought to be sent to prison for stealing the trunk. That was the worst thing he ever did.”

“I am not certain of that,” said Mr. Edward. “It was a greater violation of the laws of the land than many of his other tricks, but, so far as the spirit of mind is concerned by which he was actuated in doing the deed, such a crime as that does not seem nearly so bad as many other offenses. You see he did not particularly wish to do the man who owned the trunk any injury. There was no ill will or ill feeling in his mind against any body. He wanted some money for himself, and if he could have got it without depriving any body else of it, I suppose he would have done so. But when the college sophomore sent me into the village to get a parcel that was not there, his express object was to give me pain. That was malignity. He wished me evil, and the trick was performed expressly to do me evil. Now it seems to me that the mischief which is done for the express purpose of injuring others, is, in its nature, worse than that which is done for the sake of getting some benefit to one’s self.”

“I think so too,” said Charles.

“Benjamin Franklin did some mischief once,” continued Mr.

Some of Benjamin Franklin's mischief.

The pier.

Edward, "when he was a boy, but it was not malignant mischief. The affair took place at the time when Franklin lived in Boston. There was a pond in those days on the back side of the town, at a place which has long since been filled up, and which is now covered with streets and houses. In Franklin's day, however, the boys used to go to this pond to fish. The shores of the pond were rather low, and, at the place where the boys were accustomed to stand, it became very wet and muddy. So they determined to build a pier to stand upon."

Here is a picture of Franklin and the other boys building the



pier referred to in Mr. Edward's story. The foremost boy—that is, the one kneeling on the pier—is Franklin himself. He has the direction of the work. The other boys are bringing stones.

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The boys at work on the pier.

How they procured their stones.

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There are four boys helping him. They have their clothes turned up to keep them from getting wet, for, in bringing the stones, they have to wade in the water. One of the boys is above his ankles in the water, and is bringing a stone as large as he can lift. There is one stone that they are bringing which is too large for one boy to lift, and so two have taken it between them. There is another boy, with a curious cap upon his head, who is calling to those who have the big stone in their hands to bring it round to his side of the pier.

But to return to our story.

“I don’t see what harm there is in building a pier like that,” said Charles.

“The harm was in the manner in which they got the stones,” replied Mr. Edward. “There were no stones to be found about the ground where the pier was to be built, and so the boys went a little way to a place where some had been hauled by workmen for the foundation of a building, and, watching the opportunity when the workmen had gone to dinner, they took these stones and carried them down to their pier.”

“Yes,” said Charles, “*that* was mischief.”

“It was mischief, certainly,” said Mr. Edward, “but it was not malicious mischief. The boys did not desire or intend to do the workmen any injury. All they wished was to get a pier for themselves, and thus, though what they did was dishonest and wrong, it did not evince any malignant depravity on their part.

“Now, if those boys,” continued Mr. Edward, “had not wished to build a pier, but had taken the stones and thrown them into the pond, just for the sake of injuring the workmen, that would

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Nature of malicious mischief.

The law looks at consequences.

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have been malicious mischief, and would have shown a much worse disposition and temper of mind than the taking of the stones for the useful purpose indicated.

“Still,” continued Mr. Edward, “although Oakes, in stealing the trunk, did not evince so much malignity of spirit as he had shown in many of his other deeds of roguery, it was the greatest offense in the eye of the law that he had ever committed; for the law estimates offenses, in a great measure, by the amount of damage that is done by them, and not altogether by the state of mind which led the person to commit them. It takes the design and intention into account, but it takes the consequences into the account too; whereas, in a moral point of view, the blameworthiness of a man in committing any act depends wholly on the state of mind with which he commits it—that is, on his design and intention, and not on the consequences at all.

“Once there was a man,” continued Mr. Edward, “who came home one day from his work partly intoxicated. Now, when he was in this state, he was always very quarrelsome.”

“Yes,” said Charles, “it always makes men quarrelsome to get intoxicated.”

“Not always,” replied Mr. Edward. “Rum acts differently upon different constitutions. It depraves all minds in some way or other, but the type and character of the depravity is different in different cases. This man it made irritable and quarrelsome.”

“What was his name?” asked Derry.

“We will call his name Crank,” said Mr. Edward—“Mr. James Crank.”

“Was that his real name?” asked Derry.

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Story of Mr. Crank.

He comes home intoxicated.

His outrageous conduct.

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“Why, as to that,” replied Mr. Edward, hesitating, “I think, on the whole, that I would rather not answer that question till by-and-by. We will, at any rate, call him Crank.”

“Well, go on with the story, sir,” said Derry.

“Mr. Crank,” said Mr. Edward, “came home one night in a very quarrelsome mood, and found his wife ironing at a table near the window. He sat down by the fire, and began, at first, to murmur and mutter to himself, and then to vituperate her. The more he talked, the more angry he grew, and, finally, he came up to her, and began to strike and push her. She said nothing, but bore his cruel treatment very patiently, and endeavored to go on with her work; but he seized the flat iron from her hands, and threw it through the window out into the street.

“Now it happened that, just at this time, a man was going along the street, driving a cart. He was going home from his work, and was standing up in his cart, holding himself steady by means of a stake, which he clasped with one hand, while he held the reins in the other. The window where Crank threw out the flat iron was in the second story of the house, and the iron, in descending, came out into the street, and it so happened that it struck the cartman in the head just as he was passing by.”

“Did it kill him?” asked Prank, very eagerly.

“It broke his skull,” replied Mr. Edward.

“Then, of course, it killed him,” said Charles.

“Not of course,” rejoined Mr. Edward. “Sometimes the skull is fractured by such a blow without any serious injury being inflicted on the brain. The surgeon raises up the part of the skull that was broken in, and the bone grows together again.”

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What became of the cartman.

The people find the flat iron.

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“And did the cartman get well?” asked Derry.

“You will hear by-and-by,” replied Mr. Edward. “He was stunned by the blow, and fell down upon the cart. The horse was frightened, and, feeling that the reins were loose, he began to trot very rapidly up the street, jolting the cart so much, that, finally, the cartman was jolted out behind. He fell helpless and insensible into the road, and the horse went on.”

“And what became of him?” asked Charles.

“The horse?” said Mr. Edward, inquiringly.

“Yes,” said Charles, “the horse, and the man too.”

“The horse,” said Mr. Edward, “went on a little way, but soon some men, who were coming along the street, met him and stopped him. They immediately knew that some accident had happened, and so they went back to ascertain what it was, and at length they found the cartman lying in the street. Some of them took him up, and carried him into a house near by, while the rest went on to see if they could find out what had struck him. They soon came to the flat iron. They took it up, and were satisfied at once that this was what had done the mischief. In fact, there was blood on the flat iron.”

“Drive on fast,” said Minnie, just at this point of Mr. Edward’s story.

Minnie said this to Charles, who was seated directly before her at this time, driving the horses. He was driving very slowly, so as to hear the story better.

“What for?” asked Charles.

“I am afraid that that tree will fall on us,” answered Minnie.

So saying, Minnie pointed to a tall fir-tree, which grew not far

Minnie is alarmed by the leaning tree.

Danger of its falling.

from the side of the road, and which leaned over in such a manner as to threaten to fall upon them. In fact, there had been several such trees near the road where they were riding, but this one leaned more than the rest, and, though it was back a little



from the road, the top would have come upon the wagon if it had fallen when they were going by.

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Mr. Edward relieves Minnie of her fears as quick as possible.

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“Drive on quick,” said Mr. Edward.

In obedience to this order, Charles drove on quick until he got past the tree.

On the previous page we have a view of the party coming through the glen, in which these tall dead trees were standing. The valley was bounded by rocks and precipices on either hand, and it was a very wild and solitary place. In fact, the wild and gloomy solitude of the scene was perhaps one reason why Minnie was afraid.

“I don’t think there was any danger,” said Charles, “that that tree should fall on us.”

“Nor I either,” replied Mr. Edward; “not the least.”

“Then why did you wish me to drive on quicker?” said Charles.

“Out of respect to Minnie’s fears,” replied Mr. Edward. “I did not wish you to drive on in order to get our party out of danger, but to get Minnie out of pain.”

“She was not in pain,” said Charles. “She was only a little afraid.”

“Well,” said Mr. Edward, “fear is pain; and it is a kind of pain that I always try to get people out of as soon as I possibly can.”

“I think there was danger,” said Minnie. “I am sure such trees do sometimes fall, and they fall across the road too; and I don’t see why that tree might not fall just when we were going by, as well as at any other time.”

“Because there was no wind blowing,” said Mr. Edward. “Such trees are always *blown* down. It leans over, it is true, and looks as if it might be very weak, but it must, in fact, be pretty strong,



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Conversation on the subject of fear between Mr. Edward and Charles.

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or else, in the last windy day that there was in this valley, it would have been blown down."

"Then why did not you tell her that at first," said Charles, "instead of asking me to drive on?"

"Why, such an explanation as that," replied Mr. Edward, "would not have taken effect quick enough upon her mind to quiet her fears, and so I wished you to drive on, and relieve her at once, and then I could make my explanation at my leisure. That is the way that a gentleman should always act in dealing with a lady's fears.

"Some people," continued Mr. Edward, "seem to take pleasure in frightening others, and they play tricks upon them sometimes on purpose to frighten them. But, for my part, I take a great deal more pleasure in relieving fear than I do in exciting it."

"But, Mr. Edward," said Derry, "please tell us the rest of the story."

"There is not much more to tell," said Mr. Edward. "When the men found the flat iron in the street, and were satisfied that that was what had wounded the cartman, they looked around in order to see who had thrown it. They soon observed that the window was broken in Mr. Crank's room, and so they went up there. They found Mr. Crank raving about the room like a madman, and his wife shrinking into a corner, crying, and overwhelmed with terror and grief. They knew at once that it was he who had thrown the flat iron, and so they took him, and led him away to prison, to keep him there till they should see whether the cartman would get well or die."

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The remainder of the story of Mr. Crank.

Metaphysics.

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“Why, what had that to do with it?” asked Charles.

“Nothing to do with it in a moral point of view,” said Mr. Edward, “but it had a great deal to do with it in the view of the law, for the law looks at consequences.

“You see,” continued Mr. Edward, “in a moral point of view, the man was guilty of three several sins in this affair. First, in becoming intoxicated; secondly, in exciting himself to angry passion against his wife; and, thirdly, in recklessly throwing a flat iron out of the window, without knowing or caring whether there was any body in the street to be hurt by it or not. All these sins he was guilty of, knowingly, deliberately, and willfully. And yet the law would not punish him for any one of them. If the man who was struck should die, then the law would punish him for manslaughter. If the man had not been hurt at all, then the law would not have punished him at all. If he had been hurt in some degree, then the degree of injury, whatever it might have been, whether more or less, would have been the measure of his punishment.”

Mr. Edward would perhaps have gone on farther in speaking on this subject, but he found that such a nice analysis of the nature of moral guilt, and of the distinctions between moral guilt and legal crime, was rather too subtle for his auditors to understand very well, so he soon turned the conversation. He was wise in this, for boys do not generally find their minds sufficiently mature to take much interest in metaphysics until they are at least eighteen or nineteen years old.

## CHAPTER XI.

## WHALING.

As was remarked at the close of the last chapter, Mr. Edward, finding that his conversation was becoming too metaphysical for so youthful an audience, dropped the subject of the distinction between sin and crime, with the view of turning the thoughts of the party to something more practical. As, however, nothing suggested itself to his mind immediately, he rode for some little time in silence. The boys were all silent too. Some were looking at the wild scenery around them, and others were thinking on what had been said.

At length the silence was broken by Prank.

"I should like to go on a whaling voyage," said he.

"So should I," said Charles.

"Or, at least, I should like to see them catch one whale."

"That's a much more sensible wish than the other," remarked Mr. Edward. "Actually to go on a whaling voyage is a very serious business."

"Why so?" asked Charles.

"In the first place, the voyage is so long," replied Mr. Edward. "People have to go to the uttermost parts of the earth to find whales, and then it takes so long to catch enough to fill up a ship with the oil, that you have to be gone three or four years. That is a very long time to be shut up in such a prison as a whale-ship."

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Discomforts and hardships endured in a whale-ship.

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“Then the work itself is very uncomfortable. Every thing in and about the ship gets perfectly saturated with oil, and blackened with smoke—the sails, the rigging, the decks, the clothes of the men, and even the beds. Every thing is soaked through and through with lamp oil.”

“Awful!” said Minnie.

“You see, when they have caught the whale,” said Mr. Edward, “they tow him to the ship, and then hoist the blubber on board, and slice it all up into the thinnest possible slices, in order to try out the oil. The blubber is a thick coating of fat, enveloping the fish around on all sides to keep him warm.”

“To keep him warm!” repeated Charles.

“Yes,” said Mr. Edward, “I suppose so. The whale is a warm-blooded animal, and so he must be kept warm. Most fishes are cold-blooded, and do not need any coat for such a purpose.

“Animals on land,” continued Mr. Edward, “are kept warm by wool and fur. Such a covering as this is sufficient where the animal is surrounded by air, for air does not convey away heat so fast as water would. But a coat of wool or of fur would not be enough to keep an animal warm that lives in the water.

“For instance, a boy, in the winter, might stand on the ice, fishing through a hole in it, all day, without being very cold, provided he has a good greatcoat on. But now, if he should fall into the hole, and not be able to get out again, he would perish with the cold in a very short time.”

“That is because the water would soak right through his clothes,” said Charles.

“But the air penetrates through his clothes,” replied Mr. Ed-

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Warm-blooded animals.

Necessity of a covering for them.

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ward, "when he is on the ice, just as much as the water does when he is in the hole; and the air is colder than the water."

"Colder!" repeated Derry.

"Yes, much colder," replied Mr. Edward. "The temperature of the air might be down very near to zero, but the water is never below 32°, or at least very little below."

"But the water *feels* a great deal the coldest," said Derry.

"Yes," replied Mr. Edward, "that is because it is of such a nature as to convey away the heat from the body a great deal faster than the air. Air, when it penetrates through your clothes and gets to the skin, does not convey away the heat very fast, and so it does not feel cold. In fact, the feeling of cold is only, in other words, the feeling of having the heat conveyed away from your body fast. But when water gets to your skin, if it is cold water, it conveys away the heat very fast indeed. So I do not think that wool, or any thing that water could easily penetrate, would be sufficient to keep an animal warm that lived in the sea."

"I never knew before," said Vernon, "why whales were covered with such a coating of blubber."

"Yes, it is to keep them warm," said Mr. Edward. "The blubber is light, too, and helps to buoy them up. Whales generally float when they are dead, though some sink. The first thing to be done when they are killed is to tow them to the ship.

"It is very hard work to tow the body of the whale to the ship after he is killed. It takes all the boats to do it. Accordingly, when it happens that two whales have been killed at the same time by the different boats, one must be left floating on the water while the other one is towed to the ship. In such a case they put

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Manner of stripping the whale.

The blubber hoisted on board.

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up a white flag upon the one they leave, as a token that it is private property, and that nobody else must take it away.

“When they get the whale to the ship, the next thing is to strip the blubber off.”

“How do they do it?” asked Derry.

“They bring the whale alongside the ship,” replied Mr. Edward, “and fasten it there by a loop around its tail. The other end of the rope which forms the loop is fastened to the bows of the ship. So, you see, the whale lies alongside the ship, with his tail toward the bows, and his head to the stern. As he is fastened by a loop at his tail, they can turn him over and over without letting go the fastening.

“They first cut his head off,” continued Mr. Edward, “and then they begin to cut into the blubber at his neck. They hook a hook into the end, and carry a rope up to the yard, and hoist away, cutting along the side of the strip of blubber as it comes up. Thus they *peel* the whale, as it were, as you would peel an apple. As the strip is hoisted up, the whale rolls over and over in the water, until he is peeled entirely, from his neck to his tail.

“When they get the end of the strip which has the hook fastened to it up to the yard, they fasten another hook about two feet below, and then cut off the piece above. Then they hoist away a little more, and so cut off another piece. These pieces, as fast as they are cut off, are lowered down to the deck, and there they are sliced up by the men, and the slices are then put into great kettles, in order that the oil may be tried out from them.”

“How do they try out the oil?” asked Derry, when Mr. Edward had finished his account of the mincing.

How they get fuel.	Description of the kettles.	The process of trying.
<p>“By boiling it in great kettles,” said Mr. Edward. “But how do you think they get fuel for the fires?”</p>		
<p>Some of the boys guessed that they used wood, and some guessed coal.</p>		
<p>“But how could they get wood or coal in those remote seas?” asked Mr. Edward.</p>		
<p>“They could carry it with them in their ships,” said Charles.</p>		
<p>“They could get it from some of the islands there,” said Derry.</p>		
<p>“No,” replied Mr. Edward, “they do not have to carry any fuel with them, nor to look for any on the islands. They get the fuel out of the blubber itself. The <i>scraps</i> that are left after trying out one kettle full of oil are put into the fire under the next kettle, and so the whale tries out himself, as it were.”</p>		
<p>“But what do they do for the first kettle full?” asked Charles.</p>		
<p>“Oh, I suppose that they have to carry out wood or coal enough for the first kettle full,” replied Mr. Edward.</p>		
<p>“There are generally two or three kettles for trying out the oil,” continued Mr. Edward. “These kettles are very large, and they are set in masonry near the middle of the vessel, and have fire-places under them. The men pitch the sliced blubber into these kettles with great forks, made like pitchforks. While the boiling is going on, some stand by to stir up the contents of the kettles, others bale out the oil into the barrels, and others dip up the scraps, and save them to put into the fire. As they take the scraps out they put them into a strainer, that the oil may drain off, leaving only the scraps themselves to be burned. Volumes of black smoke ascend all the time from these fires, and blacken the sails and rigging.</p>		

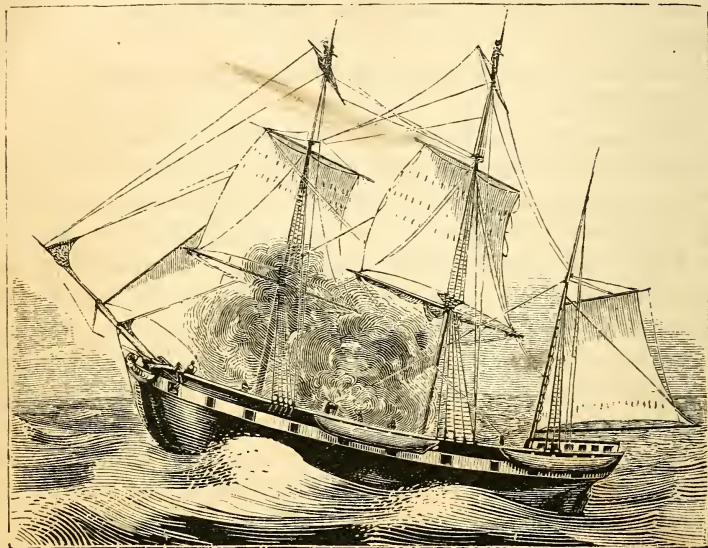
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Appearance of the ship.

Hard work for the whalemén.

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“When they are trying out the oil of a whale,” continued Mr. Edward, “the fire produces a very thick black smoke, which



makes it look as if the ship was on fire. The smoke blackens up the sails, and the faces and clothes of the sailors, so that they look, while they are at their work, more like imps and demons than men.

“Thus, you see,” continued Mr. Edward, “that the men on a whaling voyage have a hard and disagreeable time, and they are naturally desirous of getting through with their work as soon as possible, so as to go home. When they get the oil home, it is



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Mr. Edward's reflections.

Story about Mr. Apes and the first of April.

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very valuable. It is worth sometimes thirty or forty dollars a barrel. They wish to get the ship full, therefore, as soon as they can, and so get home and divide the money, and enjoy themselves with their friends on shore. To hinder them, therefore, in their work, in any way, for the sake of a joke, would be very vexatious. It was no wonder that they thought that Joe Sousim deserved a ducking."

"No," said Prank, "not at all."

"But, after all," added Mr. Edward, "the injury which Joe Sousim did his ship companions in turning them out of their course by perverting the action of the compass, and cutting the whale line, and such things, was not so great as that which Thornton and Oakes attempted to do by breaking up the course of college duty for a day; for you see that it was only the profit of one voyage that was hazarded by Joe's jokes, whereas the standing and prosperity of the students for their whole lives depend upon what they do in their college course. Joe's jokes were more like one which a certain Mr. Apes practiced upon his friend."

"What was that?" asked Prank.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### APRIL-FOOLS' DAY.

"WHY, it was one first of April," said Mr. Edward, in reply to the question which Prank put to him at the close of the last chapter. "Mr. Apes had a friend who was a lawyer. The lawyer was going to court that day, and was very busy making his prep-

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His friend the lawyer.

Mr. Apes hides the papers.

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arations for a case that he was going to try. Mr. Apes came into his office in the morning, looking about for some way to make an April fool of his friend. Mr. Apes was a lawyer too, but he had no business.

“His friend, the other lawyer, had completed his preparations, and, wrapping up his papers in a piece of newspaper, he put them in his hat, and then sat down at his desk to write a short letter to send away by mail. While he was thus engaged, Apes took some old letters out of a pigeon-hole, and wrapped them up slyly in a piece of newspaper, and then put this parcel into the hat, taking the other out. He slipped the true papers into a drawer, and then, bidding his friend good-morning, he went out. So, you see, when the lawyer got into court, and the case came on, and he stood up at the bar and prepared to commence it, on opening his parcel he found that he had got the wrong papers.”

“And what did he do?” asked Prank.

“Why, he was very much confused and confounded, and at first he did not know what to do. At length he got the case postponed for a few minutes, while he went to his office to find his papers, and there it was a long time before he found them. When he discovered them, at last, in the drawer where Apes had concealed them, he read these words, which were written on the margin of the newspaper in which the papers were enveloped :

“ ‘ April 1st.

“ ‘ Yours respectfully,

“ ‘ T. APES.’ ”

“How provoking !” said Charles.

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Minnie's complaint of Charles.

Mr. Edward appealed to.

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"Yes," rejoined Mr. Edward, "it was very provoking indeed. But then, after all, this was doing an injury to only one case in the lawyer's practice, whereas those jokers who interrupted his college studies, when he was acquiring his education, were doing what tended to injure him for the whole of his future life."

Here there was a moment's pause, after which Minnie said that she wished people would not ever make an April fool of *her*.

"I don't like to be made an April fool of," she added.

She spoke this in a tone as if it were an idiosyncrasy of hers not to like to be made a fool of—as if she had meant to say, in fact, that, though some people might like it, *she* did not.

"Charles made a fool of me," she continued, in a mournful tone, "last April-fools' day."

"Oh, Minnie!" said Charles.

"Yes," said Minnie, "you did. You told me to look up on the wall, and see that big bug, and I looked up, and there was not a bit of a bug there."

Minnie recounted this insignificant sorrow in such a tone of grief and chagrin, that the boys all laughed, and even Mr. Edward and Vernon smiled.

"He did really," said Minnie, "and I don't think it is right to make April fools of people. Do you, Uncle Edward?"

"Why, that depends upon circumstances," replied Mr. Edward. "The philosophy of it is, I think, that if the joke gives pleasure to those that it is played upon, as well as to those who play it, it is right, otherwise wrong. This, it seems to me, is a universal rule, and it applies to first-of-April jokes as well as to others."

"But, Uncle Edward, people *never* like to be made April fools of."

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Conversation on the subject.

Mr. Edward states a principle.

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“Oh, Minnie!” said Charles, “some persons don’t care any thing about it.”

“They only pretend not to care,” said Derry, “but they do care notwithstanding, *I* believe.”

“Yes,” said Minnie, “they certainly do care. Don’t you think they do, Uncle Edward?”

“I think people often appear not to mind it,” replied Mr. Edward, “because they are good-natured, and do not wish to seem unamiable, when they are, in reality, a little pained. Still I do not think it is safe to say that people *never* like it. Never is a great word, and it reaches farther, sometimes, than people think.”

“Well, *I* think they never like it,” said Minnie. “I am sure that I never do.”

“I knew a case once,” said Mr. Edward, “where a great many persons were made April fools, all together, and they seemed to like it very much.”

“How was it?” asked Prank.

“It was at a party,” replied Mr. Edward—“an evening party. We made April fools of the whole party.”

“Why, Uncle Edward! did *you* do it?” exclaimed several of the boys together. They were very much surprised indeed, after hearing all that Mr. Edward had said, to learn that *he* had made April fools of a whole company.

“I had a share in it,” said Mr. Edward. “The party was in a large house, and it was a very pleasant evening, and so, instead of remaining in the parlor, we strolled about on the piazzas and in the yards. There was a very spirited and lively girl there from New York. I asked her if she would not go into the parlor and

## Plan for making April fools of a whole party.

play to us. She asked what instrument there was. I told her that there was a piano. She said that she did not like to play on the piano, but if there was a harp, she would play on that."

"Why, Uncle Edward," said Minnie, "it is much more difficult to play on the harp than on the piano."

"Yes," replied Mr. Edward, "so I told her. She said she was well aware of that; but she said that every body knew what good playing was on the piano, but that, if she played on the harp, nobody would know whether she played well or badly. She did not play well, she said, on either instrument."

"I recollected that there was an old harp at a house in the town, which I thought I could get, and, in thinking of it more, I conceived of the plan of two or three of us disguising ourselves in the character of strolling musicians, so as to make a little band, and of coming to the door, and playing to the company. There was a boy there who could play the flageolet pretty well, and I could make a sort of trumpeting sound with my lips for a bass. I proposed this plan to Annette, and she liked it very much."

"Was Annette her name?" asked Minnie.

"Yes," replied Mr. Edward; "and the boy's name was Arthur."

"So I went off to get the harp, agreeing with Annette and Arthur to meet me at the garden gate when I came back with it. We were all to be disguised. I was to put on an old slouched hat, and a greatcoat turned inside out. The young lady at whose house the party was (her name was Maria) undertook to dress up Annette and Arthur with some old clothes which she said she could find in the garret. We agreed that, when we were all ready, we would come before the house and begin to play. Then,

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Arrangements for carrying the plan into effect.

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if the party seemed interested, Maria was to ask us to come into the hall, and she was to have seats ready for us in there, at a place where it was rather dark. We agreed, too, not to talk more than we could help, for fear that they would discover us by our voices.

“So, when we had got all our plan arranged, I went to several of my friends in the party, and told them that I had occasion to go away for a time, but that I should be back again in the latter part of the evening. They said that they were sorry, but they did not make any objection against my going.

“So I went away and got the harp. I carried it to the house where I lived, and there I disguised myself. I fixed on some whiskers and a mustache, and put a blue spotted handkerchief about my neck. I also found an old coat, and put that on, turning it inside out. I disguised myself in other ways, and, on the whole, I succeeded so well, that when I looked in the glass I scarcely knew who I was.

“I took the harp, and walked along the street until I came to the house where the party was. I stopped at the garden gate. There were some trees and shrubbery near the gate, so that I could easily conceal myself until the others should come.

“They came before long, and I found that they were admirably disguised. I took up the harp, and we went together to the front door of the house. I set the harp down there before the front gate. We then all put ourselves in position, and immediately struck up ‘Home, sweet home!’ in a very bold and decided manner. The moment that the party in the house heard the sound, they stopped every thing that they were doing, and came running to the door and to the windows to hear.”

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Prank thinks it a good joke.

Success of the plan.

The disguises.

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“Did not they know you?” asked Prank.

“No,” replied Mr. Edward; “not one of them suspected.”

Here Prank clapped his hands with delight, and exclaimed “Good!”

“As soon as we had finished that tune,” said Mr. Edward, “they all began to wish to have us come in. So Maria invited us in. We pretended to be very diffident about it, and, when she spoke to us, we tried to seem not to understand. One of the young men said that he supposed we were Italians. Finally, partly by signs and gestures, and partly by words, they made us understand that they wished us to go into the house. So I took up the harp, and walked in, and Annette and Arthur followed me. They hung their heads down, and looked very much afraid. Annette had put on a great bonnet, which hid her face almost entirely.

“We walked through the hall, and took our places in a dark corner, upon seats which Maria had provided for us, and there we began to sing and play again. We grew more bold the longer we stayed, and we played several tunes. In fact, our music elicited considerable applause. At last Arthur conceived the idea of going around to take up a collection. So he took off his cap at the end of one of the tunes, and went around with it to the company, and a great many of the gentlemen put in money. He took particular notice how much each one put in, so as to know whom to give money back to.”

“I should have thought that they would have known him,” said Prank, “with his cap off.”

“No,” replied Mr. Edward, “for he had disguised himself by blacking his face in some parts with charcoal; and, besides that,

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The astonishment of the company at the discovery of the joke.

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there was very little light at the place where we were. What little light there would have been was kept off in a great measure by the crowd around.

“At last, as soon as the contribution was brought in, I took the cap and stood up, and said, ‘Ladies and gentlemen, we are very much obliged to you for this generous contribution. But it is all a first of April joke.’

“As I said this I threw off my hat, and Annette put back her bonnet, and thus we let them see who we were.”

“What did they say?” asked the boys.

“Why, for a moment, they seemed perfectly confounded, and were struck dumb with astonishment. But immediately afterward they all broke out into long and immoderate peals of laughter. They crowded around us to find out how we had disguised ourselves so perfectly, and said they never could have believed it possible. All this time Arthur was going about, giving back the money which had been put into his cap.

“Now this was a way of making April fools of people which was not calculated to give any pain to any body. At least I supposed it would not give any pain.”

“No,” said Derry, “nobody would care any thing about that.”

“And so,” said Mr. Edward, “we can not say that people *never* like to be made fools of, for here was a case where they seemed to enjoy the joke, both at the time and afterward; and, so far as I know, nobody was displeased or troubled by it.”

“But I don’t call that making fools of them,” said Minnie; “I don’t call it making fools of them unless it troubles them.”

“Oh! very well,” replied Mr. Edward; “if you do not call it



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Mr. Edward's estimate of the joke.

The party come to a bridge.

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making fools of them unless it troubles them, I grant that people never like to be made fools of; for they certainly can not like what troubles them.

"However," continued Mr. Edward, "I afterward thought that our joke, though it made not a little amusement at the time, and seemed to do no special harm, was, after all, not a very good thing."

"Why not?" said Prank, surprised. "I thought it was an excellent good thing."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Edward, "that, after all, it is rather a low and ignoble sort of pleasure that we get out of such an affair as that; and then, somehow or other, though I never could understand exactly why, it seems not to leave the mind in a healthy and happy state after it is over. There is a sort of latent feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction with one's self after such sort of fun. I never could understand what the reason is, but such is the fact. There are many other kinds of enjoyment which leave me in a much happier frame of mind after they are over, and that is a great thing."

It happened that, just as Mr. Edward finished speaking these words, the wagon was descending a hill, at the foot of which there was a stream of water crossed by a bridge. The stream was not very wide, but it was pretty deep, and its dark waters were overhung with willows and other such trees. In short, it was such a stream as boys always expect to find fish in.

"Drive slowly, Uncle Edward," said Charles, "when you go across the bridge, so that we may see if there are any fishes in the water."

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Mr. Edward gives the boys leave to get out.

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“Yes, sir,” said the other boys.

Mr. Edward, in order to accommodate the boys more fully, stopped the horses a moment altogether, as soon as he got upon the bridge.

“You may get out, if any of you wish,” said Mr. Edward, “and then you can look over the railing.”

Boys are almost always glad of an opportunity to get in and out of the wagon when they are riding. They seem to like the climbing up and down. So these boys all got out, and finally Vernon got out too. In the end, only Mr. Edward and Minnie remained in the wagon.

“I will drive on,” said Mr. Edward, “round the rock, and you can come along when you are ready. There’s a place to water the horses just beyond. I will go and water them, and wait there till you come.”

The boys seemed to approve of this arrangement, and so Mr. Edward drove on.

The rock which Mr. Edward spoke of was a sort of precipice, which was seen at a sharp turn of the road at a little distance from the bridge. As soon as the wagon had passed round this point, it disappeared from view. The boys remained on the bridge a short time looking for fishes, but as they did not see any, they soon began, one after another, to go on toward the wagon. Prank, it happened, was foremost. The others were following slowly, at different distances behind. As soon as Prank reached the rock where he could see along the road before him, he turned round and called to the other boys in an eager and excited tone, as if something had happened.

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Mr. Edward mysteriously disappears.

The boys are much perplexed.

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“Boys!” said he, “Boys!”

“What’s the matter?” asked Derry.

“The wagon is not here!” said Prank. “Mr. Edward has gone off with it.”

“Nonsense!” said Derry, speaking to the boys around him. “Prank is only making fools of us.”

“He certainly has,” said Prank; “I can’t see any thing of him any where.”

The boys, half doubting and half believing, hurried on, and as soon as they reached the place where they could see, they found that what Prank had said was true. Neither the wagon nor Mr. Edward was any where to be seen.

“Where can he be gone?” exclaimed Charles, amazed.

“He has gone off to hide some where, I suppose,” said Prank, “to play us a trick.”

“No,” said Charles, “that’s impossible.”

“It’s true, I’ve no doubt,” said Prank.

“No,” repeated Charles, “it is impossible. Uncle Edward never plays such tricks as those.”

“Then where can he have gone?” asked Prank.

To this question no one had any answer to make, and the whole party began to look exceedingly perplexed.

“What can have become of him?” asked Charles, looking round to Vernon, who thus far had said nothing.

“I do not know,” replied Vernon. “Something or other has happened to take him away. I am sure that he is not playing us any trick. I know him too well to imagine such a thing as that. We will wait a little while, and see if he will not come back.”

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Explanation of the mystery.

Minnie frightens the horses.

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But we must explain how it happened that Mr. Edward had disappeared.

The spot where he had been intending to water his horses was a place where a smaller brook crossed the road, at a little distance beyond the precipice. There was a small bridge here too, and by the side of it was a smooth place in the brook, where travelers coming along were accustomed to drive their horses through. It was a very safe place, but Minnie seemed to be a little afraid to go through the water there.

“Very well,” said Mr. Edward, “you shall get out, if you choose, and walk over on the bridge.”

So Mr. Edward got out of the wagon, and then lifted Minnie out. He set Minnie down in the road, and then he led the horses down to the brook.

The horses stepped into the water a little way, and one of them put his mouth down to it, but he did not seem inclined to drink. Mr. Edward thought that perhaps they would find it more convenient to drink if they went in a little farther. So he touched them with his whip, and commanded them to step on.

The horses stepped on into the water, but instead of stopping in a moment when they had got into a good place, and putting their heads down again to drink, they walked straight through. In fact, they were not thirsty.

Minnie was greatly frightened to see them going on in this manner.

“Stop them! stop them!” she exclaimed. “They are going to run away.”

So saying, she ran along the bridge, reaching out her hands, and

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Duty of a lady when under the care of a gentleman.

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calling out, "Stop them!" as if the duty of taking care of the horses devolved on her.

This was a great mistake. A lady who is riding with a gentleman has never any thing to do with the management of the horses. She should remain perfectly passive and quiet, happen what may, as if she reposed entire confidence in the gentleman's capacity and care.

The horses were frightened at these calls, and one of them, turning his head, saw Minnie coming toward them with her arms in the air, and this frightened him more than ever. Accordingly, as soon as they had got out of the water, they began to trot up the road, and before Mr. Edward could run round to the place where they were, they had got before him, and began to trot on faster and faster.

Mr. Edward followed them as fast as he could go, and soon succeeded in getting hold of the wagon behind. The horses had by this time began to run, and presently they disappeared from view at a turn of the road, going at the top of their speed, and Mr. Edward clinging to the wagon behind, and trying to climb up, so as to get in.

Minnie immediately set off to run along the road after her uncle. She was afraid he would get killed.

Fortunately, no serious consequences resulted from this accident. The horses ran about half a mile. Mr. Edward had by that time succeeded in getting into the wagon by climbing in behind, and then, working his way along over the seats, he finally got to the pole, and by proceeding very quietly, speaking all the time to the horses in a gentle and soothing tone, he was able to

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Mr. Edward recovers possession of the horses.

More about Oakes and Thornton.

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allay their fears in some degree, and to diminish their speed, and, finally, he got hold of the reins, and stopped them altogether.

There was something broken about the harness, which it delayed Mr. Edward some little time to mend, and by that time Minnie had come up to where he was. When he had made every thing right again, he took Minnie in, and, turning the wagon round, he drove back to the watering-place, and there he found the boys and Vernon all waiting for him.

"I *knew* he had not played us any trick," said Charles, when they had heard his story.

Prank thought that, after all, it would be a pleasant thing if people would have as much confidence in him.

The party then all got into the wagon again, and resumed their ride toward home. On the way, some of the boys inquired of Mr. Edward how long Oakes remained in the Tombs, and what became of him afterward, and Mr. Edward gave them some farther account of him. "He remained in the Tombs some months," he said, "being ashamed to let any one of his friends know where he was. At length, however, his father, the governor, heard, in some way or other, where he was, and came to New York, and contrived to settle with the bank for the trouble and expense that they had been occasioned, and to get his son released.

"Oakes afterward went to sea," continued Mr. Edward, "and I never knew what became of him. I presume he is now wandering about the world somewhere or other, a miserable vagabond."

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Mr. Edward's remarks on the general subject.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### PRANK CUTS HIS LAST CAPER.

"PERHAPS he reformed," said Prank.

"No," said Mr. Edward, "such men very seldom reform when they have once grown up in such habits. He might go to sea, but, if he continued in the same spirit and temper of mind that he manifested in college, he would only make a Joe Sousim of a sailor, and every body would despise him.

"The fact is," continued Mr. Edward, "that though boys in school, and even young gentlemen in college, are very apt to be blind to their true and permanent interests, full-grown men, when actively engaged in the serious pursuits of life, are very sharp-sighted in this respect. Boys are often willing to sacrifice what is really of very great value to them, for the sake of a joke; but men will not do so. They feel at first contempt, and then resentment, at having their work hindered, or their interests jeopardized, by such folly."

"But every body likes to have some fun, Uncle Edward," said Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward, "but it must be harmless fun. Nobody likes fun that injures him—and sailors as little as any body. In such work as whaling, for instance, they want every man to help and not to hinder. If what they wished for in making up their company was to be amused by ridiculous tricks and mis-

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Monkey tricks and ridiculous mischief.

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chief, monkeys would be more suitable for their purpose than men.



## Plan of stopping at the widow Dayer's.

The sun had gone down very near to the horizon while Mr. Edward had been finishing his narrative of Oakes's unhappy fate, and as soon as he had come to the end of the story, he said that he did not believe they would get home in time for supper.

"And so," he added, "I have an idea of stopping at Widow Dayer's, and getting our supper there."

"Yes," said Charles, very eagerly, "yes; let us do that, by all means."

The widow Dayer lived in an old-fashioned farm-house, which was situated near the road that our party were traveling in going home. She kept a number of cows, and her house was famous for the rich milk that came from her pans, and for the excellent gingerbread that she made. Mr. Edward used very often to stop there, and get a supper of bread and milk, and baked apples, when he came home from his excursions. He always paid the widow well for these suppers.

So, when Mr. Edward came to the house, he stopped before the door.

"Now, Prank," said Mr. Edward, "I want you to go in and ask Mrs. Dayer if she can give supper to a party of six."

"Yes, sir," said Prank; and he immediately began to climb down out of the wagon.

"Ask her if she can find as many as six bowls and spoons in her house, and whether she has got any gingerbread baked."

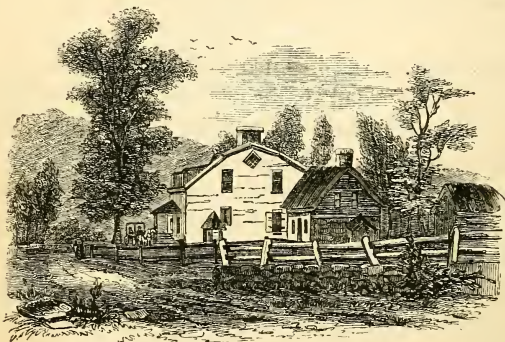
"Yes, sir," said Prank; and he ran off to the house.

The house was an old-fashioned, but a very comfortable-looking house. It stood back from the road, and had a large tree in front of it. It had a small portico over the front door, and two

Description of the house.

Frank brings back a report.

luthern windows in the roof. There was a sort of wing built on one side, with a door in the front of it leading to a pleasant yard. In the front part of this yard was a well. The pleasantest yard, however, was behind the house, where there were some seats under the trees. The tops of the trees in this yard may be seen rising above the roofs, between the two chimneys, in the picture.



Prank came back in a moment, saying that Mrs. Dayer had some gingerbread and some apples, hot from the oven, and plenty of milk. She had six spoons also, but she could not make out bowls enough. She had only four; but she had two nice little pans, which she thought might perhaps answer for the other two.

The children immediately got out of the wagon, and they all went into the house. They stopped to talk with Mrs. Dayer a few minutes in the kitchen, and then went out into the yard. Mrs. Dayer said that she would set the table for them out there, and have it ready in ten minutes.

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Supper ready.

Hot gingerbread.

A very good time.

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The supper was all ready in rather less than ten minutes, and then the whole party sat under the trees, and ate the bread and milk, and the baked apples, with great appetite.

There was no difficulty about the pans, except that all the boys wanted them. When Mrs. Dayer found that the pans were preferred, she brought two more, so that all the party had pans instead of bowls to eat their apples and milk from, except Mr. Edward and Minnie.

They all had plenty of hot gingerbread, too, with their supper.

After eating as much as they desired, Mr. Edward paid Mrs. Dayer for the supper, and then the party got into the wagon again and went home.

There is one circumstance, however, that took place during the ten minutes while Mrs. Dayer was getting the supper ready which ought to be related. Prank, who had felt somewhat uneasy about what he had done in respect to the fishing-lines, now thought that he should probably have a better appetite for his supper if he were to confess his fault honestly to Charles before they sat down to the table. So he beckoned to Charles to come to him, and then took him by the arm, and led him away among the trees and shrubbery behind the house.

“Charlie,” said he, as soon as he and Charles were out of sight of the rest of the party, “it was I that lost your pickerel lines.”

“You!” exclaimed Charles, much astonished.

“Yes,” replied Prank. And Prank then went on to relate a minute and full account of the transaction.

Charles was very much surprised, of course, to hear this story,

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Prank calls Charles aside.

His final caper.

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and he was very much interested in it. When Prank got through, however, he said that he did not blame him very much for losing the lines, and he did not care much about it either.

“We have had a very good time as it is,” said he. “I don’t wish to have a better.”

“Well, now,” said Prank, “look here.”

The two boys were standing, as Prank said this, in a little opening among the trees and shrubbery. In the middle of the opening the ground was smooth and the grass was green.

Prank led Charles into the middle of the green, and said to him, “There! stand there a minute.”

Prank immediately turned head over heels in a summerset, and then, stretching out his arms and his legs in all directions like the spokes of a wheel, he went rolling round and round the green like a hoop going round in a ring just before it is going to fall. He then turned two more summersets, and came to a stop finally, standing on his head directly before where Charles had been stationed. He then let his legs down to the ground gradually, and stood up, looking Charles in the face.

“There, Charlie!” said he, “did you see me cut that caper?”

“Yes,” said Charles.

“Well,” said Prank, “that is the very last caper I ever mean to cut as long as I live.”

THE END.





“Is not this a pretty ring?” said Emma, holding up her hand.

# HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,  
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT  
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

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NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.





E M M A ;

OR,

THE THREE MISFORTUNES OF A BELLE.

[Abbott, Jacob]



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

[1855]



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## P R E F A C E.

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It unfortunately happens that, in questions of dress and personal adornment, the course which a lady should take to attract and secure the love of her husband, or that of any other *gentleman* whom she wishes to please, is exactly the reverse of that best adapted to excite the admiration or awaken the envy of her female acquaintances. In forming their plans, therefore, in respect to the dress or the ornaments which they shall provide for themselves and wear, ladies are often called upon to choose one of these ends as the one that they will aim at, and sacrifice the other,

A lady, having once entered upon an engagement of any kind, whether it be an important or trivial affair, must never allow herself to be enticed away from the obligation which she has incurred, but must consider herself sacredly bound by it to the end.

A lady must not consider the gentleman whose partner she has consented to become as merely her attendant, and the minister to her caprices and pleasures. The duty of a wife is to join with

her husband in earnest and self-denying efforts to accomplish what is required to secure their mutual and common good in future years, and not to draw upon and exhaust his present powers and resources for temporary pleasure.

These are the three lessons taught by the misfortunes of Emma Waldron.

# C O N T E N T S.

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## LESSON I.

### THE GOLD BRACELET.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EMMA AND MARY LANE .....	13
II. CONVERSATION .....	19
III. A VISITOR .....	23
IV. THE WILL .....	32
V. INQUIRIES AND REFLECTIONS .....	37
VI. THE PARTY .....	43
VII. MARY LANE .....	47

---

## LESSON II.

### THE RASPBERRY PARTY.

I. WEST POINT .....	50
II. A RAIL-ROAD INCIDENT .....	62
III. A PLAN FORMED .....	66
IV. TIMOTHY AND TOMOTHY .....	72
V. CHARLES ROVELLE .....	82
VI. VOTINGS .....	86
VII. THE NOTE OF EXPLANATION .....	97
VIII. KATE .....	100

---

## LESSON III.

### TAKEN AT HER WORD.

I. EDWARD .....	110
II. CAROLINE AND MIRANDA .....	115
III. A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT .....	123
IV. THE CONSEQUENCES .....	128
V. COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING .....	141
VI. CONCLUSION .....	144



# ENGRAVINGS.

---

	PAGE
THE DIAMOND RING . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
EMMA ON THE SOFA . . . . .	17
MARY LANE'S ROOM . . . . .	21
THE CONVERSATION IN THE BOWER . . . . .	29
MAKING A WILL . . . . .	33
THE NORTH RIVER . . . . .	50
THE STEAMER . . . . .	52
EMMA IN THE GARDEN . . . . .	69
KATE IN THE TREE . . . . .	89
THE SCHOOL CHILDREN . . . . .	103
THE RASPBERRY PARTY . . . . .	107
EMMA IN THE GLEN . . . . .	127
EMMA IN DISTRESS . . . . .	137





# EMMA.

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## LESSON I.

### THE GOLD BRACELET.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### EMMA AND MARY LANE.

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End and aim of these story books.

Some account of a belle.

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THESE story books, it is true, are intended for boys and girls, but then they are for boys and girls who are very soon to become men and women. Accordingly, while some of them treat of the scenes and occupations of childhood, with a view to explain the obligations and enforce the duties incumbent on the readers at the present time, others look forward to the future, and endeavor to forearm the girl and the boy with principles of wisdom and of right, to govern them in the new circumstances in which they will find themselves placed when they become respectively a woman and a man. The present number is of the latter class. It relates to the history of a young lady over twenty years of age. She was a young lady of great beauty; and as she was somewhat fond of dress and of company, and was much admired by the young gentlemen who knew her, she was usually considered a belle. She was possessed, however, which is not always the case with belles, of a very amiable disposition, having naturally a kind

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Her name was Emma.

Circumstances of the family.

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and affectionate heart. Her fondness for dress and admiration were, in fact, her misfortune rather than her fault, for it was owing, in a great measure, to the influence of her mother, who was an ambitious woman, quite fond of display; and Emma, for that was the young lady's name, had caught this spirit in some degree from her.

There was one circumstance that increased this tendency both in the mother and daughter, and that was, that Emma's father was not very rich, and he could not very well afford to live in as good style as some other families in the town were accustomed to. He was a lawyer, but he had not much business, and thus, though his social position was high, his income was limited; and Emma's mother, thinking that their standing, and the estimation in which they were held in society, depended upon the appearance which they made, used to resort to all sorts of management to keep up appearances. Being accustomed to this from infancy, Emma came gradually to consider appearances as of much greater consequence than they really were. Thus, instead of devoting their resources to procuring the substantial comforts of life, and making themselves happy, Emma and her mother were accustomed to sacrifice a great deal to outward show and effect. They lived in a handsome house, and the parlor was very prettily furnished; but all the other rooms, particularly those which guests or visitors never entered, had a meagre and comfortless appearance. In their dress, too, such articles as came in sight were elegant, and comparatively costly, while those which were concealed from view, although it was on them that the health and personal comfort of the wearer mainly depended, were cheap and scanty.

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Emma's ideas in respect to being married.Common error.

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One reason that led Emma and her mother to exert themselves so much to keep up appearances, was the influence which they both imagined good appearances would exert in respect to Emma's marriage. Emma was now about twenty years old, and she desired to be married. This was perfectly proper and right. She desired also to have a *good* husband. She hoped that he would be a man of intelligence and education, gentlemanly and refined in his manners, and of high social position. All this, too, it was perfectly right and proper for Emma to desire. Her error was not in the end and aim that she looked forward to, it was only a mistake in the means by which she pursued it.

But though Emma really, in her heart, desired to be married, and thought of the subject a great deal, she always pretended not to think of it at all. She used often to say that she never intended to be married. She did not mean to say what was not true in speaking thus; in fact, she scarcely knew herself that what she was saying was not true. There was a sort of feeling in her mind—a very mistaken one, no doubt—that it was not proper for a young lady to wish to be married, and so, in saying that she did not wish it, she imagined that she was only saying what was proper. It did not at all occur to her that it was not true.

We all often err in this way, especially when speaking of ourselves. In framing an answer to any question asked us respecting our own thoughts or desires, we are very apt to shape it according to what we imagine it is proper for us to *say*, not according to what we find, on close examination, that we actually feel.

Emma had an intimate friend named Mary, who, however, notwithstanding her friendship for Emma, was very different from

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Differences between Emma and Mary.

Emma's ingenuity.

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her in almost every respect. She differed from her in personal appearance. Emma was somewhat tall and slender. Mary was smaller, and of a more rounded figure. Emma was ardent, impulsive, and full of life and spirits. Mary was quiet and reflective, and, though possessed of quick and delicate sensibilities, she was very gentle and unostentatious in the expression of them. She was, however, very frank, and honest, and sincere in all that she did express.

There was another remarkable difference between Emma and Mary, and that was in the manner in which they respectively sought to gratify their love of beauty. They were both girls of excellent taste, and they loved what was beautiful, but this feeling, in its practical results, took very different directions. With Emma, it expended itself in the decoration of her person; with Mary, in the adornment of the places in which she passed her time. Emma's thoughts were occupied, and her time employed, and her money expended, in planning and contriving pretty dresses for herself to wear. In this work she manifested a great deal of skill and ingenuity. No one could contrive better than she to make a little money go a great way, in enabling her to dress genteelly. She could do a great deal with her own hands. She could cut and make, and fit and refit, and trim and arrange, and perform all other similar operations, with a dexterity and tact that were quite remarkable. She displayed very good taste, too, in all that she did. There was nothing gaudy or showy in the style that she adopted, but every thing was graceful, pretty, and genteel.

While thus she made herself personally attractive, she cared

Emma reading.

Mary's ideas about dress.

very little for the appearance of her room, or, in fact, for that of any other room in the house except the parlor, where company came. Indeed, she very seldom spent any time in her own room unless when engaged in dressing, or when reclining on a sort of couch, which stood in a corner near her bed, reading some entertaining tale.



Mary, on the other hand, devoted very little time and attention to personal decorations. She dressed always in a plain and simple style—gracefully and prettily, it is true, and in an unexceptionably neat and tidy manner, but without the least display of any

kind. She took pains to have her dress easy, and convenient, and comfortable, and planned it with a view to require but little care and trouble to make it, and to keep it in order, so as to leave her time and her thoughts as much as possible at liberty for her enjoyments. In a word, Emma planned her mode of dressing with a view of making a good appearance in the eyes of others; Mary, on the other hand, arranged hers so as to have a good time herself.

The time and expense which Mary thus saved from personal

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Mary Lane's room.The interest which she took in adorning it.

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decoration she devoted to making her mother's house, and all the rooms in it, and especially her own chamber, look pleasant and attractive. She made pretty curtains for the windows, and a pretty cloth for the table; and with the money that Emma would have expended for ribbons, laces, and pins, she bought pretty engravings to hang upon the wall, and a set of book-shelves, and entertaining books, and a portable desk for her writing materials and her paper. Mary used to spend a great deal of time in her room. There was a very pleasant prospect from the windows, especially from one of them, the one where she liked best to sit. From this window you looked down upon the yard and garden, and upon a pretty sheet of water beyond.

The interest which Mary took in making her room look pleasant, and in procuring books, pictures, and furniture for it, was increased by the thought that she should probably, at some future day, have all those things in a house of her own, and that they would help to make her home a pleasant and happy one for her husband; for, strange as it may seem, although she had not the remotest conception who her future husband was to be, she felt, nevertheless, a sort of attachment for him and interest in him, nameless and imaginary as he was. "He is somewhere in the world now," said she to herself one day, "only I don't know where he is or who he is, and he does not know me. But he will find me, all in due time, and I will make his house as pleasant for him as I can."

Mary did not, however, confine her cares to her own room. She took great interest in all the house. She assisted her mother to keep every thing in order; and all the closets, and little nooks

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The yards and gardens.

Emma invites Mary to take a walk.

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and corners, and garrets, and landings of stairways, were so nicely arranged, and kept in such good order, that every place you came to, in walking about the house, seemed charming; so that the children who sometimes came to visit Mary would stop continually as they rambled about, and sit down in this little corner or that, saying, "Oh what a nice place this is!"

The yards and the garden, too, at Mary's house were very delightful. She planned trellises for her brother to make over gateways in the garden, and over the piazzas and the doors of the house, and she trained vines and creepers upon them. She arranged pretty little flower-borders by the walks, and pruned the shrubbery, and caused the paths to be swept clean, and the grass to be raked over as often as was necessary. Thus, although both the house and the grounds were small and circumscribed, the place became, in process of time, one of the prettiest places in the town.

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## CHAPTER II.

### CONVERSATION.

EMMA was very fond of visiting Mary in her room, for, although she took no special interest in making her own room look pleasant, she liked Mary's room very much indeed.

One day she called to see Mary in order to ask her to go and take a walk.

Taking a walk always meant, with Emma, going a shopping.

"Yes," said Mary, "I will go."

Conversation in Mary's room.

The walk.

The shop windows.

While Mary was getting ready, Emma sat down in the chair which always stood at the pleasant window.

“What a pretty prospect from this window!” said she, “and how pleasant you make your room look. Mine looks like desolation. I wish I could arrange a room so as to make it look as pleasant as you do yours. But I never could.”

“That is because your mind is on something else,” said Mary. “If you were interested in it, you could do it as well as any body.”

“No,” replied Emma, “I never had any taste for such things. Besides, my mind is not on any thing else in particular, I am sure. What do you mean?”

“Why, I mean that your thoughts and your invention are expended on dressing yourself prettily, and you succeed in it admirably. You would succeed just as well in making a house look pretty, if your heart were on that.”

“Why, Mary,” said Emma, “how can you say so? I am sure no one thinks less of dress than I do.”

“I am sure I do not mean that you think of it too much,” replied Mary. “At any rate, you make yourself look very charming.”

Mary was soon ready, and the two young ladies went out together. As they walked along the street, Emma's attention was, as usual, attracted to the shop windows in which bonnets, laces, head-dresses, or jewelry were displayed. Mary, on the other hand, looked more at the windows containing books, engravings, or new and tasteful articles of furniture. At one time they stopped before a jeweler's. They were both interested in what they saw there, but while Emma was examining the rings, and pins,



Picture of Mary Lane's room.



Emma's highest ambition.

Mrs. Manton.

Emma's advice.

and bracelets, Mary's thoughts were occupied with the spoons, the silver ware, and the watches.

"I wish I had a gold bracelet," said Emma. "My highest ambition is to have a gold bracelet."

"I would rather have a watch," said Mary.

"I should like a watch well enough," said Emma, in a tone of indifference, "but I should like a gold bracelet better. I could get a very pretty one for twenty dollars."

"But then, by-and-by," rejoined Mary, "you would see somebody who had one which had cost fifty dollars, and then, after that, you would not care about your own."

"I wish Aunt Manton would give me her diamond ring," said Emma, after a moment's pause.

"Would you like it?" said Mary.

"Yes," said Emma; "and she might give it to me just as well as not. She never will wear it again herself."

"Poor Aunt Manton!" said Mary, in a mournful tone, "I am afraid she will not live very long."

At the close of the walk, when the young ladies returned to Mary's room, Emma alluded to the subject again.

"If I had twenty dollars," said she, "I would buy me a bracelet. If I were *you*, I would buy one worth more than that," she added. "You have got money laid up—plenty of it."

This was true. Mary received from her father an allowance of a hundred dollars a year for her dress and all her other personal expenses. She had not laid out more than three fourths of this sum for several years, even including the purchases she had

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Discussion about a gold bracelet, and about being married.

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made from time to time for her room. The portion of her allowance which she did not expend she was accustomed to deposit with her father on interest, and the sum now amounted to more than two hundred dollars.

“You might have a gold bracelet just as well as not,” said Emma.

“Yes,” said Mary; “but I don’t care much about it. I think I shall buy me a watch, but I don’t know. I am thinking that, perhaps, I shall want the money more by-and-by for something else.”

“When?” asked Emma.

“When I am married,” said Mary, laughing.

“Married!” repeated Emma. “Nonsense! For my part, I never intend to be married. I do not wish to be married. Do you?”

“Yes,” replied Mary. “That’s what I was made for.”

“Oh, Mary!” said Emma, “what a queer girl you are!”

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## CHAPTER III.

### A VISITOR.

ABOUT this time quite a sensation was produced in Clinton, for that was the name of the village where Emma and Mary resided, by the intelligence that a young gentleman from New York, named Howard, was coming to spend the summer there, or at least several weeks of it, on a visit to his friend, Charles Stanley. Mr. Howard had just come of age. He was said to be a man of very

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Conversation about Mr. Howard.

His design in coming to Clinton.

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agreeable person and manners, and of considerable property. He was going into business in connection with a wealthy firm in New York that was engaged in navigation. Why he was coming to spend so many weeks in a country town so remote from New York as Clinton, nobody knew. Charles Stanley said that he was coming to study.

“What is he going to study?” asked Emma of Mr. Stanley, one day.

“I do not know,” replied Charles; “something or other connected with his business.”

“I do not think he will study much,” rejoined Emma. “He will be more occupied with hunting and fishing, and such things, than with his books, you may depend. But I am glad he is coming. I hope he will plan some nice pic-nics and excursions for us.”

Emma wished very much to make some further inquiries respecting Mr. Howard, but she did not like to do it directly, and so she said no more.

The fact was that Mr. Howard had two objects in view in coming to spend a month or two at Clinton. One of these objects was to find a place of retirement and seclusion for a little time, for the purpose of studying the construction of the steam-engine, which it had become necessary for some one connected with the firm to understand, on account of their having gradually got engaged in building and purchasing steamers for their business. In order to have their steamers well and thoroughly built, and the engines properly constructed, it was very desirable that some one of the firm should understand the whole subject, both theoretically and practically. The other members of the firm were men some-

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Reading about the steam-engine.

Mr. Howard has another motive.

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what advanced in life—too old, as they said, to learn new things ; and so they proposed to assign this duty to Mr. Howard. They knew that he had a taste for such studies, and that he would obtain the necessary information very easily.

“You will have to read theoretical works on the principles of the steam-engine, and on the various modes of constructing it, for a month or two,” said one of his partners to him, “and then you must go to England to visit some of the principal manufactories, with a view of becoming acquainted with the practical details.”

Mr. Howard was very ready to undertake this work ; and, in order that he might accomplish the necessary reading in the most advantageous manner, he resolved to go to some retired place in the country.

“I will go to Clinton,” said he, “to my cousin Stanley’s. That will be exactly the place.”

Mr. Howard had another reason for visiting Clinton. He wished to find himself a wife.

But, in respect to this subject, it will be best to allow Mr. Howard to express his own views. This he did in a conversation which he had with his cousin Charles in the garden a few days after he arrived in Clinton.

Mr. Howard had been reading all the morning in Mr. Stanley’s library. Just before noon, Charles came home, and, finding that his cousin appeared somewhat weary, he proposed to him to lay aside his books, and take a stroll in the garden. So the two young men went out together. Charles’s dog came running to meet them at the door, and finding that they were going to take a walk, he went with them.

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Charles and Mr. Howard take a walk in the garden.

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“Well, Cousin John,” said Charles, “and how do you like Clinton?”

“It is a very pretty place,” said Mr. Howard. “I always liked the place very much indeed, but I have not seen much of the people.”

Charles then asked his cousin why he did not go and see some of the people. “There are a great many very agreeable young ladies here, that you used to know years ago.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Howard, “I know it; and that is one very special reason why I came here. I wish to see if any one of them will do for a wife for me.”

Mr. Howard spoke this very seriously, and not at all in a jocose manner.

“That’s a queer idea,” said Charles; “that you, a young man of such fortune and of such prospects, should leave New York, that is full of beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and think of looking for a wife among these country girls. They are very pleasant girls, but they are not like some of your city girls. There is Maria Livingston, for example. She would be an ornament to society in any sphere.”

“True,” said Mr. Howard; “but what I am looking for is a wife for myself, and not an ornament for society. Society must provide its own ornaments. I want a wife for usefulness, not for show.”

As the young gentlemen continued their walk up and down a shady path along one side of the garden, Mr. Howard informed his cousin that it was the almost universal custom for the young ladies in New York to devote themselves entirely to dress and to

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Character of many city young ladies.

Their habits of expenditure.

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visiting, and that their highest, if not their exclusive ambition, was to shine in society. Their taste and inclinations led them to spend their mornings in making calls and in going a shopping. At their calls, their conversation and thoughts were occupied almost entirely with reminiscences of the last party, or anticipations of the next one, and with the dresses which various ladies wore at these assemblies, and the appearance which they made. These subjects, if they were varied at all, were only varied by comments on the opera, and anecdotes of the singers, and such like topics.

“And the chief idea,” continued Mr. Howard, “that these young ladies have of marriage is, first, the pleasure of having a great show and parade at the wedding, and then the having somebody to furnish them with plenty of money, so that they may buy more dresses, and more laces and pins than ever before, and provide themselves with a house where they can give handsome parties of their own.”

“It is not so with all of them,” said Charles.

“Pretty nearly all,” said Mr. Howard. “That is the almost universal fashion; so that the husbands generally have no comfort or happiness at all, at home. The principal part of the house, and all the best furniture, is devoted exclusively to visitors. The family lives in some basement room half under ground, or in a chamber which is all in a litter. Then the way in which they waste and throw away the money which the husbands work so hard to earn is very provoking. If they expended it for any thing which gave the wives themselves any real pleasure, or which was intended to gratify their husbands, it would be excusable, even if they were a little extravagant; but it is not so. Nine

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The young men go into a bower.

They continue their conversation.

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tenths of what they expend is only for the sake of vying with other ladies. Each is trying to equal or surpass the others in show, not to procure means of enjoyment for herself. It is a perpetual struggle of rivalry, and, of course, it is perpetual vexation and misery for all concerned."

Here the two young men, having reached the end of the path, and finding the rays of the sun, which glanced through the leaves of the trees as they walked, a little warm, turned into a shady corner where there was a seat. Mr. Howard sat down, and the dog lay down before him, while his cousin stood leaning against the side of the bower; and here they continued their conversation.

"Now I do not wish for such a wife as that," said Mr. Howard. "They are excellent ornaments of society, I grant; but I want such a wife as will make my home happy, and be a companion for me there. I want a wife that will be satisfied with my love, instead of setting her heart mainly on being the envy or admiration of other people."

And here I must stop to remark that young ladies are very apt to imagine that the gentlemen, in choosing their wives, do not usually exercise much judgment and discretion about it, but that they accidentally fall in love with some one whom they chance to meet, and are immediately seized with an irresistible desire to have that lady and no other for a wife, and that they persevere, without regard to any considerations of prudence or good sense, in efforts to secure her until they succeed. This is, in fact, the way in which the case is usually represented in novels and tales, and sometimes, undoubtedly, it is so in real life. Far more frequently, however, it is otherwise. Personal preference has a great



Picture of Charles Stanley and Mr. Howard in the bower.



influence, no doubt, but there are a great many prudential considerations which ought to be taken into the account on deciding such

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Selection of a wife.

Some explanations on the subject.

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a question, and most sensible young men do take them into account very distinctly, and are greatly influenced by them. Nothing is more common in real life, however rare it may be in romances and tales, than for a young man to feel a strong sentiment of love for some young lady that he knows, while he yet feels that, for some good reason or other, she is not fitted to make him happy as a wife, and so he finally concludes to pass her by and make another selection.

In the same manner, a young gentleman sometimes hesitates between two, or even more, of his young lady acquaintances. He likes them all. He could easily love any one of them. He actually feels, in fact, an incipient emotion of love for them, sometimes for one and sometimes for another, as he meets them successively from time to time. Whether it is best, however, for him to choose any one of them for his wife is a question to be very seriously considered. One of these young ladies may be very amiable and very charming, but perhaps she has been accustomed to live very expensively, and the young man, having but just commenced business, and being desirous, for some years, to employ nearly all his means in his financial operations, may think he will not have money enough to procure for her the enjoyments that she had been accustomed to. He thinks that she would not probably be happy with him, or, at any rate, that he should not be happy himself in seeing her deprived of her usual comforts and luxuries. So he concludes that he must not choose her for his wife, however much he may be inclined to love her. Another of the young ladies may be very agreeable as a companion, while yet she is entirely inefficient and incapable of bearing any responsibility, or

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Gentlemen think and reason about the young ladies.

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performing of herself any regular duty ; and the gentleman may be in such a profession, or in such a situation in life, as to require very substantial qualities of industry, perseverance, and resolution in his wife. He may conclude, therefore, that, however attractive she may be to him, it would not be prudent for him to make her his wife, and he accordingly takes care that he does not get too much interested in her. Thus gentlemen, when they come to the point of actually deciding upon the choice of a partner for life, think and reason about it much more than young ladies imagine. In fact, many of the young ladies who may read this story, especially those who are of a romantic turn of mind, or who have read many works of fiction, will be very reluctant to believe that this can be as I represent it. Some will think that it is very shocking doctrine, and will say that they never can believe it. But they may rely upon it, nevertheless, that it is true. And if any one of you will ask any sensible gentleman, married or unmarried, what his experience and observation among men have taught him on this subject, you will find that, though they will admit that there are many exceptions, still, in the main, and as a general rule, they will abundantly confirm all that I say.

Mr. Howard and Charles continued in conversation for some time in the bower, during which time they talked a good deal of Emma, as well as of several other young ladies that resided in Clinton. Charles said that Miss Emma was one of the most charming girls he ever saw, and this opinion Mr. Howard was very ready to assent to, for he had seen her many years before, when she was very young, and now, since he had been in Clinton,

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Account of Mrs. Manton.

Where she lived.

Her farm.

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he had met her once in the street, and he had been very much struck with the beauty of her countenance and the charming grace of her manners.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WILL.

THE Aunt Manton that Emma spoke of in her conversation with Mary on the day of the shopping was an elderly lady of very infirm health, who lived in a neighboring town. She was an aunt of Mary's as well as of Emma's, or, rather, both the young ladies called her aunt, though the relationship was distant in both cases. Mrs. Manton was very fond of both the girls, and they used very often to go and see her. Emma's great delight in these visits was to see a diamond ring which belonged to her aunt, and which her son had sent her from beyond the sea. She prized this ring very much. It had, indeed, a considerable intrinsic value, though Mrs. Manton prized it chiefly as a gift from her son.

She lived upon a small farm which belonged to her in a neighboring town. The farm was let to a farmer who cultivated the land and kept the house. Mrs. Manton had two rooms in a wing of it. About the time that the conversation took place between the two young ladies, as recorded in a preceding chapter, and a month or two before Mr. Howard came to Clinton, Mrs. Manton's health changed for the worse, and she concluded to make her will.

So the farmer rode into the village one morning, and brought the lawyer to write Mrs. Manton's will. When the lawyer ar-

Mrs. Manton is sick, and prepares to make her will.

rived, they placed a table, with pen, ink, and paper upon it, in Mrs. Manton's room, and he, taking his seat there, prepared to write as she might direct him.



After informing the lawyer of the disposition which she wished to have made of the principal part of her little property, Mrs. Manton paused to consider what she should do in respect to her nieces. She could not do much for them, but she wished to give them at least some small farewell token of her regard.

She determined to give the diamond ring to one of them, and

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The two bequests.

Emma receives the diamond ring.

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the worth of it, in something else, to the other, and she was now hesitating which should have the ring.

“Emma would like it best,” thought she to herself, “but then it is rather hard for her father to get along, and I think that money would, perhaps, do her more good. Mary does not like to wear such things much, but then I am sure she would value it, and keep it all her life, for my sake.”

So she said to the lawyer that she wished to have him put in her will that she gave her diamond ring, worth one hundred dollars, to her niece Mary, and one hundred dollars in money to her niece Emma.

The lawyer accordingly wrote in the will as follows :

“I give and bequeath to my niece, Mary Lane, my diamond ring, of the value of one hundred dollars.

“I give and bequeath to my niece, Emma Waldron, one hundred dollars in money.”

In due time the will was finished, signed by Mrs. Manton, and duly executed, and about a week afterward the lady died. All this, as I have already intimated, took place before Mr. Howard came to Clinton. After the death of Mrs. Manton, two or three weeks were occupied by the delays incident to proving the will, and going through the other forms prescribed by law, and then the ring and the money were sent to Clinton. It happened that they were received by Mary and Emma about a week after Mr. Howard arrived in town. The money was paid to Emma in five twenty-dollar gold pieces. Emma was, of course, greatly delight-

Emma's reflections in respect to the legacy.

Her plan.

ed to receive this treasure. At first she hardly knew whether to feel disappointed or not, that the diamond ring instead of the money had not been given to her. When she looked at her finger, and imagined how pretty the ring would look upon it, she could not help wishing that the money had been sent to Mary. But then, on the other hand, when she looked at the gold pieces, shining through the interstices of a silk purse into which she put them, and felt how heavy they were, she was glad to have it as it was.

"I can buy a bracelet with this," said she, "that will be prettier than the ring."

She immediately resolved on going to Mary's to see the ring and talk with her about the legacies. She found Mary in her chamber. The ring had been put away in a rosewood box, where Mary kept her most valuable treasures. Mary took out the ring to show it to Emma, and Emma showed Mary the gold pieces in her purse.

"Now," said she, "I can buy me a bracelet with one hundred dollars, and then, if any body should, as you said the other day, buy one worth fifty, it won't come near beating mine."

Mary attempted to persuade Emma not to expend her money in that way. She told her how many useful things she might buy with it, or she might put it out at interest, Mary said, and thus have an annual income from it.

"Why, you could buy a share in a bank," said she, "with a hundred dollars, and that would produce six or eight dollars a year as long as you live."

Emma said nothing, but she was, in secret, fully resolved to buy the bracelet, and nothing else. "Mary need not think," said she

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She sends to Boston to buy a gold bracelet.

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to herself, "that she is going to have that ring to wear, and I have nothing."

There was to be a party at Mr. Stanley's the next week after these occurrences took place, in honor of Mr. Howard. Emma thought it very important that she should have her bracelet before that time. On mature reflection, however, she thought it might, perhaps, be a little extravagant to spend the whole of her legacy on one ornament, and, as she wished to be prudent and economical in her arrangements, she concluded to appropriate only seventy-five dollars for the bracelet, and keep the rest of the money for such other articles of dress as she might require. She accordingly wrote a letter at once to a friend of hers in Boston, requesting her to select and purchase for her there as pretty a bracelet as could be bought at Jones's for seventy-five dollars, and to send it to Clinton as soon as possible, by express. She inclosed the money necessary for the purchase in her letter, having exchanged a sufficient portion of her gold to bank bills for this purpose, and then, after sealing the letter very carefully, and putting on two stamps, she deposited it in the post-office.

In three days the bracelet came. It was packed in a very pretty box. When Emma opened the box, and lifted up the cotton which had been placed over the bracelet, her heart was filled with delight to see how resplendent and beautiful it was. It more than answered all her expectations.



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Emma's anticipations in meeting Mr. Howard.The party.

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## CHAPTER V.

## INQUIRIES AND REFLECTIONS.

EMMA was very much interested in what she had heard and seen of Mr. Howard, and was in heart—though she would have scarcely confessed it even to herself—quite desirous to please him. There was, however, no special reason why she should have been unwilling to admit the existence of such a feeling, for I conceive that there is nothing improper in a lady's desiring to please a gentleman whom she likes. In fact, one of the most important means which young ladies are provided with for doing good in this world, is the power to *please*, and it is very right, therefore, that they should endeavor to do as much good as possible, by making themselves as pleasing as they can.

Emma was particularly desirous of pleasing Mr. Howard. His high standing, his excellent prospects, his intelligent and manly countenance, his agreeable manners, and his many personal accomplishments, all conspired to make him an object of great interest to all who knew him. His coming from the great city of New York, too, seemed to give special importance to all that he said and did, and Emma thought it was proper that she should take special pains with her dress and appearance on the night that she was to meet him at Mr. Stanley's.

The party was to be on Wednesday. About the middle of the afternoon on Tuesday, a messenger came to Emma's house with a note. On opening it, Emma found that it was from Mary. The

Note from Mary Lane.

Preparations.

Mr. Howard.

body of the note was occupied with the usual topics. The note was written, in fact, for the sake of the postscript, which was as follows :

“P.S.—If I should conclude to go to the party to-morrow night, which is uncertain, I shall not wear my ring, and, if you would like to wear it, I will lend it to you. Send me back word by Thomas.”

“What a dear good child she is !” said Emma, as she read this postscript.

Emma sent word to Mary that she would like to wear the ring very much, charging her, at the same time, to be sure and come to the party herself.

Mary sent the ring the next morning by Thomas, who was a very trusty messenger, and Emma received it safely. Thus she was doubly provided for. Besides the bracelet and the ring, Emma had procured, by means of the twenty-five dollars which she had reserved from her legacy, several other very tasteful articles of dress, which she thought, when she had put them on, and tried the effect of them before the glass, made her look quite like a New York lady.

In the mean time, while Emma was thus greatly interested in her preparations for meeting Mr. Howard, *he* was no less interested in his anticipations of the pleasure of meeting her. He had, as I have already said, been very much pleased with her appearance and manner, and all that he heard of her, in answer to the inquiries which he made respecting her of his cousin Charles, was

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Mr. Howard makes very particular inquiries about Emma.

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much in her favor. In fact, Emma was quite a general favorite, and almost every body was accustomed to speak well of her.

“Is she taciturn or talkative?” asked Mr. Howard.

“She is not taciturn, certainly,” replied Charles; “but then I do not think she is too talkative. She is very sprightly and animated, and we all like to hear her talk.”

“Is she of a cheerful or of a pensive disposition?” said Mr. Howard.

“Cheerful, decidedly,” said Charles.

“Is she disposed to be extravagant or economical?”

“Economical,” said Charles. “She is particularly economical. Her father has but a small income, and it can not be possible that she can have much to expend, and yet she dresses as prettily as any girl in town.”

“Is she systematic and orderly in her affairs, or loose and negligent?” asked Mr. Howard.

“I do not know,” said Charles. “She is always very nice and particular about her dress, but I do not know how it is in her closets and drawers.”

Mr. Howard thought for an instant that he should like to take a peep into her closets and drawers; but not knowing whether it was quite proper for a young gentleman to entertain such a wish in respect to a young lady, he was silent.

“But if you wish to see a young lady that is systematic and orderly about rooms and closets,” said Charles, “you must go and see Mary Lane.”

“Who is Mary Lane?” asked Mr. Howard.

“She is a sort of cousin of Emma’s,” replied Charles. “She

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Mary Lane.

Why Mr. Howard wished to have an economical wife.

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makes every thing beautiful in and around her father's house. The house is a perfect gem."

"Will she be at the party here to-morrow?" asked Mr. Howard.

"I hope so," said Charles; "we have invited her, but she does not like to go to parties much."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Charles. "She does not care much about parties and dress. She likes to stay at home."

Mr. Howard would have been very much interested in this account of Mary Lane if his head had not been already so full of Emma.

The fact was, that Mr. Howard began to think that Emma was exactly the person for him to choose for his wife. He was particularly pleased with what his cousin Charles had said in respect to her economy. It may seem to some of my readers that Mr. Howard, being possessed already of a considerable fortune, and having such bright prospects before him of a great increase of it, would not have considered the question of economy at all, in choosing a wife. There was in his case, one might perhaps suppose, no need of economy. But this would be a very erroneous view of the subject. There is no case where a judicious economy is so desirable and so important as in the management of the expenses of the most wealthy men; and there are no cases in which carelessness and extravagance are more conspicuous, and more mischievous in their effects, than in those of some of the fashionable ladies in the Fifth Avenue in New York, who embarrass and harass their husbands perpetually with their reckless expenditures, and finally, in many cases, bring them to bankruptcy and ruin.

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The nature of economy.

Great difference in young ladies in this respect.

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It is of immense importance, therefore, to a young man who is commencing life in New York, no matter how wealthy he may be, or how prosperous his business prospects, that he should have a wife who has been trained to thrifty and prudent habits in respect to expenditure in her early life. It makes no difference at all whether she has been accustomed to much or little money; the only important point is how she has been accustomed to manage what she has had. Has she been accustomed to keep her expenditure entirely within her means, so as always to have resources in store for every emergency, and to keep clear of every species of embarrassment and distress? And does she know how to employ her means, whatever they may be in amount, for such purposes and objects as conduce most to her happiness? Or, on the other hand, has she been in the habit of spending eagerly all she can get as soon as she gets it, buying with it whatever strikes her fancy at the time, without much regard to necessity and propriety, so as to be always short of money, and often, perhaps, in debt? A young lady who has this last character, no matter how small the means which she has been accustomed to deal with while young, will almost inevitably, when she comes to be the wife of a wealthy man, contrive to act in the same manner, only now her improvidence and recklessness will be on a greater scale, and so more mischievous in their results. The folly which prompted her, when a girl, to buy a ring worth five dollars, which she could not afford, will, when she is rich, lead her to buy a shawl worth a thousand dollars, or a diamond bracelet worth five thousand. There is no such thing as satisfying the spirit of extravagance by the abundance of wealth, and in all ages of the world the richest

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The wrong kind of economy.

Mr. Howard's anticipations.

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people are often those most pinched for money, for it is they and their wives whose desires are most likely to outrun their means.

Mr. Howard, therefore, though growing rich, was very desirous of having a prudent and economical wife, and he was accordingly much pleased when he heard from his cousin Charles that Emma was economical. But, unfortunately, the economy which Charles referred to, as exemplified so strikingly in Emma's character, was of the wrong kind. It consisted in making close bargains—in getting as much as possible for her money—in inducing the people who worked for her to work many hours, and for little pay—and in eking out, by these and similar means, her scanty resources, so as to make them go farther than they would have done with any liberal and generous minded person. This, however, is not the right kind of economy. Many of the most ruinously extravagant women of New York possess this kind of economy in the highest possible degree. Miss Emma's economy, therefore, though very strict and very efficient, was by no means of the right kind.

Nevertheless, Mr. Howard felt an increasing interest in Miss Emma, and he looked forward to meeting her at the party with very high anticipations of pleasure.

He expected to enjoy the party itself too, independently of the pleasure of meeting Miss Emma.

“How delightful it will be,” said he to himself, as he was walking in the garden alone, about half an hour before the time for the party to assemble, “to see a company of young ladies dressed in a simple manner, without any finery and display, so that they can enjoy themselves at their ease, and have a good time !”

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The party.

Emma comes in.

She produces a sensation.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PARTY.

WHEN Emma surveyed herself in the glass in the dressing-room at Mr. Stanley's just before entering the parlor where the company were assembling, she was well satisfied with the result of her efforts. She ought to have been satisfied—she really looked very pretty indeed.

“I suppose he thinks,” she said to herself, “that he will see none but country girls here, and dressed in country style.”

With this thought in her mind she went into the parlor.

A large part of the company had already assembled, and Emma's entrance produced quite a sensation. She was always a beautiful girl, and she looked unusually beautiful this evening. Her dress, though expensive, was in very good taste in other respects. There was an unusual interest felt in seeing her, too, at this time, on the part of several of her friends, who knew that she had sent to Boston for a bracelet, and who, of course, felt a strong desire to see the prize. Accordingly, soon after she had entered the room and had taken her seat, several of these friends gathered round her to look at her bracelet and at the diamond ring.

In a short time Mr. Howard came into the room. His entrance, too, created quite a sensation. He was dressed very neatly, though in a very quiet and unpretending manner. His countenance was frank, open, and expressive. His cousin Charles accompanied him as he came in, and introduced him to several of the ladies

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Mr. Howard looks for Emma.

His conversation with her.

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and gentlemen—those particularly whom they chanced to approach in advancing into the room.

Mr. Howard held brief conversations with those to whom he was thus introduced, but his eye was roving about the room all the time in search of Emma. As soon as he saw her, he moved gradually in the direction toward her, and was soon by her side.

The first feeling which Mr. Howard experienced in accosting Emma was pleasure in contemplating the exceeding beauty and sweetness of her smile as she bade him good evening. The next thought was surprise at seeing her so fashionably dressed. This surprise was considerably increased by the sight of the magnificent gold bracelet upon her arm.

In fact, to confess the honest truth, Mr. Howard was a little frightened. He, however, remained some time by Emma's side, and he enjoyed her company and conversation very much. In the course of this conversation Emma showed him the ring.

“Is not that a pretty ring?” said she, holding up her hand.\*

Mr. Howard said it was a very pretty one, though really, as a matter of fact, he saw a much more attractive kind of beauty in the smooth and rounded form of Emma's fingers and hand than he did in the ring.

“It was one which belonged to my aunt,” said Emma. “She left it as a legacy to a cousin of mine—Mary Lane.”

“Is she here this evening?” asked Mr. Howard.

“No,” said Emma; “she seldom goes to parties; she does not make much of a figure in society, but she is a very sweet girl at home.”

\* See Frontispiece.



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They talk about Mary Lane.

Mr. Howard meets Charles Stanley.

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Emma did not mean to say this in disparagement of Mary exactly, and yet she undoubtedly entertained the idea that such a gentleman as Mr. Howard, in choosing a wife, would naturally wish for one who would make a good appearance in New York society.

"She sent me word that she was not coming to-night," continued Emma, "and so she lent me her ring. It is really quite a valuable ring, but she does not seem to care much about it."

"She must be a singular sort of girl," said Mr. Howard. "What does she care about?"

"She *is* quite a singular girl," replied Emma. "She is very fond of her room, and her books, and her garden, and her yards, and every thing about the house. She is like a cat. It is the hardest thing in the world to get her away from home."

After some farther conversation with Emma, Mr. Howard went away, and devoted his attention, as it was his duty to do, to other persons of the company. In the course of the evening, he stood for a few moments near the mantel-piece with Charles.

"Does not Emma look beautifully this evening," said Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Howard, "she is very beautiful indeed."

"Did you observe what a splendid bracelet she has?"

"Yes," said Mr. Howard. "Is it hers?"

"Certainly," replied Charles. "She bought it with a legacy left her by her aunt. Her aunt left her a hundred dollars, and she bought this bracelet with seventy-five of it."

"How much do you suppose her father's income is?" rejoined Mr. Howard.

"It can not be more than eight hundred or a thousand dollars," replied Charles.

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Mr. Howard's calculations and reflections. He is interrupted. Mr. Howard in his room.

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Just at this instant some young ladies beckoned Charles away, and Mr. Howard was left a few minutes alone. He began to calculate what sum would probably be sufficient to gratify Emma's fondness for jewelry in New York, if she were to be the wife of a man whose income was five or ten thousand dollars a year; and also whether she would probably, in going into society in New York, wish to outshine the ladies she might meet in company there, as much as she was outshining her friends and companions in Clinton, and if so, how much money it would cost to enable her to do it.

He also mused a little upon the fact that Emma, in addition to several rings of her own, had chosen to borrow and wear her cousin Mary's. For a moment, too, there was even forced upon his mind the very ungallant and uncharitable question, What cast and character of mind was indicated by a desire to shine in borrowed finery? This question Mr. Howard immediately put down. "A young lady's borrowing her cousin's ring," he said to himself, very promptly, "is a perfectly innocent and proper thing, and ought not to be attributed to a desire of shining in borrowed finery at all."

Mr. Howard soon interrupted himself in these musings by the thought that his remaining apart from the company in this manner was not polite, and so he turned to a group of ladies and gentlemen that were standing near, and joined them in their conversation.

That night, after the party was over, and Mr. Howard went to his room, he sat for some time by the window, looking at the moon and musing. At last he seemed to awake from his revery, and said to himself, as he rose from his chair,

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He comes to a conclusion.

Mary Lane.

Mr. Howard declines an introduction.

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“She is a charming girl, certainly; but if her tastes and desires are such as these things seem to indicate, I do not see but that I might as well have one of the New York belles for my wife as to have her.”

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## CHAPTER VII.

MARY LANE.

MR. HOWARD'S interest and curiosity were considerably excited by what he heard of Mary Lane. He determined to contrive some way to become acquainted with her.

The first time that he went out to walk, he took the road which led by the house where she lived. His cousin Charles went with him, and pointed out the place to him. Mr. Howard was very much pleased with the charming aspect which every thing about the house presented, and his interest in seeing Mary was greatly increased by it; for his cousin Charles assured him positively that all the beauty that he saw was the result of Mary's taste and skill.

“And if you wish to become acquainted with her,” continued Charles, “go in with me now, and I will introduce you to her.”

“No,” said Mr. Howard, “I will not go in now.”

Mr. Howard wished to contrive some less formal and conspicuous mode of becoming acquainted with Mary than by going in to be introduced as a stranger for the purpose of making a ceremonious call.

A few days after this, Mr. Howard, when walking with Charles in the street, met Mary Lane coming into the village. She was

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Mr. Howard devises another plan.

Success of his maneuver.

Emma.

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leading a little child by the hand. Mr. Howard was very much struck with the soft and beaming intelligence of her eyes, and with the sweet and gentle expression of her countenance. He was more determined to devise some plan of becoming acquainted with her than ever.

He finally devised a plan. It was a pretty bold one, but he carried it into effect in so polite and gentlemanly a manner that it succeeded perfectly.

He sat down to his desk one evening when Charles Stanley was away, and wrote a note to Mary Lane, saying that he had heard through their common friend, Charles, that she had among her books a volume of views in the Alps, and, though he had not yet had the pleasure of being introduced to her, still, as they had so many friends in common, he hoped she would not consider that he took too great a liberty in asking her if she would lend it to him a few days. He promised that he would take the best possible care of it, and that, in a very short time, he would either send it home by a trusty messenger, or, if she would allow him to do so, bring it himself.

Mary Lane, far from being displeased, was much gratified at receiving this note. She immediately showed it to her mother, and asked her what she had better do. Her mother advised her to send the book, and to accompany it with a message that she was very happy to lend it to him, and that both she and her mother would be pleased to see him, if he would call when he was ready to return it.

But I am getting drawn away from Emma, and she is the proper subject of this volume. I will, therefore, here only add, that

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Emma offers to send home the ring.

Mary Lane does not wish for it.

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about a week after Mr. Howard finished his studies in respect to the steam-engine, and returned to New York, it was generally understood throughout the village that he was engaged to Mary Lane.

Emma, who at heart was really a generous-minded and excellent girl, notwithstanding some faults that were to be observed in her character, congratulated Mary, in a very cordial manner, on her engagement, and sincerely wished her all possible happiness.

“And I’ll send home your ring,” said she. “You’ll want it now, if you did not before.”

“No,” replied Mary Lane, “don’t send it home. I will leave it in your keeping. I do not think I shall ever wear it. I would give it to you if it were not that it was bequeathed to me by Aunt Manton. At any rate, I leave it in your custody, and you may use it as your own until I call for it.”

“Oh, Mary,” said Emma, “what a queer girl you are!”

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Some account of the voyage up the North River.

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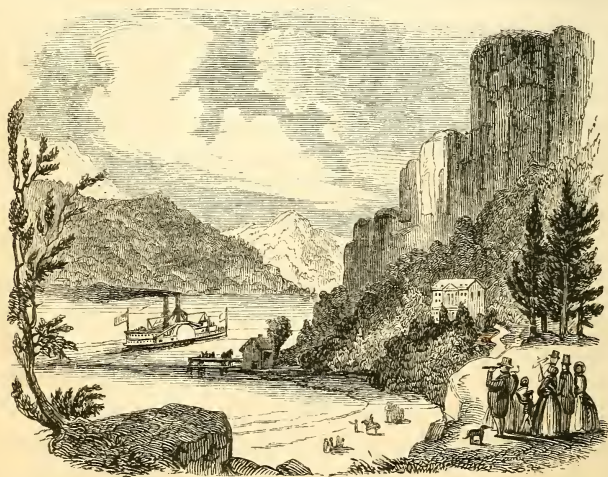
## LESSON II.

## THE RASPBERRY PARTY.

## CHAPTER I.

## WEST POINT.

THE young gentlemen and the young ladies, whatever may be their age, who have never yet made a voyage up the Hudson from



New York to Albany, on board one of the immense river steamers which are going continually to and fro on that magnificent

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The great North River steamers.

Views from the deck.

The shores.

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thoroughfare, have a great pleasure yet in reserve. The steamers are enormously large, and are fitted up with so much magnificence and splendor, that when the cabins and saloons are lighted at night, the spectacle presented to view seems like a scene of enchantment. The stained glass windows, the bright and glowing lamps and chandeliers, the rich carpets, the gorgeous drapery of the berths and state-rooms, the mirrors, the paintings, and, above all, the brilliant magnificence of the long supper-tables set out in the gentlemen's cabin for tea, combine to fill the minds of children, who witness the scene for the first time, with the most exciting emotions of wonder and delight. They run about the saloons, they sit down upon the sofas, they climb up to the windows, they go out upon the decks, and they watch the movements of the ponderous machinery in a state of perpetual excitement.

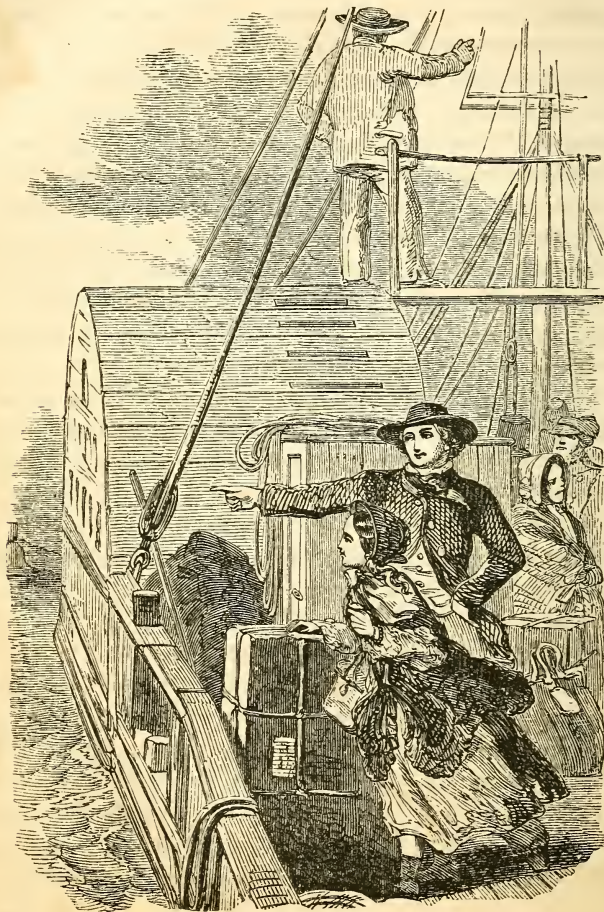
In most of these steamers there is a very pleasant place to sit, on a deck in the rear of the upper saloon. This deck has a roof over it, and it is partially sheltered from the breeze by the saloon before it, so that in a summer evening, when the day has been warm, a great many of the passengers come out there to walk about, or to sit in little groups, four or five together, upon the chairs or settees placed there for their accommodation. The scenery along the banks of the river, as seen from this deck, is extremely beautiful. There are elegant villas, and comfortable-looking farm-houses, and groves of trees, and serpentine walks meandering gracefully through shady groves, or over verdant lawns, varied now and then by a wharf or pier at the margin of the water, with a sloop or a sail-boat moored to it, waiting, perhaps, for a change in the wind, or the turning of the tide. The

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Scene on board a steam-boat.

Objects on the shore.

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The little white cottages.

The Palisades.

The Highlands.

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gentleman who is traveling with you points out these various objects to your attention as you glide swiftly along.

Among them all, there is nothing which is more curious, or which attracts more strongly the attention of children, than the little white cottages which are seen here and there lying close along the shore, on the western side of the river, underneath the enormous precipices of the Palisades.

These Palisades, which form a perpendicular wall of rock several hundred feet high, extend for many miles along the western bank of the river. They begin very near New York, and they end at Tappan Bay. Tappan Bay is a broad expansion of the river, forming a sort of lake, in fact, ten or fifteen miles long, and four or five wide. At the end of Tappan Bay the river takes a sudden turn, at a place where it passes through a narrow gorge between a promontory on one side, and a long point of land covered with groves of trees on the other. The steamer, after going through this strait, enters another sort of lake, called Haverstraw Bay. When you enter Haverstraw Bay, it is a good plan to go *forward*, and take a view of it from the window of the forward saloon, or, if the weather is very pleasant, from the little promenade deck outside. The bay, as viewed from these places, is seen bordered by most beautiful rural scenery on either side, while at its upper end it appears to lose itself among a mass of lofty and forest-covered mountains, which look as if they were crowding together there on purpose to stop the way. In fact, the children who look upon the scene wonder how it can be possible for the steamer to get through.

As the boat advances along the bay, and approaches the end of

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Passage of the river through the Highlands.Scene at night.

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it, the mountains seem to grow higher, and to crowd closer in together. At length, however, a narrow passage gradually opens before you, and the steamer winds its way along the mountains, through a succession of short curves and narrow gorges, with dark forests of evergreen trees, and frowning precipices of granite, rising abruptly from the water's edge on either hand. The whole scene wears a very grand and sublime, and yet somewhat gloomy aspect. The river twists and turns around the points and promontories with such short and sudden windings, that wherever you are, and whichever way you turn, you can see but a very little distance before you. You might almost suppose that it was some small mountain lake on which you were sailing, were it not that you are continually passing sloops that are ascending or descending the river, and now and then a monstrous steamer like your own comes paddling with tremendous power around a point of land before you, and, passing you at great speed, disappears behind you as suddenly as it came.

These mountains are the famous Highlands of the North River. The scene, in passing through them, is very imposing even by day. By night it is really sublime. Then the grand mountain masses by which the river is hemmed in—their forms revealed indistinctly by the faint radiance of the moon or of the stars—assume so solemn an expression as to fill you with awe; and the hundreds of lights which glimmer in the steamer that passes you, or are reflected from it in the water below, make the mighty mass seem like some gigantic spectre stalking by, or like a moving illumination mysteriously floating over the glassy surface of the water. Once when I was passing by in such a steamer, the fire-

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Brilliant spectacle.

The promontory of West Point.

The grounds.

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men were pouring burning embers which they had taken up from under the engine out through a port-hole into the river. In looking through the port-hole, we could see the mouth of the furnace within, glowing with an intense brilliancy; and the streams of embers, as they issued from the great iron tubs of the workmen, and were poured into the river, seemed like streams of liquid fire.

After shooting swiftly along over the water among these mountains for several miles, and just before your steamer is ready to emerge from them and pass into the region of open country beyond, you come to the site of the great and celebrated military academy at West Point. West Point is a sort of flat-topped promontory, projecting into the river at one of the most romantic turns of the stream. It is pretty high, as the level plain which forms the surface of it is raised one or two hundred feet above the water, but then it is surrounded and hemmed in so completely by lofty mountains on the land side as to give to the place a very secluded and sheltered appearance. The banks which border this plain toward the river are very precipitous, and rugged rocks break out every where along the slopes of them; but then these rocks are overshadowed and partly concealed by the thick groves of trees and shrubbery which grow there, and meandering walks wind along among these trees, enabling the visitor to scale all the heights, and explore all the hidden recesses of this wild scenery in the most delightful manner. These walks lead sometimes underneath the precipices, and sometimes along the brink of them. They ascend and descend flights of stone steps, convenient and easy to the foot, though rude in form, and they lead the visitor to many seats, and bowers, and other resting-places, which the cadets have

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The plain.

Parade grounds.

Marches and maneuvers of the cadets.

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established at such salient points as command attractive views either of the surrounding mountains above or of the river below.

If you wish to stop and make a visit at West Point when passing up the river, the steamer lands you at a small pier, and then a winding road, cut in some places out of the solid rock, leads by a long circuit up from the river to the plain above. Here a very rich and attractive scene opens to the eye. The plain is quite extensive. It is fringed on the river side with trees, and it is completely environed and hemmed in, toward the land, by rounded mountain summits, all covered with dark forests of evergreen trees. On the farther side of the plain, there is a long range of professors' houses, shaded by trees, and surrounded by gardens. There are spacious edifices, too, that are used as barracks for the cadets, and broad parade-grounds for their military exercises, and batteries of cannon and of mortars for practice in gunnery, and a great hotel, surrounded by beautiful piazzas overlooking the river, and roads, and gravel-walks, and copses of shrubbery, and a neat and pretty village, occupied by musicians and privates, down in a valley; and at one place, at the distance of a mile or two across a cove, there is to be seen, on the face of a precipice which rises there from the river, perpendicular and smooth like a wall, a large target, painted on the rock, which serves for a mark to fire at with heavy artillery. The whole of this enchanting scene is often enlivened by the marches and maneuvers of the cadets on the plain, and by the groups of gayly-dressed spectators who sit upon the piazzas of the hotel, or stroll along the walks, or repose under the trees, gazing at the brilliant scenes and magnificent prospects that surround them.

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Character and design of the Military Academy at West Point.

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The reason why the Military Academy was established here is partly because the spot is so secluded and romantic, and yet so conveniently accessible from New York, and all the other great cities of the Union, and partly because there was an ancient fort here, called Fort Putnam, which was built, in the times of the Revolution, among these highlands, to defend the passage of the river ; so that West Point was already a military place when government determined on establishing an Academy. The ruins of the old fort still remain on the hill overhanging the grounds of the Academy, and the visitors who go to West Point almost always climb up to explore them.

The object of the Academy is to educate officers for the army of the United States, or rather officers to be ready to serve in armies whenever they may be required. In ordinary times, a large army is not necessary for the United States. The leading governments of Europe are obliged—or think they are obliged—to maintain very large military establishments, even in time of peace, for two reasons : first, to protect the government of the country against any rising of the people in insurrection or rebellion ; and, secondly, to protect the country itself against any sudden invasion to which they fancy that they are always exposed from the powerful neighbors which surround them.

Neither of these reasons for maintaining great standing armies are applicable to the case of the United States. Here the people themselves govern, and the rulers are merely agents, whom they put in and out of power at their pleasure, so that there are no risings to be feared except risings at the ballot-boxes. Then there are no neighbors to be dreaded. In fact, it may almost be said

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Plan of the American people in respect to the national defense.

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that the American people have politically no neighbors at all. The nearest power that is strong enough to do them any injury is three thousand miles away.

Besides, it is beginning to be generally believed among mankind that the habit of going armed, in the case both of individuals and nations, is the means much more certainly of getting into quarrels and difficulties than of keeping out of them. In former times, it was the general custom for gentlemen in social life to wear swords and daggers, either openly or concealed, about their persons, so as to be ready to defend themselves at once in case of being attacked. Now, no one thinks of such a thing—none, at least, in any refined or cultivated society. If the old custom were to return, and all people were to go constantly armed with pistols, bowie-knives, and daggers, there would be ten quarrels among men where there is now one.

The American people, therefore, think it best not to keep up great armies. A few hundred men are required to take care of the forts and batteries on the sea-coast, and keep the guns from rusting; and a few thousand on the western frontier, to protect the emigrants, and to keep order among the Indians. The whole number of these troops is, however, not more than ten or twelve thousand, while the great powers of Europe maintain, at vast expense, standing armies of ten times that magnitude.

Instead, therefore, of maintaining great armies in time of peace, the American people content themselves with training and qualifying every year a sufficient number of officers to command their armies whenever armies may be required, and also manufacturing muskets in great quantities, so as to furnish an abundant supply

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 The cadets.

The education gratuitous.

Its high character.

of arms whenever they may be needed. The arms and the officers being thus ready, the men, it is supposed, can always be obtained at very short notice. The Academy at West Point is the institution where these officers are trained.

The *cadets*, for that is the name by which the students at the Academy are called, are educated wholly at the expense of the government.\* In fact, their admission to the Academy is considered as the receiving of an appointment in the army, and they draw pay and rations just like any other officers or soldiers attached to the corps. This is one reason why many parents wish to get their sons admitted to the Academy. At other institutions, pupils must pay, but at West Point they are educated wholly at the public expense.

This education, however, although the expenses of it are not charged to the pupils at the time, is by no means to be considered in the light of a gratuity. The young men, or at least those of them who continue in the army after they graduate at the Academy, pay for it, it seems to me, at a very high rate in the end.

The education which the cadets receive at this Academy is of the very best and highest character. It might at first be supposed that any very unusual intellectual attainments could not be necessary for soldiers, whose main business, it might seem, is simply to

\* The word cadet means *younger son*. In Europe, the older sons of the great families inherit the rank and the estates of their fathers, and the younger sons are sent to the army and navy. Hence arose the custom of calling the pupils in these establishments cadets. The reason does not apply in this country, for it is by no means exclusively the younger sons that enter the army and navy here. The use of the name, however, established by the custom of Europe, continues here,

## Duties of military officers.

## Studies pursued at the Academy.

fight. But it must be remembered that it is not the chief business of the *officers* of an army to fight. What they have chiefly to do is to form the plans and arrangements for the fighting of others. In the maneuvering and managing of large armies—in laying out and making military roads—in the construction of bridges, of redoubts, of batteries, and of fortified camps—in making surveys, and in drawing maps and plans of the countries they traverse—and in a great many other operations connected with the movements and the management of large armies in an active campaign—intellectual powers and attainments of a very high order are required. So far as the mere drilling of the troops and the maneuvers of the field are concerned, the young men might learn all that is necessary by remaining with the various regiments of the army at the forts or encampments, where they are stationed in service; but inasmuch as these higher and more intellectual attainments are likewise required, it has been thought best to establish an Academy, and educate the young officers there, just as in a college or any other purely literary seminary.

The studies pursued at the Academy are of a very elevated character, and many of them are extremely difficult; and as the progress of the classes in the course is very rapid, great numbers of the cadets who enter are unable to keep up with them, and consequently, after one or two years, they give up and withdraw. Only about one third of those who enter succeed in finishing the course. Those who do get through are consequently pretty sure to be men of superior mental powers, and of somewhat extraordinary energy and efficiency of character.

The cadets, while pursuing their studies in the Academy, not-



withstanding that they are so young, are regarded and treated as officers, and this has, in some respects, a favorable effect upon them in respect to the formation of their characters. The habit of command makes men gentlemanly in their manners, and imparts to them a certain dignity of character, and a feeling of self-respect, which greatly increases the influence and ascendancy which their talents and attainments enable them to acquire over the minds of their fellow-men. Their character is generally marked, moreover, with a certain promptness and energy, and with that love of order and precision on which the efficiency of action so often depends. Their ideas are exact. Their words precisely express their meaning. They do just what requires to be done, to accomplish the end they have in view, without bustle or noise, or any empty boastings or pretensions of any sort. This sort of quiet energy, always cool and deliberate, but always prompt and determined, forms the general type of the military character, and the cadets at West Point catch the spirit of it, in a greater or less degree, while they are in the institution, and continue to manifest it through life.

In a word, the graduates of the Military Academy at West Point are almost all very accomplished and agreeable young men. We have, however, to do with only one of them in this story. The name of this one was George Hampton. He was a Clinton boy — that is, he was born in Clinton, and had spent his childhood in that town. He had, however, left the place when he was very young, and since then he had not visited it until the time of which I am about to speak in this story.

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An anecdote of George Hampton illustrating his character.

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## CHAPTER II.

### A RAIL-ROAD INCIDENT.

GEORGE HAMPTON was very quiet, gentle, and unobtrusive in his manners, but he took effectual measures always for accomplishing whatever he undertook to do. He was very courteous too, and kind to all with whom he had any dealings. In fact, although he had been educated specially to be a soldier, he never quarreled with any one. He seemed to have the power of winning over all who knew him to his side by his disinterested kindness and courtesy.

One day, for instance, when he was taking a journey, he entered a car in a rail-road train at a certain station where the train had stopped, and walked up through the car looking for a seat; but the car was so nearly full that he could not readily find one. He came, at length, to what seemed to be a vacancy. A lady was sitting alone in a seat, but she had taken her place pretty near the middle of it, showing, by her position, that she did not wish that any one else should come there. Mr. Hampton looked around, but, seeing no other vacant place, he asked the lady if that seat was occupied.

The lady hesitated a moment, and then, without looking up, answered in a tardy tone, and with a very morose expression of countenance,

“No, sir; I don't know that it is.”

But yet she did not move.

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The manner in which he returned good for evil.

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Just at this moment Mr. Hampton perceived that a gentleman and lady who occupied the next seat behind were gathering up their parcels and preparing to leave the car, so he waited till they had gone, and then took the seat which they had left. Thus he found himself placed directly behind the lady who had been so uncivil. He looked at her as he took his seat, and said to himself, though mentally addressing her,

“I will find a way to take that scowl off your face before we have gone fifty miles, or I am greatly mistaken.”

Presently the lady pushed up her window in order to look out. She found, however, that the spring was broken, and the sash would not stay up. Mr. Hampton immediately made a wedge by folding a piece of his newspaper into the required shape, and ingeniously contrived to crowd it into the crevice between the sash and the frame, in such a manner as to keep the sash from falling. The lady seemed glad to have the window fastened up, and she nodded her head coldly in acknowledgment of the attention, but did not speak.

Next a boy came along the car bringing some cakes on a waiter to sell. The station was one where the train stopped five minutes to allow the passengers to take some refreshment. But the time was so short that many of the passengers, especially the ladies who were traveling alone, did not like to leave the train for fear of being left, so this boy came to sell cakes to them where they were.

The cakes, however, were not very nice. The lady that I have been speaking of looked upon them a moment with an expression of doubt and aversion upon her countenance. There was a contest in her mind between her hunger and her fastidiousness. The

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Mr. Hampton brings the lady a glass of water just in time.

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hunger triumphed. She took one of the cakes, and paid the boy three cents for it.

“I can get you something better than that cake,” said Mr. Hampton to the lady, “in the refreshment-room, if you will allow me to do it.”

The lady turned round to him and replied, speaking in a somewhat more gracious manner than before,

“No, I thank you, sir; I’ll make this do.”

“I can bring you a cup of coffee in a moment,” said Mr. Hampton, “if you would like it—or a glass of water.”

“I am *very* much obliged to you, sir,” said the lady, “but I am afraid there will not be time.”

“There will be time for the water,” said Mr. Hampton, “at any rate.” So he put his carpet-bag down upon his seat to keep the place for him, and went out of the car. He hurried across a tangled maze of tracks which lay between him and the platform of the refreshment-room. He glanced his eye to the head of the train as he passed, and saw that the locomotive was attached to the train, and was hissing impatiently there, waiting for the signal to set off. As soon as he entered the refreshment-room, he seized a mug, filled it with water, and hurried back to the window of the car, where the lady sat with her arm out of the window, and a grateful smile upon her face, ready to receive it.

Mr. Hampton gave her the mug. She drank the water with an appearance of great satisfaction. Mr. Hampton then hurried back with the mug, and had just time to put it on the counter in the refreshment-room, where it belonged, and to get back to the train, before the bell rang, and the train began to move away. The lady

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The lady finds reason to regret her incivility.

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looked anxiously from the window, watching him until she saw that he was safe. As he came into the car, she moved close to the window, so as to leave room for him to take the seat by her side. But he did not do it. He took the seat behind her, as before.

The lady turned round toward him and thanked him very cordially for his kindness.

"I was very thirsty," said she, "but I did not dare to get out, for fear that the train would go off and leave me. It is very disagreeable to travel alone. I am not used to it."

Just then a coarse-looking man, with a large valise in his hand, came walking along the car looking for a seat. There was no one vacant except the one by the side of the lady. He stopped before it, and, looking at the lady, he said gruffly,

"This seat does not seem to be occupied, madam. I will take it, if you will allow me."

And down he sat, crowding himself and his valise into the place without any ceremony.

"I am sorry that you can not have the whole seat to yourself," said Mr. Hampton. He spoke, however, in a low tone of voice, so that the man did not hear him.

"I wish that *you* had come here," said the lady.

"I should have come there," said Mr. Hampton, "but I thought you seemed to prefer that I should not."

"I wish now very much that you had come," said the lady.

It was by such methods, and such management as this, that Mr. Hampton gained the victory, and carried his point triumphantly, in all conflicts between himself and others.

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Mr. Hampton makes a visit to Clinton.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A PLAN FORMED.

IT so happened that Mr. Hampton made his first visit to Clinton the summer after Mr. Howard's visit. It was very near the time of his graduating at the Academy.

One evening, in the latter part of July, during the period of his visit, there was an evening party of young gentlemen and young ladies at a very pleasant house in the village. There were gardens back of the house, and back of the gardens there was a path leading down to a stream of water, where there was a boat.

The company, just after sunset, were walking about the gardens and grounds, and along the path leading to the water. Mr. Hampton was in the boat with one or two young ladies whom he had invited to go out with him upon the water.

One of them was, in fact, very young. Her name was Kate. She was not more than fourteen years of age. She was, however, very prepossessing in her appearance and manners, though she was somewhat reserved. She had large, dark eyes, full of meaning, and, though she said but little, she listened very attentively to what others said, and was very intelligent and observing.

A gentleman often learns a great deal in respect to the intelligence, and the tastes, and the other mental characteristics of the lady whom he is conversing with, by the manner in which she listens to what he says, and by observing what points in the conversation attract her attention and awaken her curiosity. Judg-

Kate.

Reason why Mr. Hampton liked to talk with her.

ing in this way, Mr. Hampton thought that Kate was possessed of an uncommonly discriminating mind, and that her mental and moral perceptions and sensibilities were delicate and exact. He liked to talk to her, therefore, because he perceived that she understood and was interested in what he said, although she said very little herself in reply.

Perhaps Kate would have been his principal favorite if she had been a little older. As it was, she was yet, as it were, a child, or, rather, just changing from childhood to womanhood. So, although Mr. Hampton liked her very much, he did not feel as strong a sentiment of love for her as he did for a certain other young lady. This other young lady was, in a word, our old friend Emma.

Emma was still, as ever, a universal favorite. She was always full of animation and gayety, and there was so much vivacity and wit in her remarks, and so much originality and ingenuity in the plans that she formed for excursions and parties of pleasure in the summer, and for games and plays around the fireside in the winter, that she had great influence among all the young people of the village. In fact, as has already been said, she was quite a belle. And, during this summer, she was more of a belle than ever.

It must be confessed, however, that Miss Emma was fully aware of her beauty and of her superiority, and sometimes, when she was with girls alone, she was accustomed to display some little vanity and self-conceit. In the presence of gentlemen, however, this did not appear, so that in general society she was quite charming. Mr. Hampton was very much pleased with her indeed. He was seriously thinking whether he should not ask her to be

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Mr. Hampton is beckoned to the shore.

Plan proposed.

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his wife. It is true that he was not ready then to be married, but he expected to be ready in about three years, and he thought that perhaps it would be best to have his wife chosen in good season.

While Mr. Hampton, and the two young ladies whom he had with him, were still in the boat, paddling slowly to and fro over the water, and engaged all the time in a quiet conversation, they suddenly heard voices calling to them. On looking up, they saw several of the other young gentlemen and young ladies of the party beckoning to them and calling to them from the shore.

“What do they want?” asked Kate.

“We will go and see,” said Mr. Hampton.

So he turned the head of his boat in toward the shore, and paddled to the landing. As soon as the boat drew near the bank, the persons who were standing there began to inform Mr. Hampton that they had been arranging a raspberry party, and that they had come to ask him to take the direction of it.

“We are going on Saturday,” said Emma, who seemed to be the leader of the movement. “There are eight or ten that can go. The plan is, to take chaises or wagons, and go off somewhere, three or four miles, to some place where the berries are thick.”

“There is an excellent good place at the head of the pond,” said Mr. Edwards—one of the party.

“And we want you to be our leader,” continued Emma. “We always get along a great deal better if we have somebody to command.”

“I should like a raspberry party very much,” said Mr. Hampton; “but as to leader,” he added, in a doubting tone, “I don’t



Emma making a signal to Lieutenant Hampton in the boat.



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Mr. Hampton appointed director of a picnic.

Emma made adjutant.

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know. I am not much acquainted with raspberry parties. I think you had better *choose* a leader regularly."

"Very well," said Miss Emma, "we will choose you regularly. Mr. Edwards will put it to vote; won't you, Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes," said Mr. Edwards; "certainly. All that are in favor of asking Lieutenant Hampton to take the command of the raspberry party, please to say Ay."

There was a universal responding of ayes.

"Those of the contrary opinion say No."

"No," said Mr. Hampton.

Then immediately afterward he added, with a smile, "I am outvoted, and I yield. I do not know much about maneuvering raspberry parties, but I will do the best I can. Is the day determined upon?"

"Yes," said Mr. Edwards; "we thought of Saturday."

"The place?" said Mr. Hampton.

"No," said Emma. "You must decide that."

"Very well," said Mr. Hampton; "I will inquire. But I shall have to notify all the party where we are to meet, and of other arrangements, perhaps, so I must know exactly who they are. Do you know who they all are, Miss Emma?"

"Yes," said Emma. So Emma began to enumerate the various individuals who had concluded to go; but Mr. Hampton interrupted her to say that she must make him a written list of them.

"I should not remember them all," said he, "if you tell me orally, so you must make a list. In fact, I should like to appoint you for my *adjutant*."

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Mr. Hampton and Emma conclude the arrangements.

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“Yes,” said Emma, “I’ll be adjutant. But what is an adjutant? What has she to do?”

“Oh, I shall tell you,” replied Mr. Hampton. “The first thing is to make a list of all the party. Then you will have to notify them all of any directions I have to give.”

“Very well,” said Emma, “I will be your adjutant. I can certainly do such things as those.”

In fact, Emma was much pleased with the idea of aiding Mr. Hampton in any way in discharging the duties of his office. She felt as if she were in some measure associated with him in his command, and considered herself highly honored by the appointment.

“I will make arrangements for a conveyance, too, for *you*,” said Mr. Hampton.

“Very well,” said Emma.

So it was all understood that the party was to go on Saturday, and was to consist of such persons as should give their names to Emma that evening, but that all the other details and arrangements of the plan were to be left to the discretion of Mr. Hampton, and that he was to communicate, in due time, through his adjutant, with all the party, giving them notice of the arrangements that he should make, and of the directions which he wished them to follow.

The affair being thus settled, the whole party walked slowly back together toward the house.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TIMOTHY AND TOMOTHY.

MR. HAMPTON knew very little about the management of raspberry parties, but he knew a great deal about the art of management generally, and he was well aware that the great principles which should govern in all other cases would be equally successful, if judiciously applied, in this; so he felt no special objection to undertaking the charge which had thus been confided to him.

The great principles which should guide a public officer in the discharge of his duty in such cases as these are the following. I put them in the form of rules, so that those of my readers who may be likely to be appointed to such trusts may the more easily remember and apply them.

1. Do nothing hastily. Wait, after you have been appointed, till you have time to consider what you will do, before you begin to act, or even to say any thing in respect to your intentions.

2. Take immediate measures to gain full and exact information of every thing pertaining to the plan. Get this information in the most quiet and unobtrusive way possible, so as not to set people talking about what you are going to do, and forming plans of their own for you, and giving you their advice.

3. Form your plan of operations yourself, in a very deliberate manner. Consider carefully what difficulties are likely to occur, and take measures to guard against them, if possible; and provide, as fully as you can, against all contingencies.

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Account of Mr. Hampton's plans.

He sets out on an exploring expedition.

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4. In carrying your plan into execution, if it is a party of young ladies and young gentlemen that you have to deal with, exercise your command in the most gentle and unpretending manner, with the least possible bustle and parade. On the other hand, if it is a party of boys and girls that you are concerned with, make as much parade and bustle as you can; the more there is, the better they like it.

In accordance with these principles, the first thing which Mr. Hampton had to do was to obtain the necessary information preliminary to the forming of his plans. In order to do this, he determined to ride about to the different raspberry grounds, and examine them, so as to judge for himself which would be best for the party to go to. He wished to do this, however, in a quiet and private manner, so as not to set all the village to talking about his plans.

He accordingly took a couple of fishing-lines in his pocket, and went to a stable which was near the principal hotel of the village, where he knew that they kept horses and carriages to let, and asked them to give him a horse and a wagon to ride about the country a few hours. While the hostler was harnessing the horse, he asked him if he knew of any boy in the village who was good at going a fishing, and who could probably tell him where he could catch some trout.

“Are you going a fishing?” said the hostler.

“Not precisely that,” said Mr. Hampton; “but if I should come across a brook where there is a pretty good chance, I might stop and fish a little while.”

“Well,” said the hostler, “there are plenty of boys that will be

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Timothy and Tomothy.

Mr. Hampton calls to see them.

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glad enough to go with you. There's Timothy and Tomothy, who live right down here at the foot of the lane. They're as good as any you can get."

"Timothy and Tomothy?" repeated Mr. Hampton. He was struck with the singularity of the names.

"Yes," said the hostler. "They are twins."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Hampton. "Twins! And so they named them Timothy and Tomothy?"

"No," said the hostler, "I believe their real names are Timothy and Thomas; but the boys generally call them Timothy and Tomothy, they are so much alike."

By this time the hostler had finished harnessing the horse, and so Mr. Hampton got into the wagon and drove down the lane.

When he came to the house which the hostler had pointed out to him, he saw a boy in the yard propping up the branch of an apple-tree, which seemed overloaded with fruit.

"I wonder whether that is Timothy or Tomothy," said Mr. Hampton to himself.

He stopped the horse at the entrance of the yard, and looked toward the boy. The boy suspended his work and looked toward Mr. Hampton.

"Is your name Timothy?" said Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

The boy stood, as he said this, under the branch of the apple-tree, and was holding it up by means of the prop which he had just made ready to fix in its place.

So Mr. Hampton got down from his wagon and went to the tree.

Tomothy is sick.

Mr. Hampton goes to see him.

“Let me help you prop up the branch,” said he.

“Well, sir,” replied Timothy, “if you would be good enough to hold the prop while I tie it to the limb.”

So Mr. Hampton held the prop, and Timothy began to tie it.

“Do you know where there is any good place to catch trout?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“Yes, sir,” said the boy.

“And can you go with me, and show me where it is?” said Mr. Hampton.

“Yes, sir,” said the boy, “I think I can.”

“Have you got a brother named Tomothy?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“Yes, sir,” replied Timothy.

“Could he go too?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“He is sick,” said Timothy.

“Ah!” said Mr. Hampton, “I am sorry for that. Is he very sick?”

“No, sir. He’s getting better,” replied Timothy.

“Where is he?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“He is in the house,” replied Timothy. “He’s in that little room—there.” So saying, Timothy pointed to a door leading into a little back room.

“Is any body with him?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“No,” said Timothy, “he is all alone.”

“Poor fellow!” said Mr. Hampton; “let’s go in and see him.” So Timothy led the way, and Mr. Hampton following, both went into the house.

They found Tomothy sitting in a large arm-chair near a win-

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Conversation with the sick boy.

Mr. Hampton promises him some trout.

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dow. He looked precisely like Timothy, only he was somewhat pale and thin on account of his sickness. There was a pillow behind his head, and his feet were upon a footstool. A large dog was lying down on the floor by his side.

“Tomothy,” said Timothy, “here’s somebody come to see you.”

Mr. Hampton walked up to Tomothy with so cheerful a smile upon his face as at once to put the patient quite at ease in respect to his visitor. Some persons, when they go into a sick room, assume a very serious and sorrowful expression of countenance. They seem to think it is proper that they should look as if they were sorry that their friend is sick. It is much better, however, to come in with a pleasant face, and even—if the patient is not very sick—with a smile.

“Tomothy,” said Mr. Hampton, as he walked across the room to the place where the sick boy was sitting, “I came to see if I could get you and your brother to go a fishing with me. They say that you know where all the good places are. But you are sick, and I’m very sorry for it.”

“Yes, sir,” said Tomothy, feebly, “I can’t go.”

“And your brother ought not to go away and leave you,” said Mr. Hampton.

“Yes,” said Tomothy, “he may go. My mother is coming in to sit by me.”

“Would you like to have him bring you home some trout?” said Mr. Hampton.

“Yes,” said Tomothy, “very much indeed.”

“Well,” said Mr. Hampton, turning round to Timothy as he spoke, “we’ll go and catch him some trout.”



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Mr. Hampton and Timothy set out.

The dog Tim.

Pleasant ride.

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"Yes, sir," said Timothy.

"And some raspberries," added Mr. Hampton. "We will bring him some raspberries. Are there any good places to get raspberries?"

"Yes, sir," said Timothy. "The best place is up by the head of the pond, about two miles from here. There is a good trout brook near there too."

"Very well," said Mr. Hampton. "Go and ask your mother if you may go, and then get your basket and come out to the wagon. I'll be there all ready for you."

So, bidding Tomothy good-by, Mr. Hampton went out to the wagon. In a few minutes Timothy came, and, mounting into the wagon, they went away together.

As they were going away from the house, Timothy looked back and called out, "Here, Tim! Tim! Tim!"

A large dog, looking very much like the one that Mr. Hampton had seen in Tomothy's room, came bounding out from a shed, in answer to this call, and ran along after the wagon.

"Is that your dog?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"Yes," said Timothy; "and his name is Tim; and Tomothy has got one just like him, named Tom."

It would detain us too long from the more important portions of our story to describe very fully the adventures which Mr. Hampton and Timothy met with on their expedition. They had a very pleasant ride along the shores of the pond till they came to the head of it. There they found the trout stream. Following this stream up a little way, they came, at length, to the raspberry place. The raspberries were pretty thick, but there were

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Trouting.Mr. Hampton explores the raspberry grounds.

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several parties of children, and also of girls and women, on the ground gathering them. Mr. Hampton and Timothy soon filled their basket, however, and then they went down to the brook and began to fish. They caught seven good-sized trout. Then they left the brook, and got into the wagon again, and rode off on a retired and solitary road for about a mile, to another place, near a bridge, where Timothy said he believed there were some raspberries. This bridge was called Jones's bridge, because there was a farmer near the place whose name was Jones.

The raspberry ground near Mr. Jones's was not so extensive as the one at the head of the pond, but it was in a more secluded spot, and so the raspberries that grew there were left much more undisturbed. Mr. Hampton thought that, on this account, it might be better for his party to come here rather than to go to the other place. Besides, it was in a much more picturesque and romantic situation. It was in an opening in the woods, not far from the bank of the stream. There was a cart path which led down to the stream at a spot where there were smooth plats of grassy land on the banks, with rocks and trees overshadowing them. As soon as Mr. Hampton saw this place by the brook, he decided at once that it would be much better for the raspberry party to come here than to go to the head of the pond.

"This is a quiet and retired spot," said he to himself, "and I can make excellent arrangements here for accommodating the party. I'll go and see Mr. Jones about it."

So he left Timothy fishing in the stream, while he went to find Mr. Jones.

Mr. Hampton came up to Mr. Jones's house on the back side

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Mr. Jones's yard.

Mr. Hampton makes an arrangement for his party.

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of it. Here he found a very neat and pleasant yard, with a little arbor in it overhung with hop-vines, and a gate leading from the yard into the garden. The paths in this garden were nicely swept, and, altogether, it was a very inviting-looking place indeed. There was a young and blooming girl sitting at a window that looked out upon this yard at the time that Mr. Hampton went there to inquire for Mr. Jones. This girl told Mr. Hampton that her father was not at home, but that her brother Jotham was in the barn.

Mr. Hampton then went out to the barn, and there he found Jotham stowing away hay. The barn was very full of hay, and was in excellent order.

Mr. Hampton told Jotham that there was a party formed in the village to go a raspberrying on Saturday, and asked him if there would be any objection to their coming up to his father's land.

"Not the least," said Jotham.

"And I suppose," continued Mr. Hampton, "that the raspberries will be thicker and better if nobody goes in to gather any there this week. Do you think that you could easily prevent any one from going in?"

"Yes, sir," said Jotham, "very easily. Very few people come here for raspberries, and, if any body should come, I can ask them to go up the road about a quarter of a mile, where there is just as good a place."

"There is another thing," said Mr. Hampton. "After the party have filled their baskets full, I think they would like to have some to eat, with cream. Do you keep cows?"

"Yes," said Jotham, "a dozen of them."

"And do you think," continued Mr. Hampton, "that your moth-

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Provision for a supply of cream.

Every thing settled.

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er would be willing to furnish us with two or three quarts of cream, and set a little table for us out in her yard, and let us come there and eat some raspberries and cream?"

"I think so," said Jotham.

"I thought at first," continued Mr. Hampton, "that we would have the raspberries and cream down on the banks of the brook. There is a very romantic place there, but the yard looks so inviting, that I think it will be best for us to ramble about on the banks of the brook as long as we like, and then to come up to the house, and have our refreshments in the yard and garden."

"Yes," said Jotham; "you can have more comfortable seats near the house, for we can bring out chairs, if necessary."

The plan was, accordingly, thus arranged. Jotham was to guard the raspberry ground during the week, so as to have the bushes loaded with an abundance of large and ripe fruit on Saturday. His mother was then to save pans enough of milk on Saturday morning to give three quarts of thick, rich cream, and to provide spoons and saucers enough for the whole party. She was also to set a table in a shady part of the yard about five o'clock in the afternoon—Mr. Hampton having calculated that the party would have filled their baskets by that time, and would then be ready to go home. Jotham was also to fit up seats and benches enough, in different places about the yard, to accommodate all the party. There were, besides these, some other points of minor importance provided for in the same way; and Mr. Hampton was to come up on the Monday after the party, and recompense Jotham and his mother for all the expense and trouble that these arrangements might occasion them.

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Mr. Hampton selects a carriage for himself and Emma.

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Among other things, Jotham was to lay a broad plank across the brook, at the pleasant place which Mr. Hampton had found, in order that the party might pass and re-pass at their pleasure, while rambling about there.

Things being thus arranged, Mr. Hampton went back to the stream where he had left Timothy. He found, when he arrived there, that Timothy had caught several more trout, which, together with those taken before, made more than enough for his purpose, and so they returned to the wagon and went home. Mr. Hampton left Timothy at his house, and then went with the wagon to the stable. He looked at all the carriages in the stable, and selected the best one there was there—a very nice and pretty four-wheeled chaise—and engaged it for Saturday. This carriage was for himself and Emma. He also engaged the handsomest and best horse there was in the stable to draw the carriage. He directed the hostler to say simply, if any one inquired for that horse and chaise, that it was engaged, but not to tell any one who had engaged it.

Then he walked away toward his home with an expression of great satisfaction on his countenance, and with his mind full of bright anticipations of happiness in looking forward to the delightful ride which he and Emma were to have together.

He secretly resolved that, on his way home in the evening, in returning from the raspberry party, he would ask Emma if she was willing to be his wife, when the time came for him to be married.

That day Tomothy sat up in his chair, and had a most excellent dinner of fried trout.

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Charles Rovelle.

His arrival at Clinton.

His horse and gig.

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## CHAPTER V.

CHARLES ROVELLE.

THERE was a young gentleman that had lived at Clinton some years before, whose name was Charles Rovelle. The family to which he belonged had moved away from the village when he was about fourteen years old, and he had been almost lost sight of since that time. It happened, however, that he came back to the village on a visit a day or two before the raspberry party was formed. Having no very near relatives in the village, he put up at the hotel. He came in a gig, with a fast-trotting horse, of a beautiful black color, before it, and a very city-like looking port-manteau strapped on behind. He wore an elegant diamond pin in his bosom, and a heavy gold chain across his vest.

The hostler who put up his horse when he arrived at the hotel said to a stage-driver who was in the yard at the time, that he thought that man must be very rich. The stage-driver said he could not be very rich, for he went away from that town, about ten years before, a poor boy.

“His name is Charles Rovelle,” said he. “I know him very well.”

“Perhaps some uncle has died and left him a legacy,” said the hostler.

“That may be,” said the stage-driver.

“A man ought to be worth several thousand dollars at least,” said the hostler, “to drive about in this style.”

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Circulation of a rumor.

Mr. Rovellev calls upon Emma.

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“Yes,” said the stage-driver, “I’ve no doubt of it.”

A boy who stood by while this dialogue was going on, and who heard it imperfectly, went home and told his mother that Charles Rovellev had come back, and that he was very rich. His uncle had died, and left him a legacy of seven thousand dollars, at least.

So the story went all over the village. The seven was changed into seventy very soon, and Mr. Rovellev’s coming produced, in fine, a great sensation.

Emma had seen Mr. Rovellev at church on Sunday, but she had had no opportunity of speaking to him until Tuesday, when he came to her father’s house to make her a call. He was not present at the party on Monday.

Miss Emma was very much pleased with Mr. Rovellev at the time of his call. She was quite taken with his handsome person, his elegant dress, and his very fashionable and dashing air and manner. He talked of New York, of the gayeties of society there, of the balls, the parties, the places of amusement, the immense hotels, and all the other wonders of the city. In return, Emma described to him the more simple amusements and pleasures which the young people enjoyed at their village. She told him of the raspberry party which they were to have on the next Saturday. The party, she said, was to be under the charge of Lieutenant Hampton; and she gave so glowing an account of Mr. Hampton’s talents and accomplishments, that Mr. Rovellev declared at last that he began to be quite jealous of him.

Finally, Miss Emma asked Mr. Rovellev if he would not like to join the party.

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Emma is quite elated.

Note from Mr. Hampton.

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“Certainly,” said he. “I should be delighted to go, if you would honor me by taking a seat with me in my carriage.”

“But I am afraid that I am engaged,” said Emma. “Lieutenant Hampton said that he would make arrangements for me.”

“He said he would make arrangements for you !” repeated Mr. Rovellev. “That’s not the way to engage a lady to be one’s partner on an excursion. He is going to send you, probably, in a wagon, with some of the village boys for a driver. No, no, you must go with me.”

“Well, we will see,” replied Miss Emma. “I presume that Mr. Hampton expects me to go with him ; but if I should find that is not the case, I shall be very happy to accept of your invitation.”

“That’s right,” replied Mr. Rovellev. “I will be at the place of rendezvous early, and I shall get you, I am sure.”

Emma was quite pleased at the idea of being an object of competition between two such young gentlemen as Mr. Rovellev and Mr. Hampton. She was not quite sure which of them she liked best.

The next morning, which was on Wednesday, a boy came to the door of Miss Emma’s house with a note. It was addressed “*To Miss Emma, Adjutant.*” On opening it, Emma read as follows :

“Wednesday morning.

“MY DEAR MISS EMMA,—Please notify all the members of our party that they will rendezvous in the road opposite to your house on Saturday, at a quarter before two. The expedition will set off precisely at two.



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Emma performs her duties as adjutant.

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“In order to do this, it will be quite sufficient to write the notice once, and then inclose it in an envelope, with the names of all the party written on the outside. If you will give the notice, thus prepared, to the bearer of this, he will carry it around to the persons to whom it is addressed.

“I understand that there is a gentleman in town—Mr. Rovellev—who formerly resided here, and who is acquainted with many of the party. Do you think it would be well to invite him to join us? I shall consult several other members of the party, and if you all think it would be well to invite him, I will call upon him for the purpose.

“Yours very sincerely,

“GEORGE HAMPTON.”

“Why, I have invited him already,” said Emma, as she folded up the note.

Emma then, after asking the boy to wait a few minutes, went into the house, and wrote the notice which Mr. Hampton had directed, and then enveloped and addressed it in the manner he had described.

When the missive was ready, Emma brought it out to the boy.

“There, Timothy,” said she, “take this, and carry it round to all the people whose names are on the outside of it. And tell Mr. Hampton that I saw Mr. Rovellev myself, and that I have already invited him to go with us.”

Place of rendezvous.

Great spreading tree.

Messenger.

## CHAPTER VI.

## VOTINGS.

THE reason why Mr. Hampton appointed the house where Emma lived as the place of rendezvous was, that it was situated a little out of the village; and, as the road opposite to the house was very wide and level, the place was a very convenient one for the rendezvous of the party. Besides, there was a very spacious yard by the side of the house, remarkable for an enormous elm-tree which stood in the middle of it. This tree was very large, and its spreading branches overshadowed almost the whole yard. There were seats under the tree, around the trunk of it, and there was also one seat above, among the branches. There were some winding steps around the trunk of the tree which led up to this upper seat.

Mr. Hampton concluded to engage Timothy to go with the party as a sort of attendant.

“We may have occasion for a messenger,” said he to himself, “to send away for something or other, in case of any accident. Or I may wish to send back and forth along the line, to communicate with the different carriages.”

So he engaged a horse for Timothy to ride, thinking it proper that his messenger should be on horseback. When the time arrived for proceeding to the rendezvous, however, and he was ready to set out from the stable, he left the chaise in Timothy's care, and mounted the horse at first himself.

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Mr. Hampton's orders.

Mr. Rovellet's propositions to Emma.

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"I shall wish for the horse myself at first," said he to Timothy, "till I get the arrangements made and the party set off. So I will go forward on horseback. You may wait here till the chaise is ready, and then come on. As soon as the party are ready to set off, I will give you the horse and take the chaise."

Timothy was very neatly dressed for the occasion, and seemed quite proud of the responsibilities intrusted to his charge.

When Mr. Hampton rode into the yard at Emma's house on the morning of the day appointed for the expedition, he found two or three of the carriages already there. Mr. Rovellet was standing on the steps of the door, with Emma by his side. His carriage was fastened to a post very near.

"There," said Mr. Rovellet to Emma, when he saw Mr. Hampton coming in on horseback, "I told you that he was not expecting you to go with him. He has not even made an arrangement for you at all. I presume he has forgotten all about you."

Emma did not think this at all probable, but she did not know what to say, and so she was silent.

"You will go with me now, of course," said Mr. Rovellet.

"Why, yes," replied Emma, hesitatingly, "if he really has not made any arrangement for me."

"He has not, you may depend," replied Mr. Rovellet.

Mr. Hampton rode up to the steps of the door, and, after politely saluting Miss Emma and Mr. Rovellet, and saying to Emma that he would return again and see her in a few minutes, he rode away to speak to the other members of the party that had arrived or were arriving. As the various carriages drove up to the house, the young gentlemen and young ladies that were in them usually

Kate.

Conversation with her.

Mr. Rovellev and Emma.

descended from them and walked into the yard, and very soon there was quite a little group assembled around the tree. Some were sitting on the seats, others were going up and down the steps, and, on looking up, Mr. Hampton saw that Kate had established herself on the high seat in the tree.

“I am very glad that you are going, Kate,” said he, looking up to her.

“Yes,” said Kate, “I shall like to go very much. My brother asked me to go, but I was afraid that there would not be room enough for me.”

“Is your sister going too?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“Yes,” said Kate; “and that makes three of us in the wagon. But we get along very well. I sit on a little bench.”

Just then Mr. Hampton saw that Emma and Mr. Rovellev were coming together from the house, in Mr. Rovellev’s chaise, out toward the tree. He accordingly turned to meet them.

“Mr. Hampton,” said Mr. Rovellev, “I have invited Miss Emma to ride with me, and she is ready to accept my invitation, only she thinks that possibly you may have made some other arrangement for her; but I see you have no carriage yourself. You have no objection to her going with me, I suppose?”

“Miss Emma must not be influenced by my not having a carriage with me,” said Mr. Hampton. “I assure you I had not forgotten her. But then I wish her to feel entirely at liberty to accept your invitation, if she desires it. Perhaps it *would* be more pleasant for you, Miss Emma, on some accounts,” he added, “to take a seat in Mr. Rovellev’s gig. He has a very superior horse.”

“Are you *perfectly* willing?” said Emma.

Mr. Hampton talking with Kate in the tree.



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Mr. Hampton releases Emma from her engagement.

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“Certainly I am—” replied Mr. Hampton, “perfectly willing.”

“Well!” said Emma, “if you are *sure* you have no objection.”

“Not the slightest,” said Mr. Hampton. “On the contrary, I am specially desirous that you should go in the way that will be most agreeable to you.”

“Well,” said Emma, “I will go with Mr. Rovellet, then, as there seems to be no other arrangement particularly made for me.”

So Mr. Rovellet and Emma drove away.

A military man seldom allows himself to be surprised, but for a few minutes Mr. Hampton felt a little bewildered at this new and sudden turn in his affairs. He rode slowly out toward the road, as if going to speak to some of the party who were then coming in at the gate, but his object really was to gain a moment to himself, that he might consider what it was best to do. Of course, all his interest in the party and in the excursion was at once and wholly destroyed, and his only wish now was to devise some way to get released from all responsibility in regard to it. But how to accomplish this was a very difficult question, for the time for setting off had just arrived, and the party assembled at the tree were waiting for the orders to get into their carriages.

In fact, before Mr. Hampton had had time to come to any conclusion, he observed Mr. Rovellet coming with Emma in his carriage toward the gate, in order to set off first. He was not intending to wait for any orders.

“I mean to go ahead,” said he to Emma. “I would rather that they should ride in our dust than we in theirs.”

Mr. Hampton had not intended that any of the party should ride in the dust. He had an ingenious but very simple system,

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Mr. Rovellev tends his advice to Mr. Hampton.

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derived from some of the regulations for the marchings of armies, by which he could keep the several carriages at such a distance apart as that they should not incommode each other. He had considered and determined in his own mind the order in which the carriages should go. One of the company, whom he had instructed for the purpose, was to take the lead, and he himself, with Emma with him in his carriage, were to bring up the rear.

A good general always looks out well for his rear.

“Which way are we to go?” said Mr. Rovellev to Emma, as he drove toward the gate.

“I don’t know,” said Emma; “Mr. Hampton is the leader.”

“Then we will stop and ask him,” said Mr. Rovellev.

“I know *where* we are to go,” continued Emma. “We are going to Jones’s Bridge.”

“Nonsense!” said Mr. Rovellev. “The Head of the Pond is an infinitely better place.”

So saying, Mr. Rovellev turned his horse round and drove up to the group which were standing around the tree, and accosted Mr. Hampton in a civil, but still in a very familiar manner.

“Mr. Hampton,” said he, “were you intending to go to Jones’s Bridge?”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Hampton.

“The Head of the Pond is a much better place,” said Mr. Rovellev.

“Is it?” said Mr. Hampton.

As he asked this question, Mr. Hampton felt his heart beating so violently that it was difficult for him to preserve an appearance of composure. He was in hopes that the party would change the

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Conversation on the subject.

The plan of the party changed.

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place of destination, and this would, of course, open the way entirely for him to be released from all responsibility. He was so delighted at the prospect of this that he could scarcely keep his voice from trembling.

“Is it?” said he.

“Yes, infinitely better,” replied Mr. Rovelle, emphatically. “Every body goes to the Head of the Pond.”

“That is the very reason,” thought Mr. Hampton, “why I decided *not* to go there.” But he did not speak.

“I think we had better go to the Head of the Pond, by all means,” continued Mr. Rovelle.

“It is just as the company pleases,” said Mr. Hampton.

“Are you perfectly sure you have no objection?” said Emma.

“Not the slightest,” said Mr. Hampton. “Put it to vote, Mr. Rovelle.”

So Mr. Rovelle, standing up in his gig, announced the question in a very pompous manner, and called for the vote.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “all you that are in favor of going to the Head of the Pond this afternoon, please to say Ay.”

A response that seemed unanimous came up from the whole group, Ay.

“Those that are of the contrary opinion will please to say No.”

“No.”

Every body looked round to see from whom the single solitary No had come. It was from Kate. She stood behind the rest, and very near the tree. She uttered her *No* in a very distinct and earnest tone; but as soon as she saw that she had drawn the gen-



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Mr. Hampton nominates a new leader.

Kate in a small minority.

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eral attention upon herself by her dissent, she looked confused, and ran round the tree.

Mr. Hampton felt himself impelled by a very strong desire to go to her at once, but he knew that by so doing he would probably only attract a still greater degree of the public attention to her, and so, perhaps, add to her confusion. Besides, he had something more to do where he was.

“It is decided to go to the Head of the Pond,” said Mr. Hampton, “and I agree to it very cordially. But then I am not much acquainted with that place, nor so much acquainted with raspberry parties generally as Mr. Rovelleville, so I should like to resign my post; and I propose that Mr. Rovelleville be requested to take the lead of the party. As many as are in favor of this proposition will please to say Ay.”

Quite a number of voices answered Ay. The voice most distinctly heard in this response was Emma's. She really wished to change the plan in order to please Mr. Rovelleville. The rest said Ay without much thought. There are many persons who always say Ay, when called upon in such cases, as a matter of course.

“Those of a contrary opinion will please to say No,” added Mr. Hampton.

There was no answer to this call, except that those who were nearest the tree heard something like a faint No from the farther side of it.

“It is a vote,” said Mr. Hampton; “so, Mr. Rovelleville, you will please to take the command.”

So saying, Mr. Hampton drew back from the group, while Mr.

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Mr. Hampton invites Kate to ride with him.

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Rovelle, touching his horse with the tip of the tassel of his whip, called out to the company,

“Very well. Come on, all of you. Follow me. I’ll show you the way.”

Just at this instant, Mr. Hampton, looking down the road, saw Timothy coming with his chaise. He immediately went round the tree to Kate.

“Kate,” said he, “would you like to ride with me?”

“What, on your horse?” asked Kate, laughing.

“No,” said Mr. Hampton, smiling in his turn; “there is a chaise coming for me.”

“Yes, sir,” said Kate; “I should like to ride with you very much.”

“But perhaps I shall not go to the Head of the Pond,” said Mr. Hampton, speaking, however, in a very low voice, so that no one else could hear him.

“It makes no difference to me where you go,” said Kate. “I should like to go with you.”

“Then go and ask your brother if he is willing,” said Mr. Hampton. So Kate ran off to ask her brother.

In the mean time, Mr. Rovelle and Emma, as they were going out of the gate in the gig, met the beautiful horse and chaise which Mr. Hampton had engaged for Emma, coming in. Timothy was driving. The establishment was far superior in every respect to Mr. Rovelle’s gig.

“What’s this?” exclaimed Emma, when she saw the carriage coming. “Can it be possible that this is the carriage that Mr. Hampton had engaged for me?”

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Arrival of Mr. Hampton's chaise.

Attempt at reconsideration.

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"Timothy," said she, as soon as Timothy came opposite to her, "whom is that carriage for?"

"It is for Mr. Hampton," said Timothy.

"Then it is the one that he engaged for me," said Emma, much excited. "I thought he was going on horseback. I must get out, and go and see him about it."

"Oh no," said Mr. Rovellev. "He has got somebody else before this time. See! he has got Kate."

Emma looked round, and she saw Mr. Hampton standing near the tree, with the bridle of his horse in one hand, and holding Kate's hand with the other. He was waiting for Timothy to come up with the chaise.

Several of the party were standing around him, and were expressing their regret at his having resigned his office. "We were very unwilling to make the change," said they.

"There were very few that voted for Mr. Rovellev," said Mr. Edwards; "but when you called for the Noes, they did not think it would be civil to vote against him; but we should have all much preferred you."

"Oh no," replied Mr. Hampton; "it is much better as it is. Get into your carriages and drive on."

"You must go first," said several of the company.

"No," replied Mr. Hampton, "you must go first. I have got some arrangements to make here with Timothy before I go."

Hearing this, the gentlemen handed their ladies into their respective carriages, and one after another they rode out of the yard.

"Now, Kate," said Mr. Hampton, "jump in."

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Mr. Hampton writes a note.

Timothy dispatched with it.

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So Mr. Hampton took the reins of the chaise-horse, and gave the bridle of the saddle-horse to Timothy. "You must wait a minute or two, Timothy," said he, "while I write a note."

So Mr. Hampton, after having seated himself by the side of Kate in the chaise, took out his pocket-book, and selected a piece of paper from it, placed it over his pocket-book upon his knee, and prepared to write. He then took out a small ink-stand and a pen. He gave the reins and the ink-stand to Kate, and then proceeded to write his note.

In a few minutes it was finished. He folded it neatly, and wrote the address on the outside,

*To Miss Emma.*

He then handed the note to Timothy. Timothy had, in the mean time, mounted the horse, and was now all ready to go.

"Here, Timothy," said Mr. Hampton; "take that note, and follow the party to the Head of the Pond. Keep in the rear all the way till you get to the raspberry ground. Then go up, and give that note to Miss Emma. It will explain to her why I do not come. I am going another way."

"Yes, sir," said Timothy. "Will there be any answer?"

"No," said Mr. Hampton, "no answer. After you have delivered the note, you may ride back to the village, and return the horse to the stable. I suppose I shall not be at home till some time in the evening."

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Timothy's adventures in delivering his note.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NOTE OF EXPLANATION.

TIMOTHY galloped along out of the yard, and then turning into the road which the party had taken, he followed the last of the carriages, keeping, however, at a considerable distance behind, as his orders were not to deliver the note until the party had reached the raspberry ground. Accordingly, when he at length arrived at the spot, he found all the carriages there before him. The young ladies were standing in little groups by the wayside and in the margin of the wood, while the gentlemen were employed in securing their horses, tying them for this purpose to the trees, or to the posts of the fences.

Emma was standing near Mr. Rovel's gig, looking down the road, and watching for Mr. Hampton's chaise.

"Where is Mr. Hampton?" said she. "I am going to wait till he comes, so as to give him a good scolding for not telling me that he had a carriage for me."

"There comes Timothy," said Mr. Rovel, on seeing Mr. Hampton's horse, "but I don't see Mr. Hampton himself any where."

By this time Timothy was drawing very near. He reined up his horse near the spot where Miss Emma was standing.

"Timothy," said Emma, "where is Mr. Hampton?"

"He is not coming," said Timothy, putting his riding-stick under his arm, in order to get his hand at liberty, so as to take the note out of his pocket.

Emma's vexation.

Reception of the note.

Emma reads it.

“Not coming!” repeated Emma. “That’s just out of spite because we changed the place, and came here instead of going to Jones’s Bridge. I did not think that Mr. Hampton was so mean.”

“No,” said Timothy, “I don’t think that is the reason. He says he has explained it in this note.” So saying, Timothy took the note out of his pocket and handed it to Miss Emma.

“I suppose he has made up some plausible explanation or other,” said Emma, petulantly, “but I never will believe that he has not gone off out of spite. These military men are so—”

“So what?” asked Mr. Rovellev, when he found that Emma did not finish her sentence.

But Emma had now got her note open, and was so busy reading it that she did not take any notice of the question.

The note was as follows :

“To MISS EMMA,—Although, as I am no longer in office, your duties as my adjutant have ceased, I will ask you to act in that capacity once more, so far as to explain to Mr. Rovellev, and, through him, to the whole company, why I do not come with the party to the Head of the Pond. The truth is, that I had made some arrangements and engagements at Jones’s Bridge, which make it necessary for me to go there myself, though I did not wish that they should operate to prevent the party from going to a better place. I did not explain this at the time, thinking that, if I had done so, it might possibly have embarrassed the party in some degree in respect to the change which they seemed desirous of making in the plan. I thought, therefore, it would be best that I should silently withdraw, and send this note in explanation.

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Reflections on the subject by Mr. Rovellev and Emma.

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“I am very anxious that Mr. Rovellev and all my friends should not suppose that my withdrawal was occasioned by any dissatisfaction on my part with the course that was pursued.

“Far from being dissatisfied with it, I was, in reality, very much pleased, after I found that I could not have the pleasure of your company on the ride, that the party were willing to release me from my charge.

“Yours very sincerely,

“GEORGE HAMPTON.”

As Emma read this note, her countenance assumed a very serious expression, and after she had finished it, and was folding it up, she looked very thoughtful indeed.

“Well,” said Mr. Rovellev, “what is it? What does he say?”

Emma thought it a little strange that a gentleman should thus question a lady about the contents of a note which she had received in his presence, but she concluded, on the whole, that it was best to gratify his curiosity, at least in part. So she opened the note again, and read it aloud—all but the last paragraph. That she thought it best to consider as intended for herself alone.

“That’s all a pretense,” said Mr. Rovellev, as soon as Emma had finished the reading. “Depend upon it, that is all a pretense. I don’t believe that he had made any arrangements at all. What arrangements could a man possibly make in the woods for a party going a raspberrying?”

“I don’t know, I am sure,” said Emma, with a sigh.

Timothy, finding there was now nothing more for him to do, turned his horse round and rode slowly away.

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Mr. Hampton and Kate ride along together.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

KATE.

MR. HAMPTON, after leaving the yard, turned his horse's head in a contrary direction from that which the rest of the party had taken, and soon entered upon a retired, but very pleasant road, which led through the woods, by a somewhat circuitous route, toward Jones's Bridge.

"Well, Kate," said Mr. Hampton, "it seems that you were not in favor of changing the plan. You voted No."

"Yes," said Kate, "I did."

"What objection had you to going to the Head of the Pond?"

"I had no particular objection to going there," said Kate; "but after people choose a leader, I think they ought to let him lead."

Mr. Hampton smiled at this reply, and then explained to Kate the reason why he had not been able to accompany the party to the Head of the Pond.

"Mrs. Jones will set her table in the yard," said he, "and get every thing ready for us, and it would be very wrong to leave her in all the suspense and uncertainty that she would be in, if no one were to come."

"And what shall you do with all the cream now?" said Kate.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Hampton.

"I suppose Mrs. Jones can make it into butter just as well," said Kate.

"We will see," said Mr. Hampton, "when we get there. At



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Romantic road.

Kate has a very good time.

The school-house.

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any rate, you and I will have as much of it as *we* want. And now, let us forget all about the other party and the change of the plan, and have a good time ourselves."

This was excellent philosophy, and Kate entered very readily into the spirit of it. So the two friends rode along very happily together.

The road was very romantic and beautiful, and Kate had a delightful ride. Mr. Hampton entertained her all the way with very interesting conversation about the Academy at West Point, telling her a great many amusing stories about the cadets, and about the adventures which he had met with in going up and down the river to New York. At one time they stopped on the margin of the pond, at a place where there was a boat, and, embarking on board the boat, they went out upon the pond to get some pond lilies. At another time they got out of the carriage, and climbed up to the top of a romantic precipice of rocks that overhung the road, where they had a very extended and beautiful view. At length they began to draw near to the bridge.

Just before they reached the bridge, they came to a small school-house that stood by the side of the road. There was a spring in the edge of the woods, on one side of this school-house, with a little rill running from it down across the road. There was a very small girl at this spring when Mr. Hampton and Kate came along, who was engaged in dipping up some water in a tin pail.

The child stopped as she saw the chaise coming, and remaining as she was, in a stooping posture, before the spring, looked at the strangers. Mr. Hampton stopped the horse.

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Talk with a child at the spring.

The child receives a commission.

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“What are you getting?” said Mr. Hampton.

“Some water,” said the child.

“What is it for?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“For the children to drink,” said the child.

“The children in the school?” inquired Mr. Hampton.

“Yes, sir,” said the child.

“Who keeps the school?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“Miss Jones,” said the child.

Here Mr. Hampton turned to Kate, and said that he saw a young lady at Mr. Jones’s when he called there on Tuesday, and that he thought it very probable that she was the teacher.

“How many scholars are there in your school?” asked Mr. Hampton, speaking to the child again.

“Fourteen,” said the child—“or else it is forty. I believe it is forty.”

“Do you have a recess in your school?” said Mr. Hampton.

“Yes, sir,” said the child.

“And then you come out to play, I suppose,” said Mr. Hampton.

“Yes, sir,” said the child.

“Well, now, when the recess comes,” said Mr. Hampton, “and the children come out to play, I want you to take one or two others with you, and walk up the road here a little way till you find us. We shall be there by the side of the road, raspberrying.”

The child very readily promised that she would do this, and then, taking up her pail, she began to tug away at it to carry it up the path, leaning far over to one side to balance the weight of the pail as she walked along.

Mr. Hampton and Kate went on, and coming very soon to a

The two children coming into the woods.

The school.

good place, they got out of the chaise, and after Mr. Hampton had fastened the horse, they took out two baskets which had been put into the chaise-box, and began the work of gathering raspberries. The berries were very abundant, and they were very large. The baskets filled up fast. At length, in about an hour, Mr. Hampton heard the voices of two children coming along the road.



“There they come,” said he. “It is recess now. Let us go up to the school. I am going to invite the children to go and eat Mrs. Jones’s cream.”

Kate was very much amused at this idea. At first she thought that that plan would never do.

“Why, there are forty of them,” said she—“so the child said.”

“It will turn out fourteen, I presume,” said Mr. Hampton.

When they reached the school-house, they found the children playing around the step of the door. There were certainly not more than fourteen, and they were all quite young. There was one lame boy. He was sitting in a little wagon, and the other children were drawing him to and fro. Miss Jones, the teacher, was standing in the door-way looking at the children.

Mr. Hampton went up to the door, leading Kate by the hand, and touched his hat respectfully to the teacher as soon as he came near.

Mr. Hampton makes an arrangement with Miss Jones.

“This is Miss Jones, I suppose?” said he.

“Yes, sir,” said the teacher.

“I made an arrangement with your mother, a few days since, to entertain a party in your yard to-day; but the plan has been changed, and they are not coming.”

“Not coming!” repeated Miss Jones, much surprised.

“No,” said Mr. Hampton. “There was a change made in the plan at the last moment. They did not know that I had made any preparations here, or I presume they would not have changed it. But now, as it is, I have come to invite you and your scholars to go with Kate and me to the house, and have the entertainment, since your mother has got it all ready.”

Miss Jones was at first so much surprised at this invitation that she scarcely knew what to say; but, after taking a little time to reflect, she concluded to accept it. She said that the children would like it very much.

“Children,” said Mr. Hampton, turning to the group before the door, “how many of you are old enough to gather raspberries?”

One or two of the children said I am, but the rest were silent.

“All of you that are big enough to gather raspberries,” said Mr. Hampton, “may hold up your hands.”

Mr. Hampton held up one of his own hands as he said this, by way of example.

The children then all held up their hands. Some held up the right hand, some the left, and some both.

“Yes, all,” said Mr. Hampton. “That will do. I thought, Miss Jones, that perhaps you would dismiss them an hour earlier to-day, as this is a special occasion.”

Mr. Hampton makes paper baskets.

The soldier's cap.

Miss Jones said that she would do so with great pleasure.

Mr. Hampton then asked if Miss Jones had some sheets of paper in the school-room. She said she had. She brought out one as a specimen. Mr. Hampton rolled half of the sheet round his hand in a peculiar manner, so as to form a conical cup, large enough to hold nearly a pint of raspberries. He pinned the corners of the paper together, so as to preserve the cup in its proper form.

"There," said he, "I can make baskets for them in that way."

So Mr. Hampton proceeded to make the baskets. He made fourteen in all, one for each scholar.

While he was making them, the children crowded around him to witness the process. One of them, a little fellow about eight years old, named Johnny, asked Mr. Hampton if he could not make a soldier's cap in that way.

"Not very well," said Mr. Hampton; "it would look too much like a fool's cap. But if I had a newspaper, I could make you a soldier's cap in the right style."

Miss Jones said that she had a newspaper in her desk, and after going to her desk to look for it, she returned and brought it to Mr. Hampton, and he, when he had finished the raspberry baskets, made a cap, which he said was in the style of a lieutenant general's, and put it upon Johnny's head. He also made a slender roll of paper, and cut the top of it in the form of a tassel. This he put in the side of Johnny's cap for a plume.

After some farther conversation, Miss Jones said that she should be ready to dismiss the children in about half an hour, and Mr. Hampton promised to return for them at that time.

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Mr. Hampton and Kate ride home.

Kate is just fifteen.

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The plan thus arranged was fully carried into effect, and it gave great satisfaction to all concerned. Mr. Hampton made paper baskets for all the children, and then they went with him, and Miss Jones, and Kate into the bushes and filled them. They then all walked together to Mr. Jones's yard. They drew the lame boy to the spot in his little wagon. Here they found the tables set and the seats ready; and so they all sat down, and ate their raspberries and cream together. Mr. Hampton told them funny stories of all kinds in the mean while, which amused them very much. In fact, the whole party had an excellent good time.

Mr. Hampton and Kate enjoyed their ride home very much indeed. Mr. Hampton enjoyed it particularly, he was so much pleased with Kate. She was so thoughtful, considerate, and kind in every thing that she said and did, and evinced so intelligent an interest in all his conversation, that he thought that she was a very uncommon girl."

"How old are you, Kate?" said he, at length, just before they reached the village on their return.

"I am nearly fifteen," said she.

"Fifteen!" said Mr. Hampton. He said no more, but seemed to be musing. He was silently calculating how old she would be in three years from that time. He found that she would be then nearly eighteen.

Mr. Hampton left Kate at her father's house when he arrived at the village. Then he went to the stable with the horse and chaise. He found Timothy there, waiting for him.

"Well, Timothy," said he, "did you deliver my note to Miss Emma?"

Picture of the children in Mrs. Jones's yard.



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Mr. Hampton comes to a conclusion respecting Emma.

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“Yes, sir,” said Timothy.

“And what did she say?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“She said,” replied Timothy, “that she never would believe but that you went off and left the party out of spite.”

“Did she?” said Mr. Hampton. “She did not send that as a message to me, did she?”

“Oh no, sir,” replied Timothy; “she said that to Mr. Rovelle before she had read your note.”

“And what did she say after she had read the note?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“She did not say any thing,” replied Timothy.

Mr. Hampton settled his account with the stable-keeper for his horses and his chaise, and then went slowly away toward home.

I am *very* glad, thought he to himself, that all this has happened, for it shows me that Emma, beautiful and prepossessing as she is, will never do for me. She is a very charming girl, but then this affair shows that she is fickle, passionate, and unreasonable. Such a wife would never do for me.

In saying this, it seems to me that Mr. Hampton was too severe. But military men are in the habit of speaking very plainly.

The next time that Mr. Hampton met Emma, he greeted her in a very kind and cordial manner, in order to show that he did not cherish any resentment against her on account of the raspberry party affair. She will suffer too much, I am afraid, thought he to himself, from her own reflections, without my doing or saying any thing to give her any additional pain.



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Lessons to be learned from the example of Mr. Hampton.

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Mr. Hampton was right in this conjecture. When Miss Emma learned all the facts—and she learned them all very fully from Kate, whom she questioned very closely on the subject the next time she saw her—she was overwhelmed with confusion and shame.

Learn from the example of Mr. Hampton how to discharge the duties of any official trusts or responsibilities which may be committed to you.

Be not eager to put yourself forward to such positions, but when called upon to fill them, undertake the duties imposed upon you resolutely, and without fear.

Be quiet, gentle, and unassuming in the manner in which you exercise your power, but take the most energetic and efficient measures to accomplish the end in view.

Rise entirely above the envy and the jealousy of rivals and competitors who may seek to displace you, and be always as ready and willing to resign your power as you were to assume it.

This is good advice for all those who hold public office, whatever the nature of it may be. It is as good for men as for boys; and should there be, as it is very likely there may be, some two or three among the readers of this book who will hereafter enter upon public life, and rise finally to be presidents of the United States, I advise them to resolve now that they will act upon these principles through the whole of their political career.

## LESSON III.

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

## CHAPTER I.

EDWARD.

AT one extremity of the pond near Clinton, which is referred to so frequently in the last story, a stream empties into it, which rises in a narrow gorge situated at some few miles distance among the mountains. The stream at its mouth, and, in fact, at some distance back from the pond, is wide and deep enough to be navigated by skiffs and pleasure-boats. This navigation, however, extends but a little way, for the brook becomes more rapid as you ascend it, until at length, about a mile from the village, it forms a continued cascade, which comes down from rock to rock through a wild and picturesque glen. Two miles from the village, on the road which leads along the bank of this stream, you come to a smaller pond, which lies in the middle of the deep, sequestered valley. From this small pond the stream itself takes its rise. The mountains tower precipitously around this little valley, and it is so small as to be entirely uninhabited. The road, after traversing the valley, goes on through a narrow pass, called the Gap, to unknown regions beyond; and it is called, from this circumstance, the Gap Road.

The Gap Road has long been famous for the excursions made upon it to the cascades and to the pond, by the young people of

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Emma engaged.

Her new friend, Caroline.

Her character.

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the village, on summer evenings. The pond itself is very picturesque and beautiful, and it is very pleasant to return from it, on a moonlight night, along the stream. They who ride on such occasions, take the highway, of course. There is, however, a foot-path, which follows all the meanderings of the stream, crossing it here and there by rude bridges and stepping-stones, which the young gentlemen of the village have arranged from time to time for the convenience of the fair companions who occasionally join them in this tortuous and rugged way.

The summer after the events occurred which are related in the last story, Emma's situation was very different from what it had been before. She was engaged to be married. I shall speak presently of the gentleman to whom she was engaged, but I must say something of a young lady named Caroline, who was, at this time, her most intimate female friend. Mary Lane had been married, and was now living with her husband in New York, and Caroline had taken her place, in some degree, in Emma's regard.

The two young ladies were great friends ; but, as is often the case with great friends, they were very different from each other in temperament and character. Emma was an only child, and, as might be inferred from what has already been said of her, she had always been much indulged. She was amiable, affectionate, and kind-hearted, as the reader already knows ; but she liked very much to have her own way, and she took great pleasure in receiving such attentions as would gratify her pride, and place her in a favorable position in the eyes of others. Caroline, on the other hand, was more like Mary Lane. She was retiring and thoughtful in her disposition. She lived more within herself. Her

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Difference between Emma and Caroline.Emma's engagement.

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heart was full of affection and love, and she prized the proofs of the kind regards of those whom she loved as highly as Emma, but she valued most such proofs as she could enjoy in her own soul, rather than those which tended to increase her consideration in the eyes of others. Thus Emma liked to receive, as a token of regard from a friend, some pretty ornament which she could wear in public; Caroline, on the other hand, valued a proof of love which she could deposit privately among her treasures. At an evening party, Emma enjoyed having a gentleman whom she liked come and ask her to sing and play, and conduct her to the piano-forte, and turn the leaves for her, and evince, by other such open and public attentions, the strength of his regard. But Caroline would have preferred to have him dexterously seek an opportunity to enjoy a quiet private talk with her for ten minutes, when seated on a sofa, or passing up and down the room in a promenade.

Emma, as I have already said, was engaged to be married. The engagement was formed during the preceding winter. The gentleman was a young lawyer whom we will call simply Edward, that being the name by which Emma herself always designated him. Edward was an ardent and ambitious man—full of interest in his profession, and in his plans and prospects for life, but still deeply and strongly attached to Emma. He was often very much engrossed in his business—so much so that Emma sometimes complained, half playfully and half in earnest, that he thought a great deal more of his clients than he did of her. Edward was once or twice a little pained at these expostulations, and would sometimes sit thoughtfully before his office fire, pondering on the disappointment which she seemed to feel at finding that he could not

Some account of Mr. Edward.

Emma's parties.

Skillful management.

join in as many sleigh-rides and excursions of pleasure as she wished. He liked to work hard all day at his business, and then, at nine o'clock, when tired and exhausted with his toil, to go to pay Emma a quiet visit—to sit upon the corner of the sofa, and let her read to him an article in a magazine which he had brought her, or to talk with her, without effort or care, while she sat near him at the table, going on with her work, whatever it might be. Emma enjoyed these evening interviews too. She listened impatiently for his knock. She loved to see him come in. She took great pleasure in feeling that she was contributing to his refreshment and rest ; and she was always deeply interested in the reading which he selected. There was something in it to awaken attention and to give immediate pleasure, while, at the same time, it never failed to open some new field of knowledge or of thought before her, which Edward's explanations and remarks helped her to explore.

Emma liked all these things, but they did not fully satisfy her. They satisfied Edward entirely, but she felt the want sometimes of more public and open manifestations of regard. She liked very much to plan some great pleasure party or excursion, and, having arranged it all in her own way, to have Edward employed, under her direction, as it were, in the work of carrying it into effect. On such occasions, she always managed very considerably and wisely. She made very pleasant parties ; she contrived them so as to secure the enjoyment of all concerned in them ; and she did not make, either for Edward or any one else, any unnecessary trouble. Still, she enjoyed more highly, perhaps, than any thing else, the eclat which they produced for herself ; and she

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Edward makes some very serious reflections

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took a kind of pleasure—a very proper one, perhaps—in having it understood by every one that the party was *her* party, and that Edward and the other young gentlemen who exerted themselves to carry it into effect were executing *her* plans.

Sometimes these things would suggest to Edward the idea that possibly they indicated a taste and temper in Emma's mind that was different from his own, and the thought that the difference might be one which would increase, rather than diminish, in future life, made him sometimes anxious, and sometimes even unhappy. But at the end of his reflections on such occasions, he always came to the conclusion that Emma did not understand how heavy were the cares and responsibilities of a young man just entering upon life, and when her little schemes of pleasure tended to encroach upon the time which he felt that he ought to devote to more serious pursuits, he always attributed it to her not knowing what those serious pursuits were, and not considering the immense importance, both in respect to her future happiness and his own, that he should zealously and perseveringly attend to them. "I will explain it to her," thought he, "and then she will set her heart more fully on helping me to do what is so essential for our common welfare, rather than in keeping me employed so much in plans for present pleasure. I am sure that she has every disposition in the world to do what is right, and if she errs, it must be entirely from her not understanding how the case really is."

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The courts.

Edward's law cases.

Emma's plans.

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## CHAPTER II.

CAROLINE AND MIRANDA.

CLINTON was the shire town of the county, that is to say, it was the town where the courts were held. There were sessions of the courts two or three times a year, and at these periods, of course, both Edward and Emma were always very busy. Edward was engrossed in the preparation of his cases, in enlarging his acquaintance with the business men of the country, and in conversing upon public affairs. Although he was thus busily engaged, he always wished to see Emma every day, either in company, or at her own house, and to sit down quietly with her and talk about the progress that he was making, the plans that he was forming, and the difficulties that he had encountered; and when he was perplexed and distressed, he would have derived a very sensible relief from being able merely to tell her so, as they walked together in the garden, or up and down the room in a promenade at a party, and to feel the influence of her sympathy, expressed by her look, or by the gentle pressure of her hand upon his arm. But such a way of spending the court-week, as they called it, did not exactly accord with Emma's ideas. She liked all this well enough, but she wished for something besides. There was always a great deal of company in town on court-week, and Emma, being so well fitted to shine in company, liked very much to form schemes and parties of pleasure, and she always wished very much to secure Edward's earnest co-operation in carrying

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Edward is engaged in a very important case.

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her various plans into effect—not sufficiently considering how much she added, in this way, to the heavy burdens which, at those times, necessarily weighed upon his mind.

In the summer of which I am speaking, the court-week came early in the month of June, and Edward had a case coming on on Thursday—the most important case that had ever been intrusted to his care. It was about six months after his engagement with Emma that this occurred, and among other reasons which led him to feel a strong interest in this case was, he knew that, if he managed it successfully, the result would be a large accession to his business, so as perhaps to render it prudent for him to be married in the fall. He had been at work very diligently all the day on Monday, and as the evening came on, he began to be uneasy and distressed to find that he probably should not get through with his preparation in season to keep an engagement that he had made to go to Emma's in the evening. She had invited him to come to tea, to meet some of the company from out of town, and had very reluctantly excused him on his plea that he was so extremely engaged. He, however, had promised to come in the evening. He did not go home to take his own tea, but remained in his office till about eight o'clock, and he was just putting away his books to go and fulfill his engagement, when an important witness in his case, who had just arrived in town, came in to see him. He sat down again to his work, and was detained by this witness till nearly nine. He was then very reluctant to leave him, as the business was not half transacted; but, knowing how sensitive Emma was to any apparent neglect, he closed the interview at last abruptly, and hurried away to Emma's house. He was, of course, exhaust-



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Conversation between Emma and Caroline.Emma is inconsiderate.

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ed with want of food, fatigued with labor and care, and perplexed by the unfinished business which he was obliged so abruptly to leave.

In the mean time, while Edward had been thus at work at the office, Emma was gayly entertaining her company at home, and anxiously expecting his arrival. She was proud of him, of course, and she was specially desirous of having him appear attentive to her, and to her company, on that evening. As nine o'clock approached, she began to feel a little vexed at his delay. "Why does not he come?" said she to Caroline. Caroline apologized for him. "Remember," said she, "how busy he is." "Yes," said Emma, "he is always busy. It is business, business, business. He loves business a great deal better than he does me." "Oh, Emma," rejoined Caroline, "it is wrong for you to say so. He loves business *for* you—that is, for your sake; and you ought to love him all the better for it. I should do so, I am sure, if I were you." Emma made no reply.

This conversation had taken place while the company were going out into the garden. Among the other young ladies present was one who was, in some respects, the rival of Emma in public consideration. Her name was Miranda. She was very beautiful, very intelligent, and very accomplished, but somewhat vain and fond of admiration. She looked upon Emma as a rival, and she liked to say things, now and then, to teaze and trouble her, though always in the most polite and kindest manner imaginable, so that outwardly the two young ladies were the best friends in the world. Still, the feeling between them was such that Emma was particularly sensitive to any appearance of neglect on the part

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The party.

Walks in the garden.

An excursion planned.

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of Edward in Miranda's presence ; while Miranda, on the other hand, took pleasure in teasing Emma a little, now and then, with remarks tending to wound this sensibility. The satisfaction which this sort of amusement gave her was a malicious satisfaction—if, indeed, a beautiful, and generally amiable, girl can be supposed to be ever actuated by feelings of a malicious character.

The party, having walked for some time about the garden, assembled at length in a sort of summer-house. As they entered the summer-house, Miranda turned and asked, in a very audible manner, "Where is Edward this evening, Emma ? I thought we were to have the pleasure of his company." Emma replied indistinctly that she expected him, but that he must have been detained. "I hope he will come soon," said Miranda ; "we can't get along at all without Edward. I like him very much. But then he is so busy, I suppose, with his courts, that he has but little time for the ladies."

Now Emma had formed a plan for an excursion up the Gap Road on Wednesday evening, in compliment to a young lady, the daughter of the judge, who was then paying her first visit to the town. The plan was for the party to set off a little before tea-time, taking with them cakes, and materials for lemonade, so as to have a picnic on the shores of the little pond, by the light of a fire which the gentlemen should make for them. They were then to return, by moonlight, down the cascade, leaving their picnic ground about half past nine, which would bring them home at eleven. Emma had formed this plan that afternoon, and she was anxiously awaiting Edward's arrival, to see if he would undertake to carry it into effect. As he did not come, however, and as they

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Emma is sure that Edward will go with the party.

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were all assembled in the summer-house, she concluded to propose it without waiting for him. The plan was adopted by acclamation. "It would be delightful." "The evenings were just getting so pleasant." "The moon would be just about full that very evening." These and other similar remarks came spontaneously from the company, until, at length, when the excitement had a little subsided, Miranda added, in a very quiet tone,

"It will be very pleasant indeed—though there is one thing I am sorry for, that is, that I suppose Edward will not be able to go, he is so much engaged this week."

Emma replied that she had no doubt that Edward would go. He would postpone some of his business if it was necessary. Of course, Miranda's remark made her more desirous than she was before of carrying her plan into effect. She wished to show Miranda that she had influence enough over Edward to induce him to join in her plan, even if it should be a little inconvenient for him to do so; and when, at last, he came in, she was in a mood of mind very little disposed to take a denial.

When Edward arrived, the party had left the summer-house, and the young ladies and gentlemen were promenading to and fro in the various walks and alleys. Caroline had hurried Emma away, and had begun to remonstrate with her against her plan. "You ought to help him, and not hinder him, at such a time as this."

"Help him!" replied Emma; "how can I help him better than by getting him away from his office for a few hours, and giving him a little amusement?"

"No, no, Emma," said Caroline; "he can not enjoy himself

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Caroline gives Emma some excellent advice.

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in such a way on Wednesday night. You ought to act very differently if you wish to help him. At least *I* should do so, if I were you."

"Why, what would *you* do, pray, to help a lawyer manage his case?"

"I would, at any rate, not form any plans for interrupting him," replied Caroline. "I would ask him if he had not any papers for me to copy—and how I would work to copy them! I would get him to come and see me half an hour every night, when he had completed his day's work, and I would spread a little supper for him on my work-table, and let him sit there and rest. I would not say a word to take his mind off from his business until he should get safely through it. You ought to do so. I beg of you not to ask him to go on this party."

As may well be imagined, Emma was not in a state of mind to render this expostulation agreeable. It produced very little effect upon her. The conversation was here interrupted, too, by the appearance of the subject of it, who advanced up the alley to meet them just at this time. He placed himself between them, taking an arm of each, and they began slowly walking up and down. Emma proposed her plan. Edward said it was an excellent plan, but *he* must be excused from joining the party, for he could not possibly go. Emma insisted that he must go. They could not possibly get along without him. "Put it off till next week," said Edward, "and then I will join you with all my heart."

"I *would* do that," said Caroline. "That will be a great deal better."

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Emma will not follow the advice.

Her motives.

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“But Miss Marshall will leave town this week,” replied Emma, “and the party is to be made on her account.”

The true reason, however, why Emma was unwilling to postpone the party was, though perhaps she was not aware of it, to avoid giving Miranda the triumph which she knew she would feel if it proved that she herself had not influence enough over Edward to induce him to go with her at such a time. She and Caroline walked to and fro for some time with Edward, conversing on the subject. Edward seemed very unwilling to refuse her, but said he did not see how he could go. Caroline said very little, but Edward could not help perceiving that she sympathized with *him*. Emma's determination to carry her plan through was only increased and strengthened by the opposition it encountered, and finally Edward, after passing around the garden, and saying a few words to each of the various persons in the company, took his leave. Emma went with him to the garden gate, and bade him good-night, saying that he *must* make his arrangements to go, and that she should take it very unkind in him if he did not. To do Emma justice, it must be admitted that she would not have said this if she had not been a little excited with the idea of being triumphed over by Miranda.

Caroline made another effort to induce Emma to give up her plan. But Emma said she could not. “I have invited them all,” said she, “and now how can I go back? You saw how much interested in the plan they all were.”

“Well, let them go on with it, then,” replied Caroline, “only excuse Edward. It must be very inconvenient for him to go, you know.”

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The plan for the picnic is formed.

Preparations made on the ground.

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“I don’t know any such thing,” replied Emma. “I don’t believe it will make the least difference in the world in his *case*. He has been studying it this fortnight. It is all because he don’t care for me; and, if he does not go, I shall take it as very unkind. Besides, what can I do, now the plan is formed? And how can I meet Miranda after what she said?”

“Oh, don’t mind that,” said Caroline. “Go directly to her, and tell her she was right—that Edward *can not* conveniently go, as she has predicted; and, if you go at all, go without him; and then write him a good-natured note to-morrow morning, telling him you release him entirely.”

Emma shook her head. She was an amiable and kind-hearted girl, but even the amiable and kind-hearted find it sometimes very hard to give up when they are wrong.

The next day the plan was fully matured. Two men were sent up to prepare a place among the rocks, by the side of the pond, for the pic-nic. These men erected a booth over the spot, to protect the company in case of an early dew or a little shower. They collected logs and brushwood for a bonfire, and then examined the road which led along the cascade, to see that it was passable in every part, and that all the little bridges were in order. In fact, they made whatever preparations were necessary for securing all the possible enjoyment that such an excursion could afford.

In the mean time, Edward was very much perplexed to know what to do. At every interval in his harassing labors during the day, the question was continually recurring to his mind. The parties to the suit in which he was engaged were to be in town, some of them for the first time, on Wednesday, and he knew that he

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Conflict in Edward's mind.

He yields to Emma's wishes.

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should suffer a good deal in the estimation of all his business friends if he went away on such an excursion at such a time. He could not really give his thoughts and his heart to it ; and yet he knew that merely to go, without cordially entering into the spirit of the scene, would not satisfy Emma. Sometimes a rising feeling of resentment and indignation would begin to swell in his heart at what appeared to him the extreme unreasonableness of her insisting upon such a favor at such a time. He, however, would soon put this down, blinded by his love, or, rather, soothed by it into taking the most favorable view possible of the case. "She wishes to show kindness and attention to her friends," thought he, "and is not aware how much trouble and pain it occasions *me*."

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

WEDNESDAY night at length came. Edward had agreed to go, but he said he could not remain all the evening. He would go up with the party and join in the picnic, but he said he must excuse himself immediately afterward, and hasten back to his work. By this early return he would gain a couple of hours, which would be lost by his remaining and coming home slowly with the party. Emma consented to this, with the secret hope, however, that when he was once on the ground, he would get interested in the scene, and that it would be easy to keep him to the end. This, which was at first a hope, was changed into a determination by a remark

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The picnic party.

Edward arrives.

Emma's triumph.

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that Miranda made, carelessly, in the course of the evening—that she presumed that Edward would find that he could not come when the time arrived, or, if he did, that he would take a sudden leave early in the evening.

The evening was delightful. Edward left his office at the last possible moment, and joined the party at the place of rendezvous. They walked in little groups along the road until they arrived at the pond. They assembled under and around the booth, and kindled their bonfire. The bright blaze shed a very splendid illumination upon the trees and rocks around, and flashed over the smooth surface of the water. Edward and Emma were the life and soul of the whole circle. All seemed to enjoy the scene. Emma felt that she had gained a triumph. She took Edward's arm at a time when the party were scattered in little groups about the ground, strolling along the shores of the pond, or climbing up the rocks, and walked along with him down the road.

“Is not it a delightful party?” said she; “and are you not glad that you came? Be honest, and confess that you are. You will plead all the better for it to-morrow, I know.”

“I am very glad that you have enjoyed it,” replied Edward, “but it has been hard work for me. You do not know how heavy a burden is on my mind.”

“Oh, nonsense, Eddy!” she replied. “Besides, that is just the reason why I wish you to be here. It is to amuse you and get you rested, and now you must not think of going home until we all go.”

“Yes, I *must*,” said Edward; “that was the agreement. I have got a chaise coming up to take me down. And there it comes now.”



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Emma insists that Edward must stay.

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So saying, he pointed down the road, where, among the trees, beyond the turn, a horse and chaise were seen advancing at a rapid rate. Emma was very sorry to see it. She begged Edward not to go away. It would be cruel, she said, to leave her there to come down alone, or with any body that might chance to take her under his protection.

“Then go down with me,” said Edward, “in the chaise.”

“And leave my own party, which *I* invited! You know I can not do that, Edward. You *must* stay.”

Edward walked on in silence. His patience and forbearance were utterly gone. His heart begun to burn and beat violently with a feeling very much like indignation. He was a man of strong impulses and passions, though these feelings were generally under perfect control, but there was a point beyond which his patience could not be safely tried. He felt the blood mounting into his cheeks and into his forehead. A violent palpitation almost deprived him of the power to speak. Besides, he knew that it was dangerous for him to speak at such a time. He remained silent, and they walked along together toward the chaise which was rapidly coming up the road.

“Why don’t you speak,” asked Emma, “and tell me what you think about it?”

“I think, Emma,” said Edward, deliberately, “that you are *extremely* unreasonable.”

Emma withdrew her arm from his, and turned to walk away toward the company. She had a sort of instinctive feeling that he would follow her and bring her back. But he did not. He remained where he was. His not following her touched her pride.

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Emma ventures upon a threat.Edward goes home.

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The chaise approached. Edward directed the boy who was driving it to turn it, and wait in the road for him. He felt a strong impulse to get in at once, and go away, without speaking another word to Emma. There was a short but desperate struggle between love and resentment in his bosom. Love conquered.

“Emma, stop a moment,” said he, “and let me come and bid you good-night before I go.”

Love and resentment struggled in Emma’s bosom. Resentment won the day. She turned abruptly, and said, in a very deliberate and decisive tone,

“Edward, it is you that are unreasonable. If you leave me in this way, I shall understand it as an expression of your wish that our acquaintance should terminate, and I shall return all your letters to-morrow morning, and ask you to send me mine.”

Edward made no reply, but walked immediately to the chaise, entered it, seized the whip and the reins, and drove off at a rapid trot down the hill. Emma stood gazing after him until the vehicle disappeared from view, and then she listened to the sound of the wheels until it died away in the distance. She had a lingering expectation that he would return, but he did not. He drove to his office, where he found several men awaiting his arrival, and was soon involved in all the details and perplexities of his cause.

At midnight he left his office to go to his lodgings. He walked through the now silent and solitary streets in a state of feverish anxiety and agitation. He stopped before the house where Emma lived. There was a light at her window. He looked at it a moment, and then hurried on to his own dwelling, and went alone to his room.

Scene in the glen.

Mr. Edward returning.



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Caroline remonstrates with Emma.The remonstrance unavailing.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CONSEQUENCES.

IN the mean time, Emma returned to the company with her mind in a tumult of emotion. When the time came for the return of the party down the valley, Caroline walked with Emma, and after learning from her what had taken place, she did all in her power to soothe and calm her. But Emma would not be calmed. She declared that she would send home Edward's letters the next morning, and that she would not receive them again without an ample apology.

"Why, Emma, my dear child," said Caroline, "he certainly will not make you an apology. He will take you at your word, and you will lose him forever."

"No," replied Emma, "he will make me an apology when he finds that I am in earnest. I shall certainly return him his letters to-morrow morning."

Caroline remonstrated and entreated, but all in vain. Emma was resolved. She sat up an hour after she came home, collected all her lover's notes and letters, put them up in a package, enveloped and addressed them, and wrote a note as follows :

*"To Mr. Edward.*

"SIR,—Faithful to my word, I send you back your correspondence with me. May I expect that you will return mine ?

"Yours,

EMMA."

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Emma's secret expectations.

The trial.

Scene at the court-room.

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She was half inclined to add that she considered the connection which had heretofore existed between them was dissolved, but she finally concluded to omit that.

It would be difficult to say exactly what was Emma's state of mind in doing this. It was not that she wished to have the connection dissolved—nor was it that she had any well-defined expectation of bringing Edward to terms—nor that she was wholly blinded by resentment and passion. It was a little of all three. She had, however, no idea that Edward would return her letters. She thought he would make no answer for a day or two, and then that they should meet, and, after mutual explanations and concessions, be reconciled again. At all events, she determined to send the package early the next morning.

Edward received it just as he was leaving the house to go to the court-room. He opened and read the note. He told the messenger it was very well,—that there was no answer then. He returned to his room, and put the package in his secretary, and, half distracted with the conflicting agitations and cares which rolled through his mind like the surges of a sea, he hurried away to the scene of his labors for the day.

The cause came on. He was seated at the bar, surrounded by the other members of the profession, with his client and his associate counsel near him. The court-room was crowded. He was all absorbed in the examination of witnesses, and in watching the course of his opponents, in making notes of the proceedings, and reviewing and fortifying himself in his points, when he saw a messenger making his way to him through the crowd with a letter in his hand. It had the appearance of a business letter, being writ-

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Caroline ventures upon a courageous step.

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ten on ordinary paper, and addressed in a strong, masculine-looking hand. He opened it, and was surprised to find that the signature was Caroline. He read as follows :

“DEAR SIR,—I am very much afraid that I am taking a wrong or an improper step in writing this line to you. It is to intercede for my friend Emma. She tells me that she has returned your letters, and has asked you to return hers. I hope you will not take her at her word. I am sure she loves you with all her heart, and, if you wait a few days, I know her feelings on this subject will change, and she will see it in altogether a new light. I know this is requesting a great forbearance on your part, but my strong attachment to Emma—we have been friends from childhood—impels me to do it, and I hope you will not take it amiss.

“Excuse the plainness of my paper. As the case did not admit of delay, and I thought it possible my letter might be handed you in court, I have imitated—awkwardly enough, no doubt—the appearance and style of a business letter, so that it may not attract the attention of others around you.

“Very truly yours, CAROLINE.”

Edward folded the letter and put it in his pocket. He was very much touched with a sense of Caroline’s magnanimity and devotion to her friend in taking such a step. He called back the messenger, who had already made his way nearly to the door. He hastily wrote the following lines :

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Reply to Caroline's note.

Edward at the trial.

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“MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—You did perfectly right in writing as you have done. I will do nothing hastily.

“Yours, with very sincere regard, EDWARD.”

Perhaps the reader will be surprised to learn that though Edward had suffered a great deal of anxiety and perplexity in the course of this affair, yet, when he came at last to plead his cause, he spoke all the more powerfully and effectively in consequence of the state of mind in which it placed him. He felt that he himself had done his duty, but that he had been abandoned in the hour of his need by one whom he had done all in his power to make happy. The thought of this ingratitude produced a feeling, half resentment, half grief, which quickened the whole action of his mind, and gave fluency to his utterance, and a certain richness to the tones of his voice, which made every one in the crowded court-room listen to every word he said with the utmost attention and pleasure. There was a feeling of wounded pride, too, which seemed to impart a certain dignity to his manner. He stood erect and firm, and spoke with a sort of mild and gentle energy and power which the peculiar state of his feelings inspired. He gained his cause. The verdict was rendered about six o'clock in the evening. Edward received the congratulations of his friends with a calm and placid expression upon his countenance, which, however, had no counterpart in any calmness within. He gathered up his papers and went home. He took his tea in silence, and went to his room. There was one window in it—in a deep recess. The window opened down to the floor, and led out to a little balcony. Edward opened the window, and took a large rocking-chair which he had

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Edward writes more fully to Caroline.

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in his room, and carried it out to the balcony, and, seating himself in it, rocked gently to and fro in the cool evening air for two hours, to let, as he expressed it, the surges of his mind subside after the storm. He resolved to do all he could to banish the whole subject from his thoughts, that he might approach it again anew the next day in a deliberate and calm manner. He finally rose, returned to his room, took his seat at his desk in the recess, and wrote the following note to Caroline :

“MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—I take the liberty to write you again, in order to say, in a more deliberate and proper manner than I could this morning, that I think you were perfectly right in communicating with me as you did. Your kind, and generous, and, I will add, courageous interposition in behalf of your friend, has confirmed the high opinion I always entertained of you. I will say, also, if you will allow me to do it, that I am very grateful for the sympathy which I could not but perceive that you felt for me in the state of perplexity in which I was placed on Monday evening.

“I shall comply with your suggestion to postpone my action in this case for a few days, and am much obliged to you for making it. I am your very sincere friend, EDWARD.”

Caroline was relieved in respect to herself by receiving this note the next morning, but she did not augur very favorably from it in respect to the final result. As for Emma, she was sure she should have a communication from Edward the next day. It came, and was as follows :



Emma receives a note.

Her satisfaction.

A party.

“MY DEAR EMMA,—I received your package safely yesterday morning. I shall communicate with you more fully in a day or two on the subject. I hope I shall see you this evening at the party. In the mean time, whatever may be the result of this affair, I hope you will always consider me your very sincere and faithful friend,  
EDWARD.”

Emma was very much pleased with this note. She considered it as half giving up on the part of Edward. She showed it to Caroline. Caroline looked thoughtful after reading it, and shook her head.

“I am sure I *hope* it will turn out well, Emma,” said she, “but—I don’t know.”

Emma went to the party. Edward was there, and greeted her as cordially as ever. He, however, did not seek any opportunity to have any private conversation with her, as she had expected; but, after paying her as much attention as propriety required, spent most of his evening in conversing with the different strangers present, and with ladies in whom she knew he felt no special interest. He came up to her in the course of the evening, when she was standing apart, and, drawing her hand into his arm, walked through the rooms among the company with her, and said, in an under tone,

“I have been a little at a loss, Emma, whether you would consider it proper or not for me to propose to walk home with you this evening, so I thought I would ask you to tell me frankly.”

“Just as you please,” said Emma.

“I should like to go with you as usual,” said Edward, “if you have no objection.”

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Emma begins to be sorry for the quarrel.

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“Certainly not,” said Emma. “I shall be very happy to have your company.”

Emma did not say this in a cold and formal manner exactly, nor did she really say it in a cordial manner. She was glad to hear the proposition; for, now that the irritation and excitement had subsided, she began to be heartily sorry for the quarrel, and she longed for a reconciliation, but she wished Edward to do what she considered his proper share toward bringing it about. She had no doubt that he would introduce the subject on the way home.

But he did not. In fact, several other persons walked along in their company on the way home. Emma wished to separate from them, but, somehow or other, her object was not accomplished, and there was no opportunity for any private conversation between herself and Edward until they reached the gate. She invited him in, but he said it was too late. He shook hands with her cordially at parting, and bade her good-night, saying that she would hear from him, or see him, on the following evening.

Emma went to her room quite pleased at the manifestation of so friendly a disposition on the part of Edward, so obviously, as she considered it, the preliminary of a full and complete reconciliation. She was not, however, after all, really at ease. She could not avoid feeling some anxious forebodings. These were increased during the next day by her conversation with Caroline, who spent the morning in her room. She said that she was sorry, after all, that she had done what she had, and admitted that she had been foolish and wrong. Caroline begged her to write that immediately to Edward, and ask him to restore her the packet of letters which she had sent him—to acknowledge her fault, and ask him

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Emma expects Mr Edward in the evening.

His arrival.

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to forgive and forget it all. Emma could not, however, quite make up her mind to this.

“Do, Emma, dear,” said Caroline. “You can do it now with perfect propriety, but after to-night it may be too late—forever.”

“No,” said Emma; “he will come and see me to-night, and then I will *tell* him.”

“But he may not come,” said Caroline.

“Oh yes, he said he would come,” replied Emma.

“He said he would come and see you, or let you hear from him, you told me,” rejoined Caroline.

“Yes, but he will come himself, I know,” persisted Emma.

Caroline went away, and Emma spent the day in her usual avocations. Early in the evening she went out into the garden, and took her seat in the little summer-house, where she had often sat with Edward. She believed that he would come himself to see her, and she wished to meet him and talk with him there. She had not been there long when the garden gate opened, and Edward entered.

“There he is,” said Emma to herself. “I *knew* he would come.”

Edward advanced up the walk. The moon shone on his face as he entered the summer-house. His countenance appeared pale, and it wore an expression of anxiety and suffering. He gave Emma his hand, and took a seat by her side. Emma perceived that he trembled. He spoke a few minutes on ordinary topics, but it was in a faltering voice; and Emma perceived that he was obviously endeavoring to gain composure.

“Well, Emma!” said he, at length, after a momentary pause.

“Well, Edward!” said Emma.

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Interview between Edward and Emma in the summer-house.

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“I have brought you back your letters, according to your request. At first I thought I would send them to you, but I concluded afterward to bring them myself, so that I could see you, and that we could part friends.”

Emma felt her heart sinking within her at hearing these words. Her pulse ceased to beat; all her strength failed. She would have sunk into his arms, but an instinctive feeling of maidenly modesty in the altered circumstances in which she instantly felt that she was placed, carried her head the other way. It reclined, or rather half reclined, against the sill of the window.

“I have written you a letter, which you will find on the outside of the package,” continued Edward.

Emma did not reply. She could not speak. He placed the package on the seat by her side.

“Good-by, Emma,” said Edward.

As he said these words, he took her hand, and pressed it in a cordial and affectionate manner. The hand remained perfectly passive in his grasp. It did not resist and it did not yield. Edward replaced it, at length, in its position, and went away.

Emma remained half an hour in the posture in which Edward had left her, bewildered and stupefied. At length she rose, took the package, and went into the house. She bade the family good-night, and went to her room.

It was now nearly dark, though the twilight still shone into the windows of her apartment sufficiently to show her the way. The room had a very gloomy and forbidding aspect, for, as has already been said, Emma took but little interest in the arrangements of it, and it was very meagerly furnished. There was a sofa on one

Emma retires to her room in great sorrow.

Rosie calls.

side ; and at another, under a very unattractive-looking portrait, there stood a neglected work-table, with a chair by the side of it. Emma laid the package and the letter down upon the work-table,



and then, leaning her elbow upon it, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

In a few minutes she heard a childish voice calling to her from the foot of the stairs. It was the voice of her little sister Rose.

“Emma,” said Rose, “you must come and put me to bed.”

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Emma puts Rosie to bed.

She prepares to read the letter.

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Emma did not answer, but, rising reluctantly from her seat, she went out into the entry, and called to Rose from the head of the stairs.

“Rosie,” said she, “I’m here; go and get a light, and I’ll put you to bed.”

“No,” said Rosie, “you must come and get the light yourself.”

Emma was very unwilling to go down stairs again, lest she should betray her emotion to some of the family who might see her there, and at length, after much persuasion, she succeeded in inducing Rose to go for the light. She then put Rosie to bed in a little crib in her mother’s room, where she was accustomed to sleep, and afterward returned to her own chamber.

She placed the lamp, which she had brought with her into the room, upon her little work-table, and drew the table up to one end of her sofa. Leaving the package upon the table, she took up and opened the letter which accompanied it. She read the words “My dear Emma,” and burst again into tears.

The letter was not very long, but it took Emma till midnight to finish her perusal of it. She would read a few lines, and lay it down, overwhelmed with the emotions of her bitter grief. After a while, the violence of the paroxysm would subside, and she would lie in a sort of calm, with her head upon a cushion which she had placed in the corner of the sofa, her eyes fixed, her hair disordered, and the whole expression of her countenance one of stupefaction and despair. Then she would take up her letter again, and read a few lines farther. This would soon bring on another paroxysm of grief and tears, to end, when its violence was spent, in despair as before.

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She reads Mr. Edward's letter.

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The following was the letter. Its effect upon her mind was obviously due to the state of her mind itself, and not to any thing specially exciting in the composition of it. It was only a calm and simple statement of the conclusion to which Edward had arrived :

“MY DEAR EMMA,—I have concluded, after much sorrowful reflection, to comply with your request, and return your letters, thus closing the connection which has so long subsisted between us.

“I know that the parting must give you pain, as it does me ; but it is best for us both. I have long feared that there was a deep-seated and permanent difference of sentiment between us in one respect, which might seriously curtail my power of making you happy in future years, considering the situation in which I am placed. I feel that, in commencing my active life, I have a great work to do in building up my professional reputation, and securing an early share in the advantages which a successful career will gain for me, and for those connected with me. I want a companion whose great ambition and whose great pleasure will be to join me and to help me in this work. I thought it might be considered a work of common interest, as, whatever advantages a husband gains, whether of property or of distinction, his wife must fully share. I am satisfied, however, that this is not the position which you can be happy in. You ought to be connected with one who has time and property at his command, and your excellent and amiable qualities richly deserve that such a one should devote himself to the promotion of your happiness. I am sure I sincerely wish that this lot could be mine, but it can not be. For

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Conclusion of Mr. Edward's letter.

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me to attempt it would only be to condemn you, as well as myself, to a life of uselessness and poverty.

“Though I have for some time been gradually coming to the conviction that the real state of the case is as I have described, I should never, on that account, have asked you to release me from my plighted faith. But since you ask it, I concur in your wish, deliberately and strongly convinced that this course is the best both for your happiness and mine.

“And now, my dear Emma, do not let us take a romantic or sentimental view of this subject, or make ourselves more unhappy about it than we can help. So soon as the change in the relation which has subsisted between us becomes known, you will only have to choose from the whole circle of your acquaintance whom you please. Love will return to your heart, and make you as happy as you have ever been, and will bring with it prospects of greater happiness in future years than it would have been in my power to have procured for you.

“For myself, it will be some time before I can think of any other person as I have of you. Still, I do not mean to make any effort to put off that time. Life is full enough of pain and suffering, without our voluntarily increasing it, or clinging to the memory of that which we might let pass and be gone.

“Let us always be good friends, Emma, and always meet each other cordially, and with kind and welcome greetings as heretofore. I am sure I can never cease to feel a strong and heartfelt interest in you as long as I shall live.

“Your most sincere and faithful friend,

“EDWARD.”



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Emma recovers her good spirits.

She writes to Edward.

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It was past midnight before Emma got through the letter, and, at about three o'clock in the morning, the poor girl fell into a sort of troubled sleep.

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## CHAPTER V.

### COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

AFTER a few days Emma began gradually to recover her composure. She recovered it much more rapidly on account of the absolute certainty which she felt that the question was finally and forever settled. Unsatisfied desires disturb and agitate us only while there is some idea in the mind of the possibility that the object may be attained, so that the extinguishment of hope is very often the essential condition of peace and repose.

Edward and Emma continued to be excellent friends. The people of the village were very much perplexed to solve the mystery of the rupture—a mystery all the more inexplicable on account of the intimate terms on which the parties seemed to continue in respect to each other in their ordinary interviews in social life. All that either of them would ever say on the subject was, that the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent, leaving the parties as good friends as before. Miranda declared that, if she were Emma, she never would speak to Edward again as long as she lived. She said, however, she presumed that it was only some love quarrel, and that they would be engaged again in a month.

Instead of this, however, in about a month Emma addressed Edward the following letter :

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Emma's farewell letter to Mr. Vernon.

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“DEAR MR. VERNON,—I feel a strong desire to write you a few lines on the subject of the unfortunate occurrences of court-week before dismissing the subject forever ; you know a woman must always have the last word.

“I have some doubts whether it is proper for me to allude to the subject at all. I should not have done so if I thought it possible that you could suppose I do it with the least idea of a reconsideration of the question. I am aware that it is forever settled.

“What I wish to say, however, is, that I think I acted very foolishly and wrong that night, in insisting on your remaining with us. I thought I should feel better to say this to you. If what I did then had been the *cause* of our separation, I should have been afraid to make this acknowledgment, for fear that you would misunderstand my object. But I am well aware that it was not the *cause*, but only the *occasion*. The cause lies deeper. I think with you it is sufficient. I felt very unhappy at the time, and it seemed to me as if I never could be happy again. I think now that I can be, and I have no wish to have the decision which we then came to revoked.

“In fact, to tell the honest truth, I think you are a little in fault as well as I. You ought not to be such a slave to your business. I think that some time ought to be allowed to recreation and enjoyment, as life passes along. It is of no use to sacrifice present happiness for the sake of remote and uncertain advantages which we may never live to realize. I vote for being happy as we go along.

“However, it is useless for me to write these things, as I have no idea of altering your views. I have no doubt that you will

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Mr. Vernon is much pleased with Emma's letter.

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make a great lawyer, though I think myself it is better to be happy than great. But I am sure I sincerely hope that you will succeed in your plans, and one day become President of the United States, if you wish to be. When you are, I shall come to Washington, and shall expect you to pay me great attention.

“I don't know but that there is some impropriety or other in my writing you this note, but I thought that my mind would be relieved by my acknowledging what I now see to have been my fault on that particular occasion. I am encouraged, too, to do it, from the frank and cordial kindness with which you always treat me when we meet, for which, I assure you, I am very grateful, and I shall always be your true and sincere friend,       EMMA.”

Mr. Vernon was very much pleased with the frank and good-natured tone which pervaded this letter, and he replied to it in the same spirit. In fact, I think that they both exhibited a great deal of good sense in acting as they did toward each other, after the engagement was relinquished. It is much better to adopt such a course as this in all such cases. It is so, too, in all other cases of difficulty and disagreement. Whenever, from any cause, a friendship, or a companionship, which has subsisted between you and any other person, is brought to an end, be always good-natured about it, and never allow yourself to be drawn into such a position in respect to any person as not to be on speaking terms with them. However much you may be displeased with any former friend, or offended with what he has done, do not allow your resentment to take such a form as to lead you to violate the ordinary usages and courtesies of life, in your treatment of him.

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Mr. Vernon's demeanor after the engagement was annulled

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To disregard this advice will often entail upon you a long-continued series of inconveniences, embarrassments, and vexations, and will make both yourself, and the person whom you are quarreling with, the means of constant annoyance to your acquaintances and friends.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CONCLUSION.

THE breaking of Emma's engagement with Mr. Edward Vernon was the third of the misfortunes befalling her that was to be related in this volume; and as the object which I proposed to myself in this story was only to give an account of these misfortunes, the narrative might properly end here. As, however, some of the readers of this book may feel a curiosity to know what ultimately became of her, and also to hear something more respecting Caroline and Mr. Vernon, I will add this concluding chapter, to give them such additional information in respect to what happened to them, as the few remaining pages of the book will contain.

For a month or two after the engagement was ended, Edward, or Mr. Vernon, as he perhaps ought now to be called—since that was really his name—confined himself very closely to his office and to his studies. He went very little into company, and made very few visits of any kind. He did not absolutely decline all the invitations that he received, though he excused himself from many of them; and when he did go to any little party or other gathering of the young people for social enjoyment, he seemed to take

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He begins to become much interested in Caroline.

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but little interest in it. He used to arrive late, and he would often slip away early, before the party broke up, thus showing that his thoughts and heart were in another place. This other place was, in fact, his office.

Mr. Vernon felt a certain sentiment of gratitude to Caroline for the sympathy which he knew very well that she had felt for him at the time of his disagreement with Emma, and he was, moreover, very much struck with admiration of the tact and dexterity which she had manifested in her intercessions with him in her friend Emma's behalf. In fact, Mr. Vernon soon found himself looking always for Caroline first, when he went into any party where she was among the guests. He would talk, indeed, with the others, so as to divide his attentions, with some degree of equality, among all the company, but he would *think* more of her than of the rest; and he always found that, after he had spent as much time with her as he thought was right and proper, and was, consequently, obliged, by the rules of etiquette, to leave her for the rest of the evening, all his interest in the party was, from that time, gone, and he was only wishing for the hour to arrive when he might take his leave and go back to his office.

As for Caroline, she could not but perceive that Edward, now that he was again at liberty, was gradually turning his thoughts more and more toward her. She liked him very much, and she felt that it would be very easy for her to be induced to love him.

“But I must not think of such a thing,” she said to herself.

It was one morning, late in the fall, that she said this, at a time when she was sitting with her sewing at a certain window in her room which looked out upon the garden. The morning was warm

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Caroline's reflections on the subject.

She resolves to go to Ormsby.

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and pleasant, and the window was open ; but the aspect without was very autumnal, for the foliage was fallen from the trees, the flowers had disappeared from the garden, and the ground was covered with a rich carpet of leaves, variegated with all the shades of yellow and brown.

“I must not think of such a thing,” said Caroline to herself again.

She looked vacantly for some minutes out of the window.

She was thinking that she had been for a long time Emma's most intimate friend ; that she had been, in fact, an active participant in the transactions connected with the breaking of her engagement ; and that now, if such a thing were possible as that Edward should choose her in Emma's place, Emma would always feel as if her friend had become her rival, and had supplanted her in the affections of her intended husband.

“Besides,” she continued, still musing, “Mr. Vernon himself will think that I wrote that note to attract his attention toward *me*. No, I must not, on any account, think of such a thing.”

In the course of an hour Caroline had formed a plan for leaving Clinton, and spending some months with a cousin of hers, who lived in a considerable town called Ormsby, about fifteen miles distant from Clinton.

“That will be the best thing that I can do,” said she, “and I will go immediately and ask my mother about it.”

Caroline frankly stated the whole case to her mother. In fact, she had always been accustomed to make her mother her confidant in every thing which deeply interested her. Her mother, after hearing her statement, and asking various questions, seemed

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Her mother's opinion.

Interview with Emma.

Conversation.

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lost for a little time in thought, as if she did not know what to advise.

“I am not certain that it is your duty to go away,” she said, at last, “or to take any step whatever of that kind. You have done nothing wrong, nor have you done any right things with wrong motives. I do not see why you should not remain quiet, and let things take their course; but if you think you would better satisfy your own sense of delicacy and propriety by going away for a short time, I have no objection.”

Caroline accordingly determined to go away. She wrote to her cousin, and made the arrangement, and in three days from the time that she first conceived the idea, the plan was all formed. She was to leave Clinton on the following Monday.

Emma came to see her one day during the interval, and was quite surprised and very sorry to hear of Caroline's design of going to Ormsby. She questioned her very particularly about the plan, asking her what had put such an idea so suddenly into her head. Caroline answered in very general terms, but Emma, who had a great deal of shrewdness as well as tact, perceived, from her reserved and evasive manner, that there was something concealed from her.

“I wish you would tell me all about it,” said she.

Caroline laughed, and replied, saying,

“Why, I am only going to make my cousin a little visit. There is nothing very mysterious about that, I am sure.”

“Well, I am very sorry you are going,” said Emma, “and there is somebody else that I think will be sorry too.”

Emma presently explained that it was Edward whom she re-

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Caroline is embarrassed by Emma's inquiries and suggestions.

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ferred to in this. She said she thought that Edward was beginning to be very much pleased with Caroline.

"And I am sure," she added, "I don't believe there is a person in the world that would make him a better wife than you. Your ideas correspond with his in every particular. And I am sure, too, that he will make an excellent husband—that is, for any one that thinks and feels as he does. I was dreadfully disappointed and troubled at first when our engagement was broken off. It seemed to me that I could never be happy again. But I am as happy now as I ever was. And as for a husband—I think I shall be suited well enough when the time comes."

Emma said this in a tone and manner that seemed to imply that there was more meant by it than the words expressed. Caroline did not, however, ask any explanation, as she desired to have the whole subject dropped. She was afraid that if Emma went on to talk about Mr. Vernon, she should betray an embarrassment which she was very desirous to conceal.

Emma, however, seemed unwilling to drop the subject. She continued to talk about Edward, and she pressed Caroline with questions respecting him, until at last Caroline became quite confused. At length, finding how it was, Emma desisted; and, after some general conversation on other subjects, she went away. Before she went, she said again that Edward would be extremely sorry to hear that Caroline was going away, and that she should tell him of it the first time she saw him.

Caroline charged her to do no such thing.

"I certainly shall," said Emma, "and you will see him coming here pretty soon to persuade you not to go."



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Emma meets Mr. Vernon in the street.

Dialogue.

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Emma was entirely at fault in her anticipations of the effect which the announcement of Caroline's intended journey would have upon Mr. Vernon, as she had opportunity to learn very soon. She met Mr. Vernon in the street on her way home. He stopped to speak to her, as he always did, whenever he met her.

"I have been to see Caroline this morning," said she; "and only think—we are going to lose her."

"Ah!" said Mr. Vernon; "where is she going?"

"She is going to Ormsby," said Emma.

"When?" asked Mr. Vernon.

"Next Monday," replied Emma.

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Vernon, "for I am going to Ormsby myself next Monday."

"Indeed!" said Emma.

"Yes," said Mr. Vernon, "I have some important business that will take me there that very day; so I shall have her company."

"Unless," he added, speaking in a musing manner, "I should go in a private conveyance. She will go in the stage, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Emma.

"If I were to decide to go in a chaise," said Mr. Vernon, "and invite her to take a seat with me, do you imagine she would accept the invitation?"

"I should think so, I am sure," said Emma. "It would be a great deal pleasanter for her to go in a chaise."

After some further conversation, the two friends separated, and Emma went her way.

It would be a very difficult question in casuistry to decide whether Mr. Vernon was, or was not, perfectly honest in saying what

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A question of casuistry.

Mr. Vernon is a little artful.

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he did to Emma. For, when he first commenced the conversation with her, he had not formed the remotest idea of going to Ormsby. It was only when he heard that Caroline was going that he decided to go himself. He had been thinking of Caroline a great deal that morning, and had secretly resolved to adopt some efficient measure for becoming more fully acquainted with her, with a view of asking her to become his wife. He had not been able, however, to devise any plan for accomplishing his purpose; but the instant that Emma told him that Caroline was going on Monday to Ormsby, his mind, having been already brought to a state of perfect readiness to act promptly and instantaneously, decided that it would be an excellent plan for him to go too. The important business which he had was to come to an understanding, if possible, with Caroline. Thus, though when Emma began to speak to him, he had no thoughts of going to Ormsby, still, before he commenced his reply to her, he had determined to go, and the business which he was going to attend to was of a very important character. Thus, in saying "I am going to Ormsby; I have some important business that will take me there," he said what was strictly true, though the impression which the words made on Emma's mind was somewhat erroneous. I will not undertake to say myself whether he did right or wrong in this. There is one thing, however, that must be admitted, and that is, that in affairs of this sort, a little maneuvering and management for the purpose of concealing what is going on from the eyes of those who have no direct interest in it, is usually considered quite excusable.

That evening, about eight o'clock, Caroline was thrown into a state of great astonishment and perplexity by receiving the follow-

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He invites Caroline to go to Ormsby under his charge.

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ing note, which was handed to her by a bright-looking colored boy, who came with it to the door. The colored boy she recognized as Domingo, Mr. Vernon's office messenger.

"Well, Domingo," said Caroline, surprised, "have you brought me a note?"

"Yes, Miss Caroline," said Domingo. "It is from Mr. Vernon. He said he did not know whether there would be any answer or not."

Caroline opened the note and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—I heard from Emma to-day that you were going to Ormsby on Monday. I was glad to hear it, for I am going there myself on that day, in a chaise, and I write this note to say that if you will take a seat with me, instead of going in the stage, I shall consider that you do me a great favor.

"Yours very sincerely,

"EDWARD VERNON."

Caroline was perfectly confounded at receiving this note. Her whole end and aim in making the journey to Ormsby would be entirely defeated, she thought, in going with Mr. Vernon. Still, she did not see in what way she could decline the invitation.

She took the note to her mother. After her mother had read it, Caroline asked her what she should do.

Her mother did not answer, but seemed to be considering.

"I can not accept the invitation," said Caroline, "and I do not see what pretext I can have for declining it."

"If you decline it at all," replied her mother, "I would not de-

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Caroline declines the invitation.

Her note to Mr. Vernon.

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cline it on any *pretext*. I would give the true reason, or I would not give any at all."

"But I can not give the true reason," replied Caroline.

"Well," said her mother, "then you can decline it without giving any."

"I do not see how I can do that very well," rejoined Caroline, "without being uncivil."

"Yes," said her mother. "You can say that certain circumstances, which you can not well explain, compel you to decline; and then, if the rest of your note is written in a friendly and cordial manner, he will not be displeased."

Caroline accordingly wrote the following note, and sent it to Mr. Vernon by the hands of Domingo.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind invitation that I should take a seat with you in your chaise on Monday, but I am compelled by circumstances beyond my control to decline it. I assure you I am sorry to have to send you this answer, as it would have given me great pleasure to have made the journey in your company and under your care, if it had been in my power. Your very sincere friend, CAROLINE."

"There," said Caroline, as she folded her note, "every word in that note is honest and true."

The reader will not, perhaps, be surprised to learn that, after this, Mr. Vernon concluded, on more mature reflection, to alter his plan of taking a private conveyance, and to go in the stage. If the note which Caroline had written him, declining his invitation,

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Mr. Vernon changes his plan.

Emma's reflections on these occurrences.

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had been less friendly in its general character, he would not have done this ; but, as it was, he thought it would be safe for him to venture. Accordingly, on Monday morning, when the stage drove up to the door of the house where Caroline lived, Caroline was surprised to see Mr. Vernon seated in it.

“I shall learn whether punctuality is one of her virtues,” said Mr. Vernon to himself, as the stage stopped at the gate.

The driver opened the stage-door, and Mr. Vernon stepped out. The driver then opened the gate, and found Caroline's trunk all ready, just inside of it. Caroline herself, too, was just coming to the door.

“Yes,” said Mr. Vernon, “I see it *is*.”

Of course, Caroline had now no other alternative but to go with Mr. Vernon in the stage. There were several other passengers, but Mr. Vernon had reserved a seat for her next to his own. They had a very pleasant ride. It is often said that there is no way by which people can get acquainted with each other so fast as by traveling together. However this may be in most cases, it was very true in this ; for before they arrived at Ormsby, Mr. Vernon and Caroline were much better acquainted with each other than they had ever been before.

When Emma went home on the day that she called upon Caroline, and met Mr. Vernon on the way, her thoughts very naturally reverted to the conversation she had held with Caroline in her room, and to the very evident embarrassment which she had manifested when she had been pressed by Emma's inquiries and suggestions on the subject of Edward's supposed partiality for her.

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Emma makes a very generous resolution.

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While she was pondering on this theme, the thought suddenly occurred to her mind that Mr. Vernon might possibly have seriously thought of choosing Caroline for his wife, and that Caroline, perceiving it, had concluded to go out of town on purpose to avoid him.

“It would be exactly like her,” she said; “she is just such a noble-minded girl. She would think that she has always been such a friend of mine, that she must not have any thing to do with him, on my account. But I will write her a letter as soon as she gets to Ormsby, and set her heart at rest on that point.”

Accordingly, on the morning that Caroline set out on her journey, Emma, on bidding her good-by, said that she would write to her very soon.

“I have something very important to tell you,” she said, “but I would rather tell you in a note, so you may expect to hear from me in the course of a week.”

Caroline wondered what this important intelligence could be, but she did not inquire, thinking it more proper to let Emma choose her own time and mode of communicating it.

Mr. Vernon remained at Ormsby only one night, and then returned to Clinton. Two days after this, Caroline received a letter from him asking her to become his wife.

The letter which Mr. Vernon sent was double. There was an inner and an outer one. Caroline opened the outer one, and read as follows :

“MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—The inclosed note which I have written for you is of a highly confidential character. If you are

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 Caroline receives a communication from Mr. Vernon.

Her reply.

engaged to be married, or if for any other reason you prefer not to receive a confidential communication from me, please return it to me unopened, either with or without a reply to this from yourself. Whether you receive the note, or decline to receive it, I shall be sure you act from some good and substantial reason, and my friendship for you will continue as strong as it has ever been.

“Very truly yours,  
EDWARD VERNON.”

The inner note was sealed, but Caroline, of course, knew very well what its contents must be.

She was thrown into a state of great mental agitation on reading this epistle. I can not, however, stop to describe the conflicting feelings which struggled in her mind, or even to enumerate them, for I must hasten to the conclusion of the story. She kept the letter one day, and then wrote the following answer :

“*Mr. Vernon.*

“DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter, with the note inclosed, was received by me last evening. I am not engaged to be married, but some circumstances and considerations, which I can not fully explain, render it my duty, as it seems to me, to return the note you inclosed without opening it. I assure you I most sincerely regret any pain which my acting thus may cause you. I shall never regard you otherwise than with feelings of great gratitude for your kindness to me,—and I am, with sentiments of true and heartfelt good-will, your sincere friend,  
CAROLINE.”

Mr. Vernon was gratified, pained, and puzzled all at the same

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Mr. Vernon is much puzzled.

Letter from Emma.

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time by this note. For a long while he could not account for it. It seemed very mysterious. At length, however, he suspected the truth. "Can it be," said he to himself, "that she thinks she can not, in honor, take the place which I offer her in my affection, because her friend Emma lost it, and that, unless she or some other person intervenes as a rival, there is a possibility that Emma may be restored to it again? How can I ascertain whether this is so or not?"

Mr. Vernon reflected long and earnestly on this subject. The more he thought of it, the more he was led to believe that his surmises must be correct, but he could not divine any way of actually determining the question.

A few days after Caroline had sent her answer to Mr. Vernon, she received a letter from Emma, which was as follows:

"Clinton, Tuesday morning.

"I promised to write you, Caroline dear, in a few days, but I have been obliged to postpone it till now. The news which I had to tell you is, that I am engaged to be married to Mr. William Oakes, of Boston. I should have told you this before you went away, only it was not actually settled then. But it is entirely settled now. I tell *you*, the first one, for two reasons. One reason is, that you are my dearest friend, and have always been so faithful and true to me. The other reason is, that I imagine the time may come, if it has not come already, when it may relieve you from some embarrassment to know that I am engaged. I suspect so, from what I observed when I saw you at home, just before you went to Ormsby. I will not explain any more, for, if



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Caroline regrets that the letter had not come sooner.

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I am right, you will understand, and if I am wrong, it is no matter whether you understand or not.

“Your affectionate friend, EMMA.

“P.S.—I should not think, for an instant, of your feeling any embarrassment from such a cause as I suspect, if you were not such a generous, noble-minded girl as you are.”

When Caroline had read this note, she laid it down upon the table, and covered her face with her hands, saying, with a sigh,

“If I had only received this note three days ago.”

Caroline, however, was not destined to suffer regret for the delay of the note very long. I believe it was on the next day, or the next day but one, that she received another letter from Mr. Vernon, with the former note inclosed again. This second letter was as follows :

“MY DEAR CAROLINE,—The kind and friendly manner in which you replied to my former letter, although you declined to receive the inner note, encourages me to write you again now, under the idea that circumstances may have changed, in some respects, so as to allow you to come now to a different decision. I learn from Emma that she is engaged, and that she has communicated the fact to you. I have thought it not impossible that this may so far affect the “circumstances and considerations” which you alluded to in your note, as to leave you more at liberty now. If not, please return me the note once more, and I promise you that I will not trouble you again.

“Most sincerely yours,

EDWARD VERNON.”

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Emma's marriageSome account of her husband.

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It is hardly necessary to say that Caroline now opened the inner note, and found that it contained what she had anticipated. She accepted Mr. Vernon's proposals; and, among the other results of the correspondence, one was a considerable shortening of the visit to Ormsby. In fact, Mr. Vernon himself came for her in his chaise, about a fortnight after receiving her answer to his note, and brought her home.

About a year after these transactions, Emma married Mr. Oakes, and went with him to reside in Boston. Mr. Oakes was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and a very agreeable man in his person and manners. He lived, not by any profession or business, but on the interest of invested money. This was what Emma liked; for her husband, being rich, and not being employed in any business, would be able, she supposed, to devote himself wholly to her, and he would also have the means of providing her with all that she should require to enable her to make a good appearance, and to enjoy herself well in society. She found, however, that her husband, after a few months, did not devote himself entirely to her; but, though he spent all his time in visiting and pleasure, he gradually fell into the habit, as such men almost always do, of choosing his companions among his gentlemen friends, and of paying his most marked attentions to other ladies than his wife, so that Emma felt in heart forsaken and unhappy. She, however, in time, learned to content herself with the admiration and attentions of other people, in place of the love of her husband, and she got along, in this way, on the whole, as well as thousands of other ladies do in similar circumstances.

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The three lessons taught by Emma's misfortunes.

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Thus we see that the three lessons which, in the preface to this volume, it was stated that the story of Emma was to illustrate and enforce, are clearly taught by the three successive errors which she fell into, and the misfortunes which resulted from them. Besides these lessons there is also one more, which is quite as important, perhaps, as any of the others. It is this: that whenever we find that any acquaintance of ours evinces some marked fault or imperfection of character, we are not, on that account, to condemn her altogether, and allow ourselves to dislike her absolutely and entirely, as if she were wholly destitute of good qualities. Emma was fond of dress and show; she was a little vain; she was impulsive and hasty, and, consequently, often unreasonable. But then she had a very amiable and affectionate disposition, and in many trying cases she acted in a very generous and noble manner. It is thus that the good and the bad are almost always mingled in human hearts and in human character. The good are never altogether good, and the bad are never altogether bad. However faulty the characters of those whom we do not like may at first view seem to us, we shall always, on knowing them more intimately, and judging them impartially, find that there is a great deal in them to approve and love. In the same manner, those who, on our first acquaintance with them, seem so amiable and excellent that we feel disposed to give them our whole confidence, and attribute to them every imaginable good quality, will generally, when we come to know them well, betray very serious faults, which for a considerable time, perhaps, had lain dormant and concealed.

Thus the good are generally not so good, and the bad are not

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Danger of hasty judgments in respect to character.

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so bad as at first they seem. This should lead us to be more considerate and charitable in our judgment of those whom we are at the outset disposed to dislike, and wait till we know them better, that their good qualities may have time and opportunity to appear. It should also lead us not to be too hasty in our conclusions in favor of those whom, on our first acquaintance with them, we are most strongly inclined to love. A more intimate knowledge will almost always, in such cases, bring out latent faults which at first we did not suspect. It may, in fact, show us that we were mistaken in our judgment altogether.

THE END.

JUN 21 1998



